

LIFE



RITA HAYWORTH

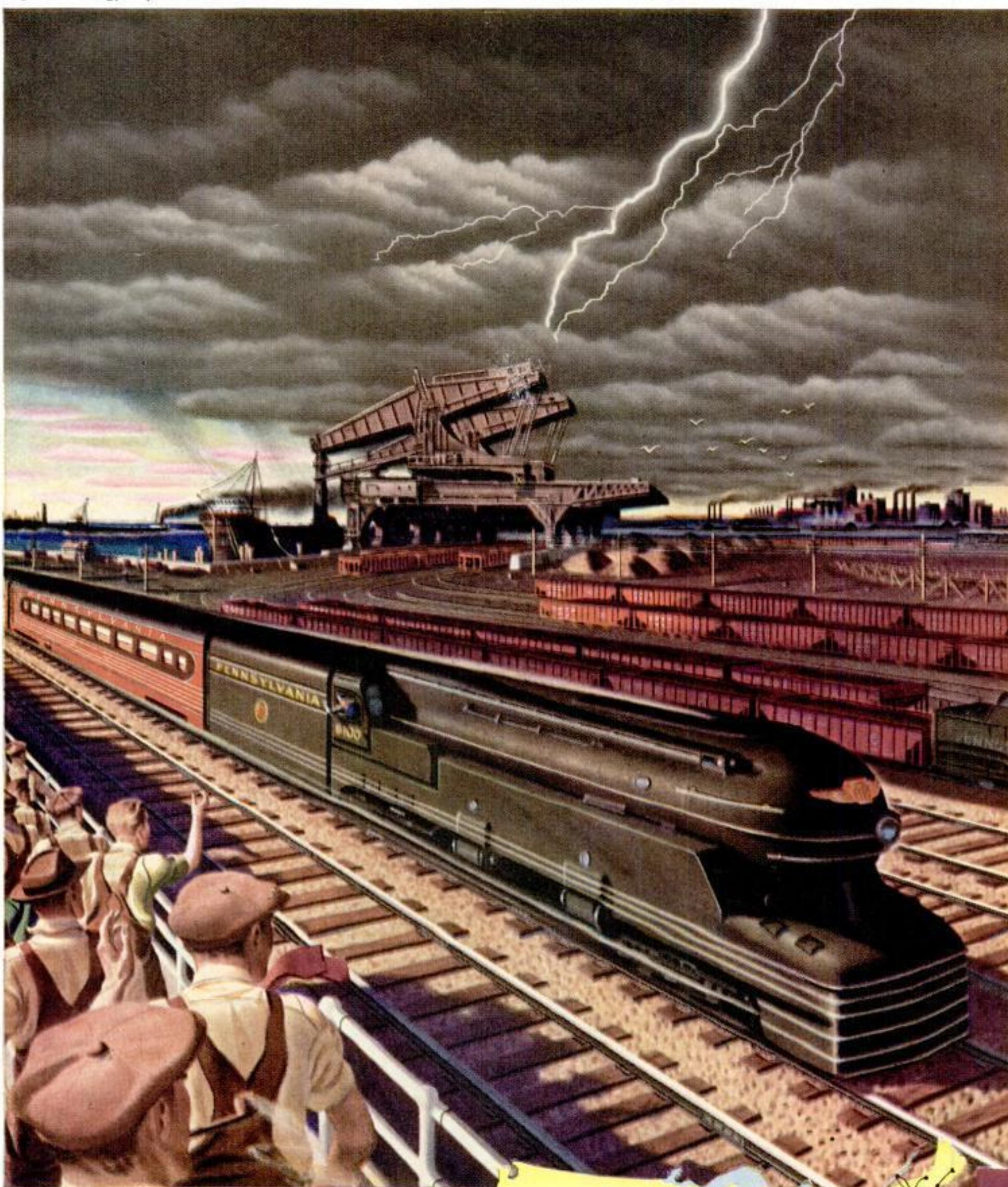
AUGUST 11, 1941 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



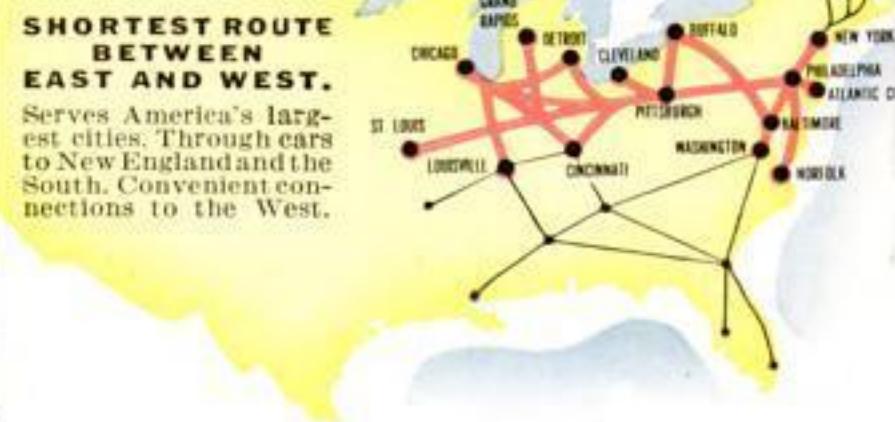
Sudden storm? What care you on this ALL-WEATHER fleet!

When you're inside one of the crack modern trains of Pennsylvania Railroad's vast All-Weather Fleet you can laugh at whatever the weather does *outside*. Let lightning crackle and the rain pour—your train holds to its smooth, swift pace. Let the mercury hit 90 and humidity sap all energy—you relax in air-conditioned coolness.

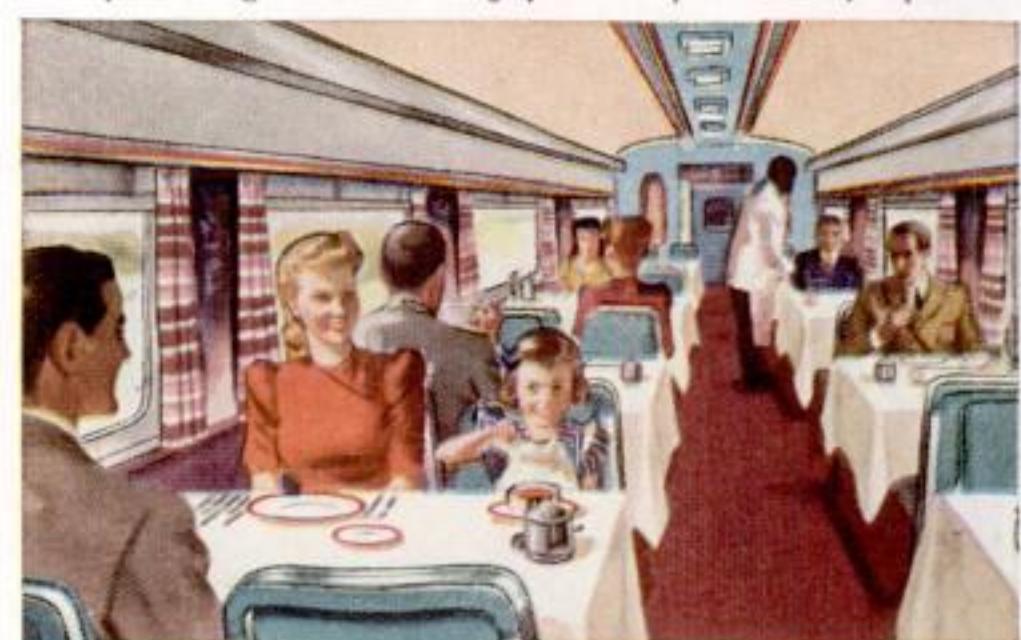
So summertime—as well as wintertime—you enjoy complete mastery over weather's moods on this popular fleet between East and West. Yes, whether you ride in luxurious Pullmans or restful reclining-seat coaches. For both are noiseproof, dustproof—air-conditioned! And best of all the cost is small—because fares themselves are SO LOW.



Serving the Nation



What's more, this cool, sure travel comfort comes garnished with luxury! Take this Pullman Lounge, for example. You rest on a deep-cushioned divan, listen to radio. Colorful murals depict early American scenes. From a handsome fan-shaped beverage bar you can procure cooling drinks. Can you imagine a more enjoyable way to travel, anytime?



Hungry? This cool and colorful modern Diner is the perfect answer! In its bracing "north woods" atmosphere, you'll relish a full-course dinner, prepared with a savor for which those skilled Pennsylvania chefs are noted—and served piping hot in a gracious manner, at reasonable cost.



Three's no crowd in these spacious modern Drawing Rooms! Other private accommodations include Roomettes, Duplex Rooms, Bedrooms, Compartments, Master Rooms, Section Sleepers also. Yes, you'll like the All-Weather Fleet!

365 DAYS A YEAR THIS GREAT FLEET GOES!

NEW YORK-CHICAGO . . . 18 trains daily
Led by *Broadway Limited, The General*

NEW YORK-ST. LOUIS . . . 8 trains daily
WASHINGTON-ST. LOUIS . . . 8 trains daily
Led by *"Spirit of St. Louis"*

WASHINGTON-CHICAGO . . . 11 trains daily
Led by *Liberty Limited*

NEW YORK-WASHINGTON . . . 40 trains daily
Led by *The Congressional*

Plus a fine fleet of air-conditioned trains, daily, serving Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Akron, Cleveland, Detroit, Dayton, Louisville, other cities. NOTE: Between New York and many Western points, you can go via Washington at no extra cost!

Pennsylvania Railroad

SAFETY SPEED COMFORT COURTESY



Trail Blazers...

THE COVERED WAGON FOLKS deliberately chose to endure hardships and peril. They made their stout-hearted choice because they were pioneers—men ready to risk all to find something better.

The spirit of pioneering that made America great, that created this ocean-to-ocean nation, is still alive. And it is a permanent American trait—visible in every phase of American progress.

The automobile industry—greatest in the world—owes much of its spectacular growth to this pioneering habit. One of its brightest and best examples is the swift rise of Plymouth.

At its start Plymouth met obstacles aplenty. Other low-priced cars were strong-

ly established. Added to competition were the unforeseen influences of trying business conditions, lasting for years.

Thinking ahead—the search for something better—won the day.

In advance of every other low-priced car Plymouth pioneered a series of improvements of first importance—and was rewarded by the car-buying public for doing so. Hydraulic brakes, all-steel bodies, and a rapid succession of other major engineering achievements, created a low-priced car far closer—in both quality and performance—to high-priced cars, than had ever been thought possible.

Recognition was swift. Plymouth owners soon became numbered by hundreds of

thousands; have now passed the four million mark. For all the world discovered that "Plymouth builds great cars."

To look ahead has always been smart. Now, particularly, it makes sense. You want to be sure. You want the quality that stands up best.

Now, as always, the Plymouth way of working is to make a low price buy a better car. Yes, you can everlasting count on Plymouth.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

PLYMOUTH
CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S
NO. 1 CAR

We have 3



THE ARMY . . . THE

*In this national emergency, the conservation and proper distribution of rubber is vital to defense. So vital, that deliveries of *defense orders* to the Army and the Navy must now take precedence over your orders. Therefore, since our policy, from the very beginning of the great emergency in which our country finds it-*

self, has always been one of "all-out" willingness to do whatever is required in furthering national defense . . .

We have asked our dealers . . . to limit their orders during the emergency to actual requirements . . . so that we may be allowed to serve first the men who serve you.

And we now ask you to limit your purchases to normal requirements . . . to buy only long-lasting, quality rubber products . . . and then take care of them to the best of your ability. To help you conserve tire rubber, we have published a 32-page book, "Four Vital Spots." This book, the first of its kind to give you all the facts

UNITED STATES

customers



RONALD
MCLEOD

NAVY . . . AND YOU

on tires and tire care, is free. It is available from any U. S. Tire Dealer or you may write us direct.

To help you get longer life out of your industrial rubber goods, we offer you freely the services of those members of our engineering staffs who are best qualified to solve your problems. In

fact . . . *We will do everything in our power to meet your needs and the needs of our two other customers. In turn, we ask you to conserve your own and your country's rubber resources. This way there will be rubber enough for all . . . for tanks and guns and planes and ships . . . for farm, factory and home.*



Symbol of nearly a century's experience in the production and manufacture of rubber and rubber goods, this seal identifies each U. S. Rubber Product.

1230 SIXTH AVENUE, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK. In Canada: DOMINION RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

R U B B E R C O M P A N Y

This One



If you ask me, a Man-less Vacation is no vacation at all!



NO FUN, sitting around for two long weeks, watching men pay attention to other girls. But—you can't expect men to come flocking around, can you, if you've got the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Popular girls don't risk their precious popularity by growing careless about the "Double O."

What To Do About It

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's a *new* formula . . . created especially to help bring out the natural highlights, the gleaming whiteness of your smile! It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits.

The Listerine people have specialized

in the Oral Hygiene field for over 50 years, working for 8 years on this new paste alone! Many say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

And as for your breath—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to be more attractive to men, don't neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: Listerine Tooth Paste for an attractive smile; Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

*the double precaution
against double* 

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Nazis in Chile

Sirs:

In your July 21 issue I noticed a letter from Anibal Jara, the Chilean Consul General in New York, labeling as untrue much of your excellent story on Nazi influence in Chile (LIFE, June 30). To refute Mr. Jara, and to prove that you hardly went far enough, I submit these two pictures.



S. A. ASSAULT TROOPS



GERMAN AGENT SPEAKS

The first shows a meeting of the S. A. Assault Troops in Santiago. The second shows a special German agent, sent from Berlin, addressing the local Nazi party of Santiago. These meetings were held in Chile to celebrate German victories.

DR. OTTO STRASSER

Chairman, Free German Movement
Toronto, Ontario

Madame Rubinstein

Sirs:

The article on Madame Rubinstein by Elaine Brown Keiffer (LIFE, July 21) was a classic—but how you did it without encountering her wrath I know not.

The American woman of any intelligence knows she is being fleeced at these beauty marts—and she doesn't believe that any miracles are packed into those \$25 jars—mostly it is her desire to see and smell exquisite things about her—so the tonic is on her "soul," so to speak, rather than on her skin.

MARY ELLEN GURNEY
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Congratulations. What seemed at first a nauseous plug for La Rubinstein, as subtle as the scream of a circus calliope, turns out to be the almost perfect tribute to that amazingly lusty vulgarity for which these United States will be vaguely remembered long after they have ceased to be.

DURBIN ROWLAND
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

The article on Madame Rubinstein closes with the following statement: "This technique is summed up by a piece of advice which Madame likes to give her salesgirls: 'You have got to look right down into their pocketbooks and get that last nickel.'"

Having worked for Madame Rubinstein for over three years, I have never witnessed this attitude of Madame's, either to the public or to her salespeople.

BARONESS LEDA WRANGELL
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Like all other women in her position, is Madame Rubinstein's age a secret also?

HENRIETTA ZUNAMON
McKees Rocks, Pa.

• Yes, it's a secret. Best guess is 61 to 65.—ED.

Follow those who
SET campus style!

wear
ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR



STORM WIND

By Alligator

\$10.50

With Slide Fastener
Front, \$11.50

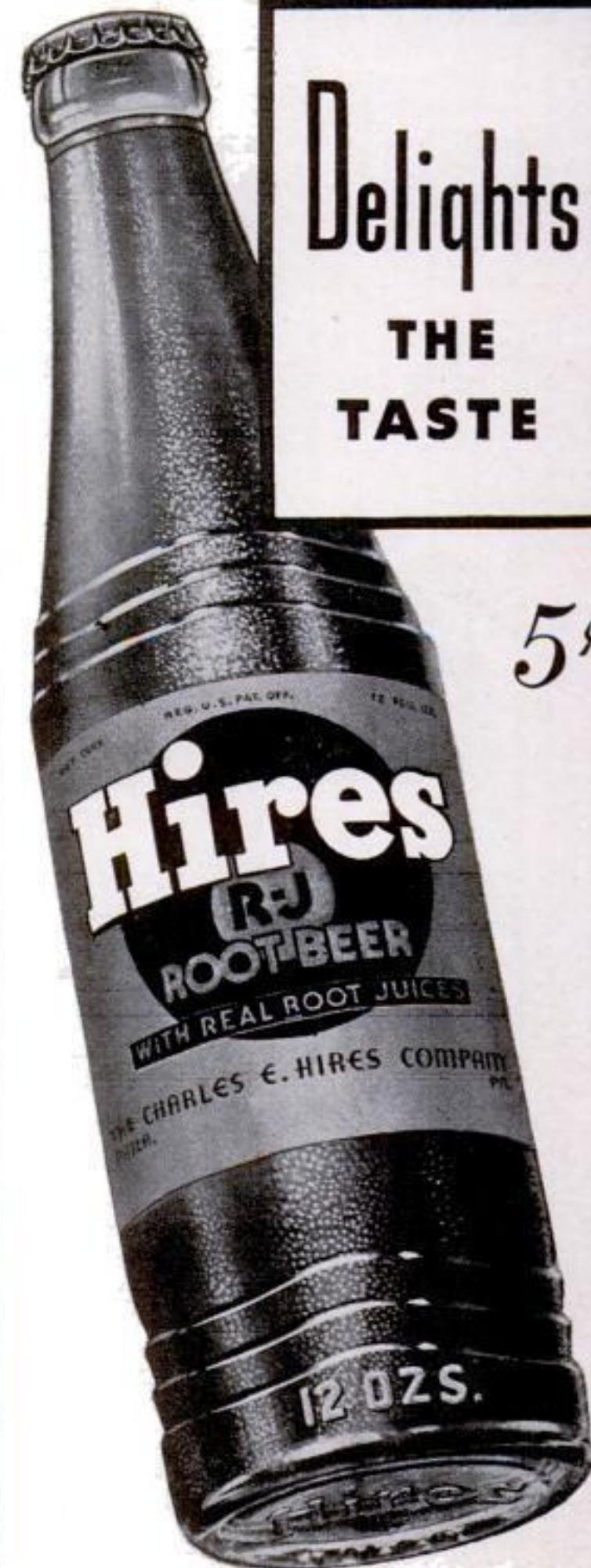
They're "prerequisites" for top honors in any style parade, these dashing raincoats and all-weather coats by Alligator! A wide variety of styles, in fabrics dependably waterproof and water repellent processed.

The Alligator Co.,
St. Louis, New
York, Los Angeles.

Other Alligator
Rainwear
\$5.75 to \$28.50
At Better Dealers

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats and Galecoats
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Delights
THE
TASTE



5¢

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Tiger Car

Sirs:

In your July 21 issue in the story on Singapore you referred to the Tiger Balm King, Aw Boon Haw, and his tiger car. Well, here it is (*see cut*).

The automobile is a not-so-recent Rolls-Royce whose man-eating radiator front is illuminated by a red bulb be-



TIGER BALM KING'S CAR

hind each eye and under the tongue. The face of the chauffeur, the windshield wiper and rear-vision mirror indicate it is a right-hand drive.

MRS. WALLACE T. DODDS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Floating Drydock

Sirs:

In your article about Singapore (LIFE, July 21) you showed a picture of the world's biggest floating drydock tied up in Singapore base. You wrote that this dock was towed around Africa and through the Indian Ocean to Singapore. I am afraid you made a mistake in this. The dock was towed through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea and Indian Ocean to its destination. This remarkable feat of long-distance towage of such a tremendous body was performed by three Dutch tugs of the Internationale Sleepdienst Maatschappij of Rotterdam, Holland.

KAREL R. WEERSMA
Englewood, N. J.

• Right. The drydock was towed through the Suez Canal. To clear a way for it, all light buoys in the Canal had to be removed.—ED.

Nazis on "Manhattan"

Sirs:

I was very much interested in finding the well-remembered face of Edmund Carl Heine in your "spy gallery" published in LIFE, July 14.

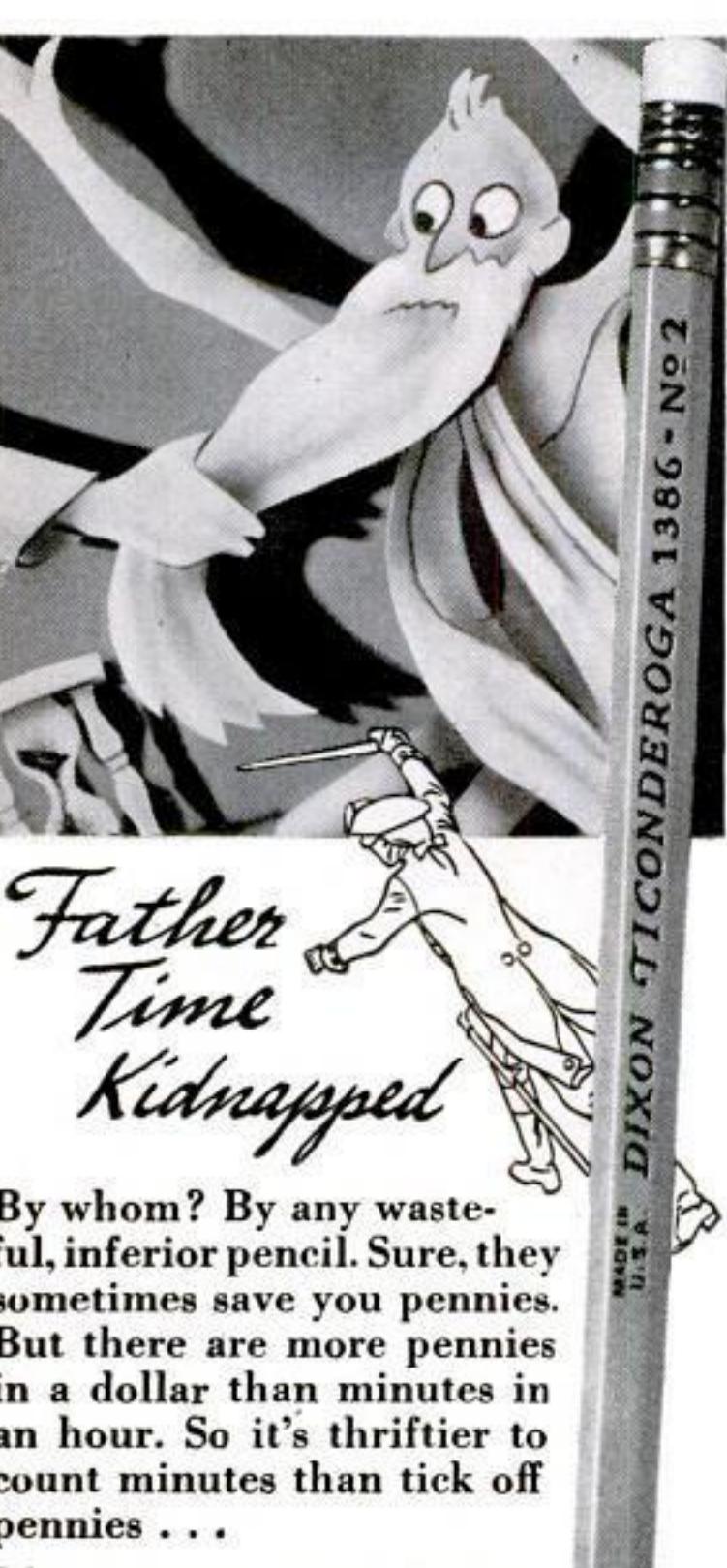
I was on the S.S. *Manhattan* sailing from Genoa to New York in May 1940. Holland had been invaded, Belgium was about to fall and the Battle of France was on the way.

To follow the news, I spent much time in the chief steward's room listening to the radio. One morning a passenger, whom I had noticed on board speaking German with some thick-necked Teutons, came in and after the news was over—it was a New York station—he turned to the chief steward saying in German: "Alles jüdische Propaganda." (All this is Jewish propaganda.)

After the gentleman had left I asked the steward who the man was. It was explained the man's name was Mr. Heine. A little later I found this same man at the bar and asked him what he had been doing in Europe and where he was going. In a boastful tone and a raspy accent he told me he had been manager of the Ford works in Cologne, Germany, that he was going to join the Ford staff in the U. S. A.

The staff and stewards on the *Manhattan* were mostly Germans with families in Bremen and Hamburg. So was the chief steward. My dining-room steward, the only English one, told me

MADE IN U.S.A. DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 - N° 2



By whom? By any wasteful, inferior pencil. Sure, they sometimes save you pennies. But there are more pennies in a dollar than minutes in an hour. So it's thriftier to count minutes than tick off pennies . . .

It's a proven, scientific fact that by switching from inferior pencils to smoother-writing Dixon Ticonderoga Pencils you save 50% of your writing effort. Multiply that saving by the number of workers in your office and you'll see an economical way of rescuing Father Time.

DIXON

TICONDEROGA

An extraordinary 5¢ pencil. Get quantity quotations from your stationer or stationery dealer. Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 43-J8, Jersey City, N. J.

IF YOU WANT
to subscribe to LIFE, write to
F. D. PRATT, Circulation Manager
LIFE—330 East 22nd Street
Chicago, Illinois
AND ENCLOSE \$4.50

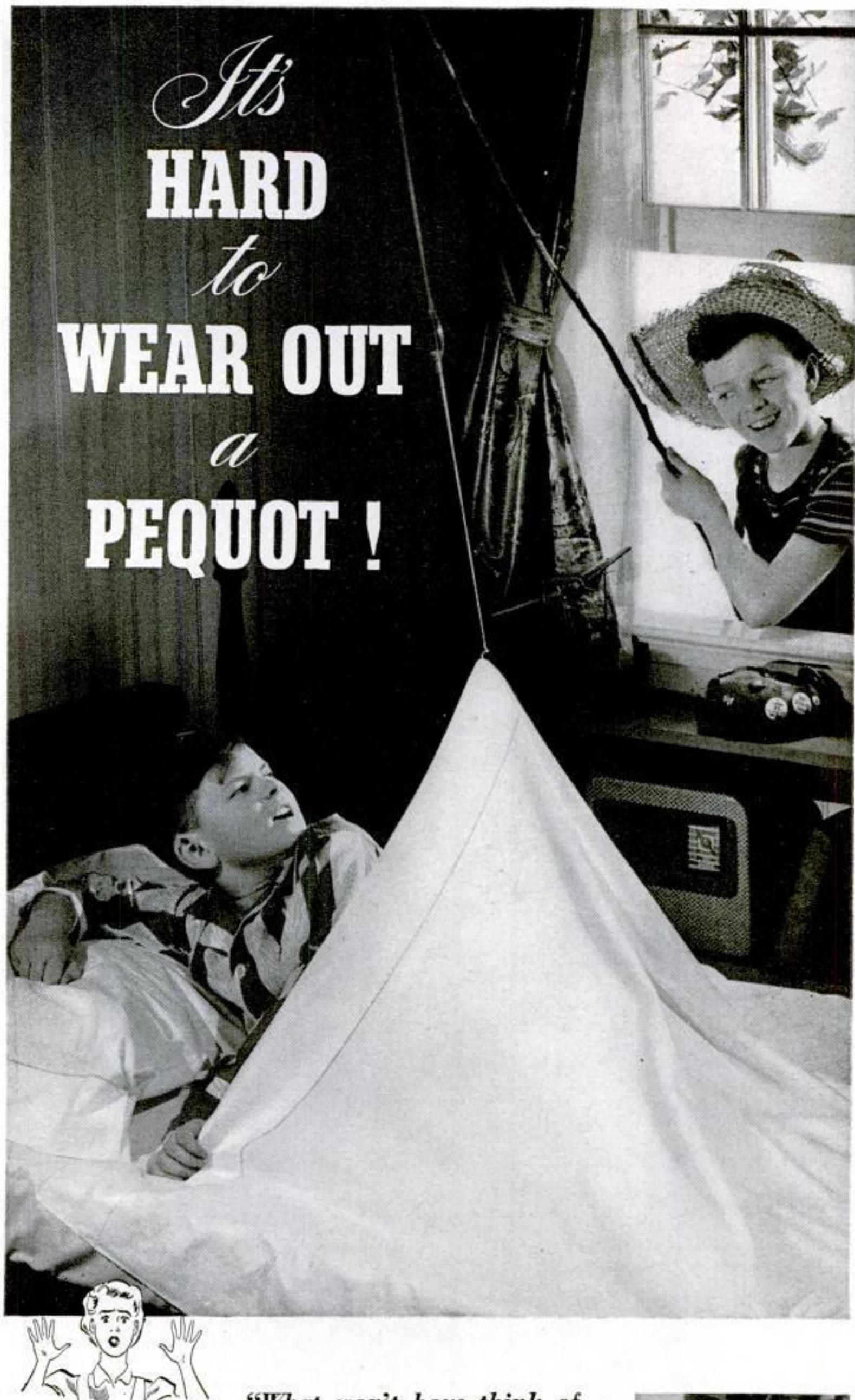
**FOR BETTER SIGHT
USE BETTER LIGHT**



Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

(continued on p. 6)

It's
HARD
to
WEAR OUT
a
PEQUOT!



"What won't boys think of next, to torment sheets?" They'll think of plenty! But here are sheets which can stand up for themselves. If you have an energetic household, you ought to know right now about Pequot Super-Service Sheets.

Some women, rejoicing in their first Pequots, find it almost unbelievable that sheets can give such service. They write us letters expressing their amazement.

Here's the simple "secret" of Pequot wear. Way back when pennies counted, Pequot started making sheets for pioneers. So Pequot concentrated on quality. Sound, firm weaving. Excellent cotton. Inside strength—as well as surface beauty.

You get this same pioneer quality today. So don't say that "sheets aren't what they used to be." Pequots are. Probably no other sheet enjoys such a loyal following among housewives. Won't you join our large, enthusiastic family? Your first Pequots make you a lifelong member.

PEQUOT MILLS, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS



PEQUOT STAYS FRESH LONGER!
The firm, even Pequot weave resists rumpling. Pequots keep their lovely, refreshing, clean crispness far longer than thin sheets which muss easily.

PEQUOT SHEETS and CASES

MOMMY! WASH THAT PRETTY SLIP GENTLY—THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE IT ADVISE **IVORY FLAKES!**

A WONDER SLIP! And no wonder everyone loves it! Fine rayon jersey that fits so smoothly—so flatteringly. It travels beautifully, too. You can suds it out in a jiffy with Ivory Flakes—the flake form of baby's own pure Ivory. You needn't even iron it! Light colors and dark ones, all Ivory-tested. About \$2.00. Ask for Vanity Fair lingerie at your favorite store.

Vanity Fair famous for years for fine lingerie advises Ivory Flakes.. 99 44/100% pure

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY FLAKES
99 44/100% pure
For safe washing of fine things...

NEW! DOUBLE-QUICK! DISSOLVE TWICE AS FAST!
Same blue box—No extra cost

From California and Florida come ideas for marvelous drinks

This is a delicious Rum Collins

It's more than a Rum Collins—it's a **RONRICO** Collins

The idea of making a Collins so much tastier by making it with Ronrico Rum started in California and Florida. It was an instant hit—its popularity quickly spread over the country.

Next time, make your Collins with Ronrico Rum and taste the difference. Or order it at your favorite bar. Mellow Ronrico is

the finest, smoothest rum, bar none. Every drop is distilled in tropical Puerto Rico.

You'll find Ronrico perfect for cocktails, rickeys . . . not only smart, but inexpensive. And be sure to try Ronrico and Soda.

Write for "THE RUM CONNOISSEUR", a colorful booklet of delightful drink and food recipes. Enclose 10c for handling—or ask for free copy at nearest liquor store. Address: RONRICO CORPORATION, Miami, Florida.

RONRICO COLLINS
Juice of 1/2 lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
1 1/2 oz. Ronrico White Label (or Gold Label)
Dissolve sugar in fruit juice in large highball glass. Add Ronrico, cracked ice, fill with club soda, stir and decorate.

Copyright 1941
Ronrico Corp.

RONRICO
BEST RUM... BAR NONE

WHITE LABEL (extra dry) and GOLD LABEL (dry), each 86 Proof. RED LABEL 90 Proof. PURPLE LABEL 151 Proof.



DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY PUERTO RICO DISTILLING COMPANY, ARECIBO, P.R.
U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

that when the *Manhattan* had previously left New York, the customs officials had conducted a search for contraband in the crew's quarters. Nevertheless when they had arrived in Naples, each one of these Germans had taken a parcel off the boat and had rushed, unheeded by the Italians, for the Naples Post Office.

PAUL SAPIEHA

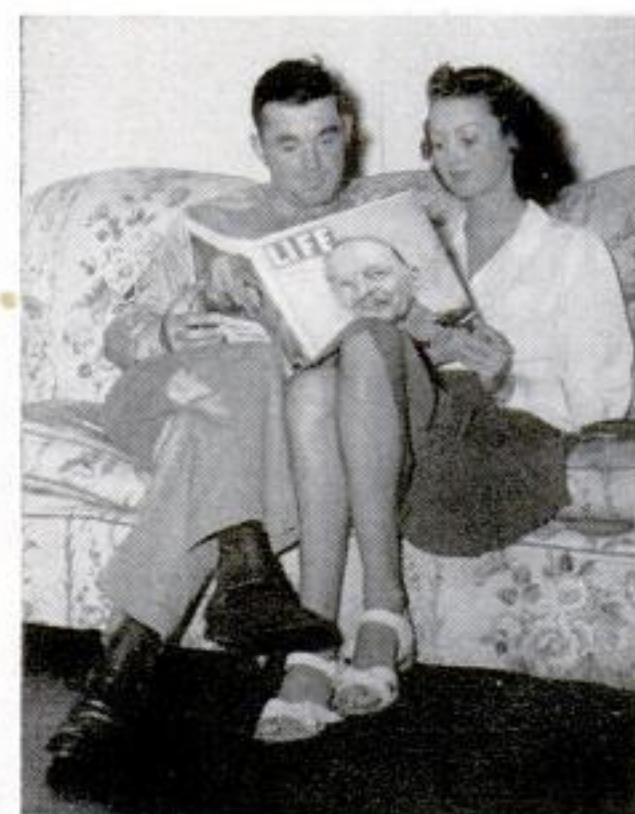
New York, N.Y.

● Reader Paul Sapienza's more formal title is Prince Paul Frederick Sapienza of Siedliska, Poland. He is a nephew of the Archbishop of Krakow. In Sept. 1939 with his American-born wife, the former Virgilia Peterson of New York, he escaped from German bombs in Poland by fleeing across the Dniester River.—ED.

Name Found

Sirs:

I was agreeably surprised when I picked up your July 21 edition to find the face of one of my very good friends staring at me from the Letters to the Editors. I don't blame Staff Sergeant Hutter for desiring the name of such an



SGT. HUTTER & MISS FINNEY

attractive girl, and she is just as sweet as she is pretty. Her name is "Frankie" Finney, a product of Tennessee, raised in Florida.

LIEUTENANT T. A. SAMES
Post Chemical Officer
Fort Crockett, Texas

● Sergeant Hutter has not only learned the girl's name, but has met her. Above, with Miss Finney, he looks at his letter in *LIFE*.—ED.

Crew Haircuts

Sirs:

I wonder if your article about how men get cool with a crew haircut (*LIFE*, July 14) had the same effect on any other girls that it had on me.

I read it in the middle of a blistering day and all of a sudden I wondered why such comfort should be exclusively a man's privilege—and just 30 minutes later I had adopted it for myself.

JOAN MATTHEWS
San Francisco, Calif.

Fish Stories

Sirs:

An ardent admirer of fish stories, I was captivated by the bespectacled rock cod in your July 21 letters column.

This marvelous salt-water fisherman's tale is to my mind not a match for a fresh-water story regarding a large northern pike taken in the clear waters of Lake George's Basin Bay in 1940.

A suspicious bulge in the fish's mid-section was found to contain a gold

JUST WON'T BLOW OUT!

NEW

THE **RONSON**
WHIRLWIND

WITH DISAPPEARING WINDSHIELD



1. Outdoors—shield up
2. Indoors—shield down
Great for men
in Service • \$5 & \$6.50

Ideal for golfing, motoring, boating, 1. all outdoors. Light up your cigarette, cigar or pipe with comfort, certainty and safety, regardless of the breezes. See other handsome models of RONSON (World's Greatest Lighter) for pocket, handbag, every room, for self and gifts, at jewelers, dept. stores, gift & smoke shops, etc. \$2.95 to \$150.

OVER 10,000,000 RONSONS HAVE BEEN SOLD

Is your Inferiority Complexion killing your fun?



Is your complexion the kind that makes you shy about going places and doing things? Are you missing the fun because of an inferiority complexion? Why not give Pompeian Milk Massage Cream a try? It's not like the regular fatty-base creams. It works differently.

All you do is apply a hot towel to your face . . . spread on Pompeian Milk Massage Cream . . . and then, in gentle but firm strokes, massage your skin. You actually see the Pompeian Milk Massage Cream do its work on the soiled skin. For Pompeian goes on a wholesome clean pink—rolls off a greasy dirty! And just feel (and see!) that wholesome lively glow on your face. It's wonderful!

Get a jar today at your drug, department or dime store, or mail coupon below.

SEND 10¢ FOR TRIAL JAR

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.
Enclosed is 10 cents. Send jar of Pompeian Milk Massage Cream & direction folder.
Name & Address L-8
City & State



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

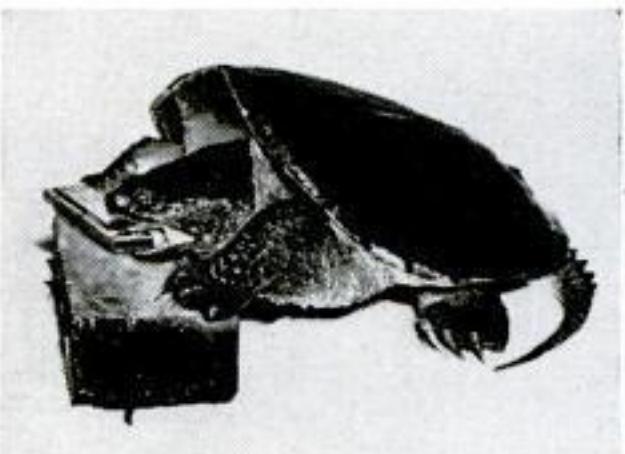
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watch which was identified as one lost overboard by a city fisherman the season previous. The strangest part of this quite unusual salvage lay in the fact that the watch was running almost on time, recording less than a minute in error. Presumably the fish's mastication of its prey had kept the stem wind of the watch in operation.

FRED S. STREEVER
Ballston Spa, N.Y.

Sirs:

That yarn about the fish caught wearing glasses is nothing! Here's a tur-



MUSICAL TURTLE

tle caught playing *The Hut-Sut Song* on a harmonica.

JOSEPH BINGHAM
New York, N.Y.

Suntan

Sirs:

Having read your article on sun-tattoo in LIFE, July 21, I heartily suggest that loyal Americans have American eagles, flags, etc. permanently tattooed on their skins as a lasting and not a seasonal patriotic declaration. I have already had a large eagle tattooed on my chest and am proud of it.

GEORGE W. DIGGS
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

A magazine which features such photographs as that of a naked woman sunbathing is clearly a menace to the public welfare.

E. J. ANDERSON
Denver, Colo.

Bronx Messiah

Sirs:

Probably Goliath Messiah, whose picture I enclose, read your article on the state of the nation as of July 4 (LIFE, July 14). He seems to have been shocked by the article and by all the nonsense taking place in the country. Says he, "I am retiring to



A MESSIAH RETIRES

Death Valley to live like an Indian. It's cheap there and I'll live to be 150." In his native Bronx, this Messiah has been accustomed to running five miles every day, wearing shorts and sneakers, in summer or in the coldest days of winter.

FRANK OSPREY
New York, N.Y.

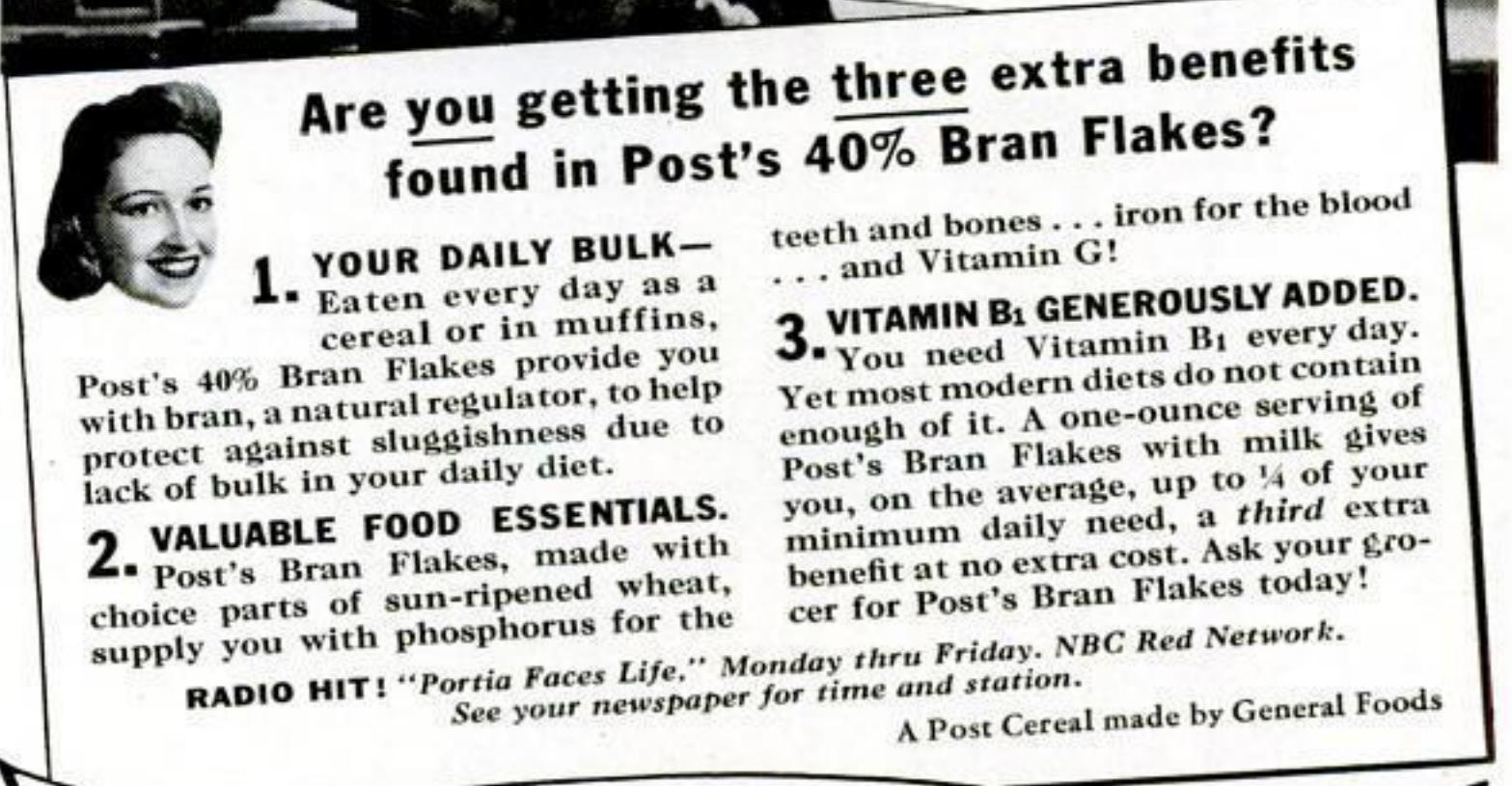
"WE BOOTH'S HAVE GOT A LOT ON THE BALL!"



FRANK H. BOOTH and his son, Tommy, are great pals. Mr. Booth, who takes a lot of interest in food and diet, says: "We're healthy. We get a lot of fun out of life. You see, we always eat wholesome, nourishing foods that help keep us feelin' tiptop. Take me, for instance. I dig into a bowlful of Post's Bran Flakes practically every morning. They taste great. Better still, they've got a lot of Vitamin B₁ in 'em that helps give me the energy I need to start the day right!"



HARRY BIESTER, who makes the New York-Boston run for Greyhound Lines, says: "Driving these 10-ton cruisers is no cinch. Grueling hours on the road—nervous strain—no time for exercise, it's no wonder we bus drivers often get constipated, logy, listless. But I've learned how to meet that situation. I eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly. They help give me the bulk I need to prevent constipation. Help keep me feelin' swell!"



Are you getting the three extra benefits found in Post's 40% Bran Flakes?

1. YOUR DAILY BULK—

Eaten every day as a cereal or in muffins, Post's 40% Bran Flakes provide you with bran, a natural regulator, to help protect against sluggishness due to lack of bulk in your daily diet.

2. VALUABLE FOOD ESSENTIALS.

Post's Bran Flakes, made with choice parts of sun-ripened wheat, supply you with phosphorus for the

RADIO HIT! "Portia Faces Life," Monday thru Friday. NBC Red Network.

See your newspaper for time and station.

A Post Cereal made by General Foods

LIFE IS SWELL WHEN YOU KEEP WELL



The JUICE that plays a double role

• Eager children love the lively, tangy taste of Florida canned grapefruit juice. Wise mothers like the fact that it's a *safe* summer drink that doesn't upset small stomachs.

And this pure, undiluted juice is energizing, *healthful*, economical—gives *twice as many vitamins for the money* as any non-citrus juice or soda drink.

Keep grapefruit juice on hand for the grownups as well as the youngsters—along with other grand Florida canned juices: orange-grapefruit *blended* juice and pure orange juice! Packed under many fine labels.

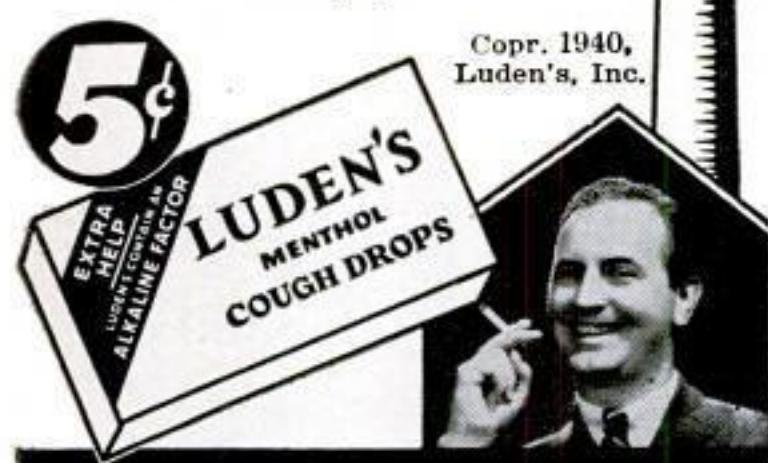
FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
LAKELAND, FLORIDA

FLORIDA CANNED GRAPEFRUIT JUICE



Be smart! Don't let smoking make your throat feel like a smokestack. Enjoy a Luden's between smokes. Cool menthol clears out that "brown taste" in a jiffy.

5¢
Cop. 1940,
Luden's, Inc.



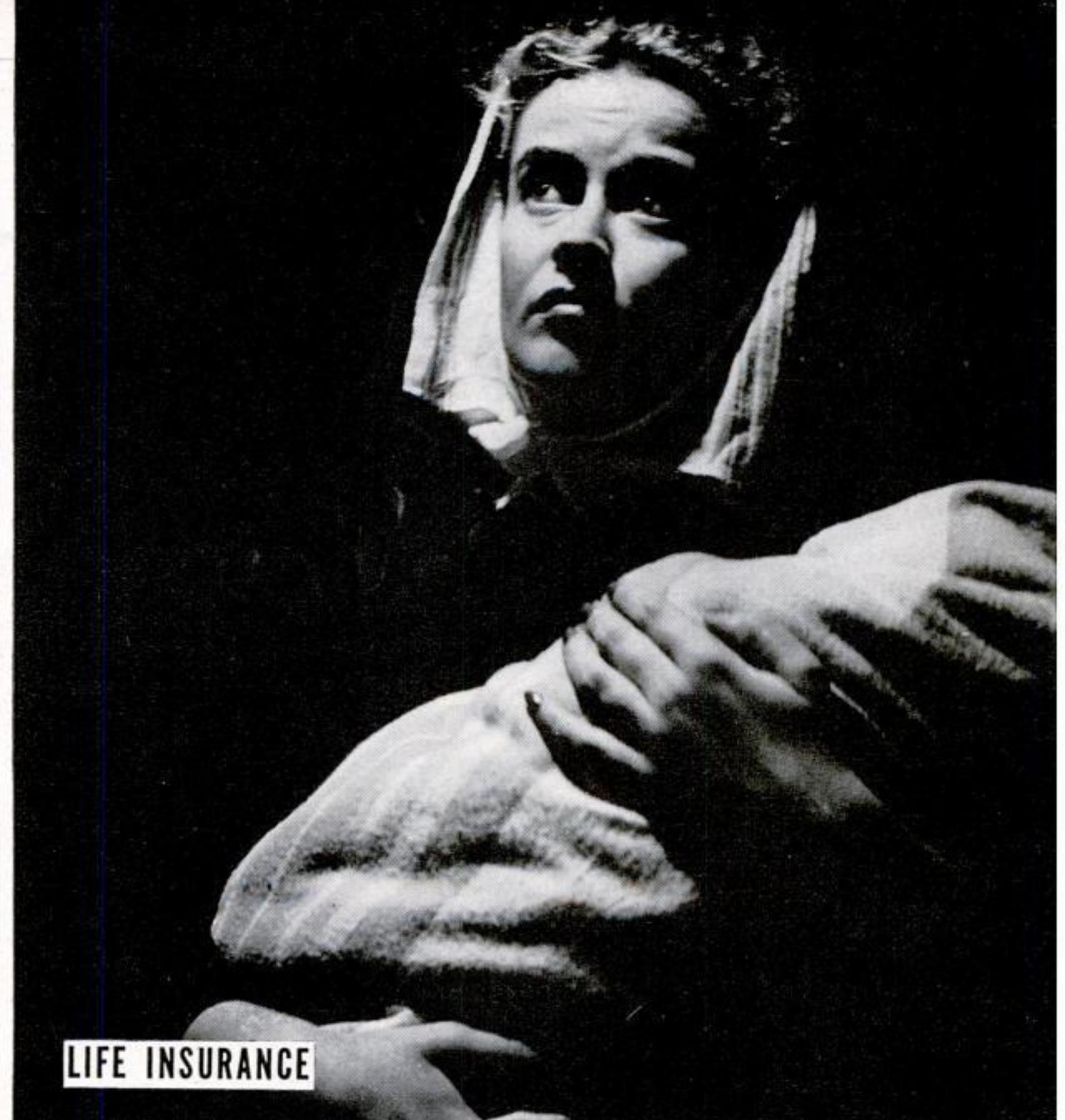
SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS
The time that offers value and quality. Show 98 personally imprinted Christmas Folders. 6 exclusive series, low as 50¢ for \$1, with name. Extra earnings with new WONDER BOX Assortment of 21 Christmas Folders \$1. All with inserts. Pay you 50¢. Can be imprinted. 8 other assortments. Deluxe Personal Christmas Cards. Write which line interests you. Samples on approval.

JAMES ART STUDIOS, INC.
860 Anson Place
Rochester, N.Y.





PERFUME



LIFE INSURANCE

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

... SCHERMAN & SMITH
HAVE FUN WITH ADS

On these pages you see the by-products of another holiday encounter between David Scherman, able LIFE photographer, and Joan Smith, able commercial model. Last summer, meeting on vacation at Truro, Mass., they passed an idle afternoon parodying the camera clichés of specific U.S. magazines (Aug. 26, 1940). This year their holidays again coincided and the chronic restlessness of professional people again drove them to team work. Miss Smith, by virtue of LIFE's story, had enjoyed a winter of vast activity. Mr. Scherman reached Cape Cod exhausted by his adventures following the sinking of the *Zamzam* (LIFE, June 23). But no sooner had they said "hello" than ideas for a new collaboration began to flower.

This time Scherman & Smith have turned their satire on the antic symbolism of certain kinds of advertising. Conscientious craftsmen, they spared no efforts to obtain the effects they desired. The "submarine," shown opposite above, took two days to assemble. It consists of an old rowboat, an asphalt drum and a ventilating funnel. The "machine gun" astern is simply a piece of lead pipe attached to Mr. Scherman's tripod.

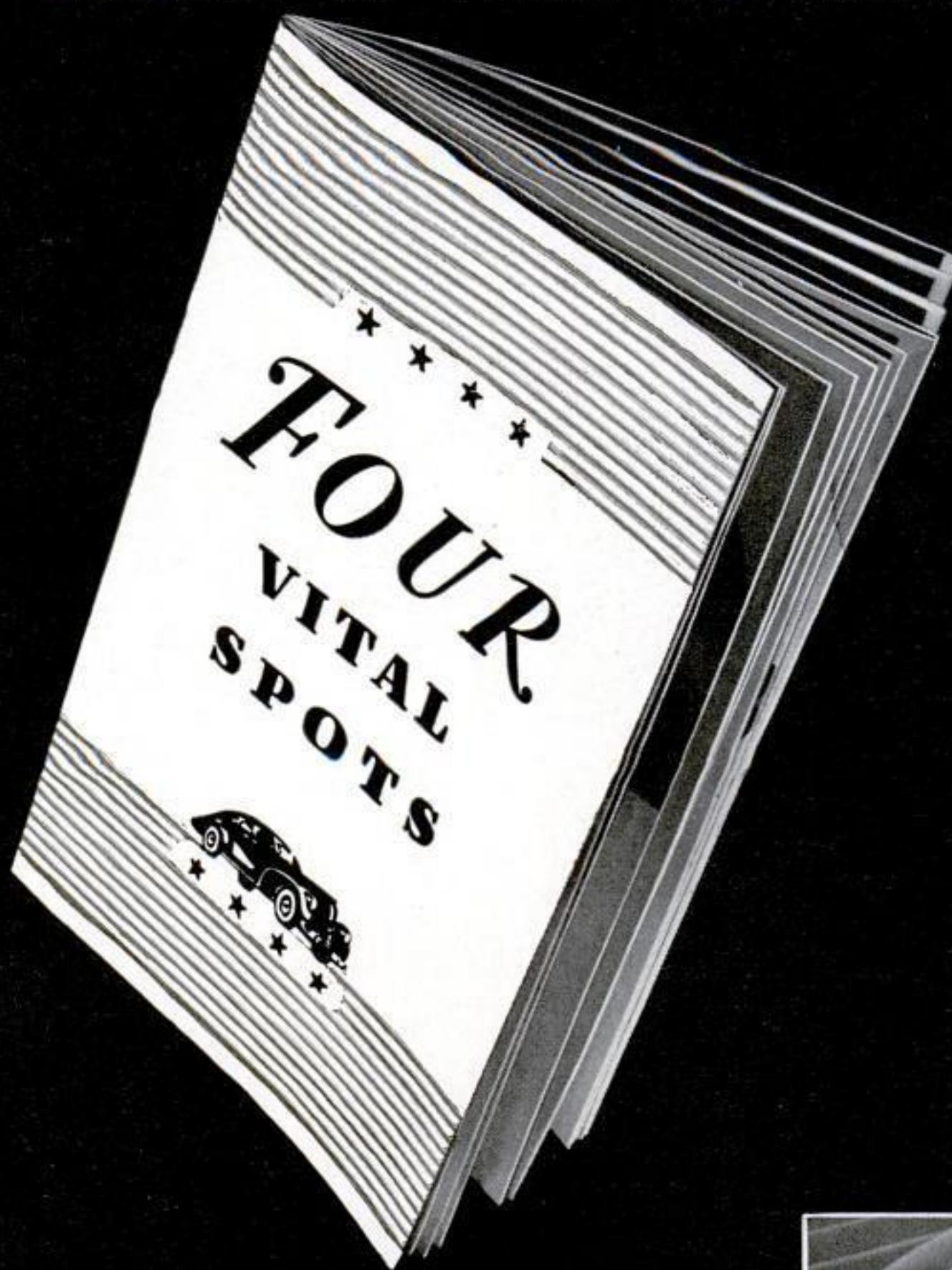


JOAN SMITH: IN PERSON

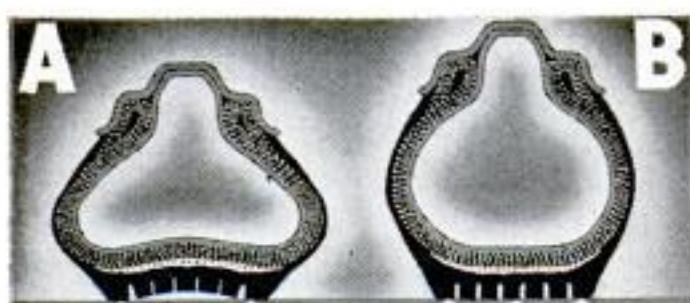


"CONSERVATION OF RUBBER IS VITAL TO NATIONAL DEFENSE"

THIS FREE BOOK
TELLS YOU HOW
TO CONSERVE
TIRE RUBBER



HOW TO MAKE TIRES LAST LONGER; HOW TO PREVENT
RAPID TREAD WEAR; HOW TO PROTECT AGAINST
BLOWOUTS; HOW TO CONTROL SKIDS; HOW REGROOVING
DOUBLES NON-SKID MILEAGE; AND MANY OTHER FACTS!



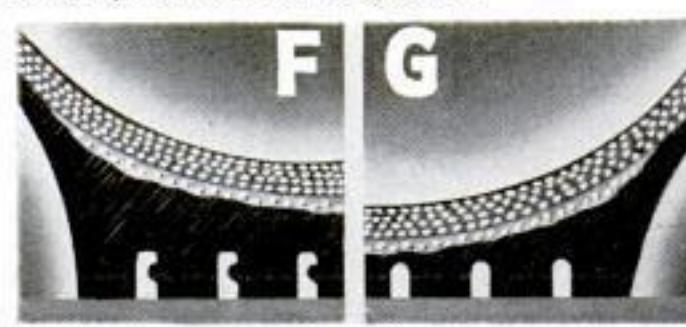
HOW TO SAVE 1 TIRE IN EVERY 5!
The average motorist throws away 1 tire in
every 5 through under-inflation alone. Diagram
A (on page 19) shows how sides of
under-inflated tire concentrate the wear at
2 points. Diagram B shows even distribution
of wear when tire is correctly inflated.



HOW TO AVOID SCUFFING! Misalign-
ment of wheels scuffs away rubber as though
you rubbed it with a giant file! Diagram C
(on page 20) shows side wear scuffed off;
diagram D shows center tread scuffing out.
A tire only $\frac{1}{2}$ inch "out of line" is dragged
sideways 87 feet in every mile!



HOW TO PREVENT CUPPING! Wheels
"out of balance" impart a twisting, tramping
action to your tires, wiping off the tread in
wavy spots (E), robbing you of thousands
of miles of tread wear! Read how, on page
21, you can correct this trouble—the greatest
single cause of spotty tread wear.



**HOW TO DOUBLE NON-SKID MILE-
AGE!** Read how, on page 12, thick, long-
wearing treads of improved Tempered
Rubber (F) deliver more mileage than ever
before. See how (G) when tread is half-worn
it can be regrooved, restoring original rib
depth, thus virtually doubling non-skid wear!

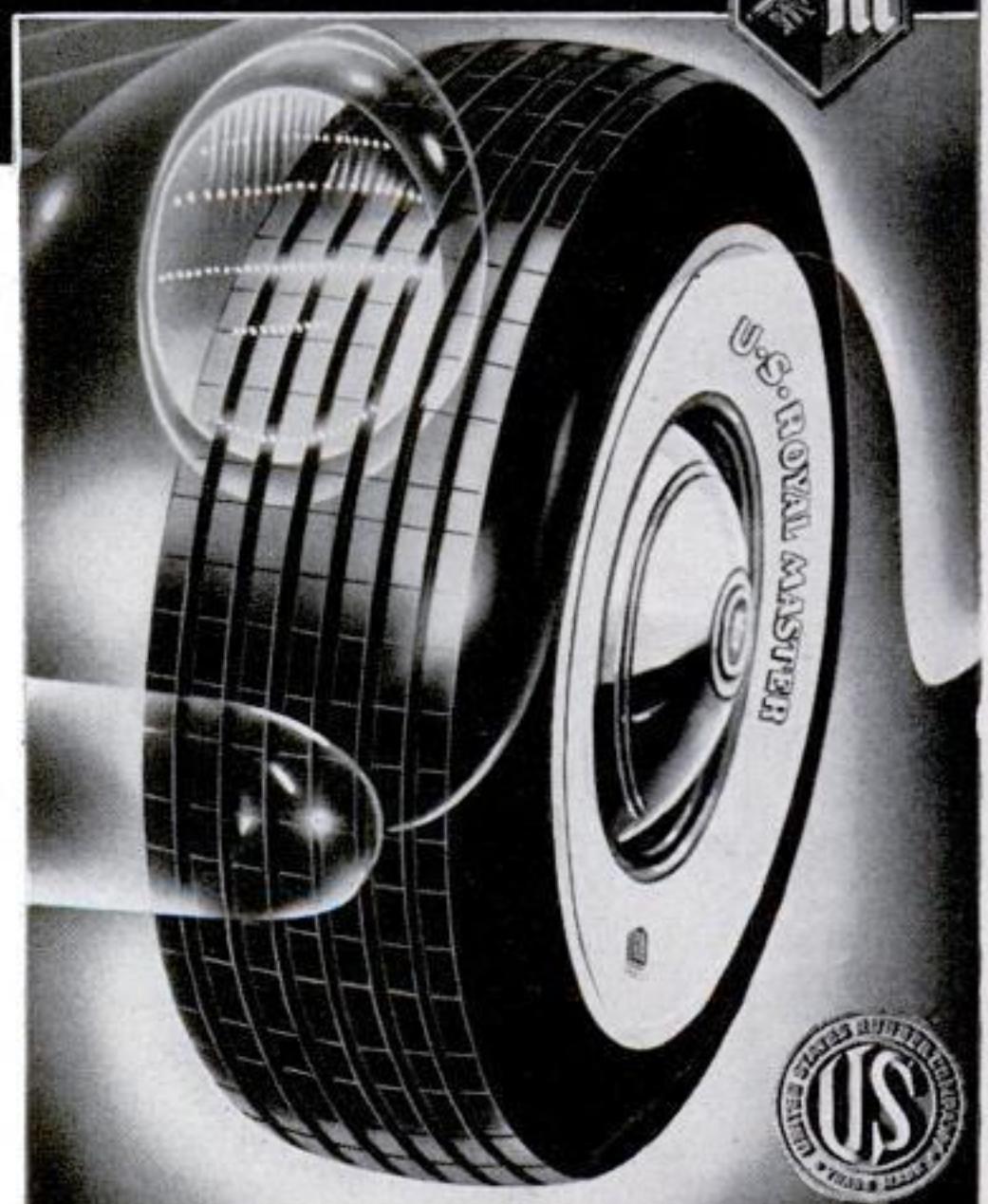
THIS 32-PAGE BOOK

*Is the first book of its kind
to give you ALL the vital
facts on tires and tire care!...*

The only real key to tire safety.
The 5 facts of new tire buying.
Skids — their cause and control.
Blowouts—cause and prevention.
How regrooving doubles your
non-skid mileage.

How to cross-switch your tires.
How to save your tires from pre-
mature failure due to . . . under-
inflation; bruises; wheels out of balance;
wheels out of line; bad brakes; tread
cuts; pinched tubes.

PLUS Important Driving Tips and
Other Facts That Will Save You
Time, Trouble, Money.



THE BUYER OF U. S. ROYAL MASTER
QUALITY TIRES SAVES RUBBER, SAVES MONEY!

I would like a copy of "Four Vital Spots."

I understand that this request does not
obligate me in any way.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
1230 Sixth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y.

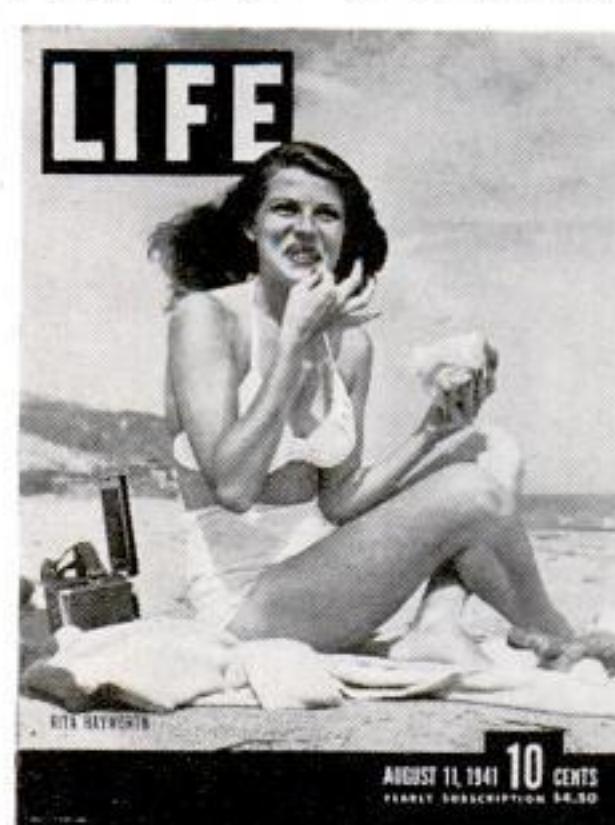
MacDuff takes a puff by O. Soglow

"THAT REMINDS ME, JENKINS,
THERE'S NO BITE IN GOOD
OL' KENTUCKY CLUB TOBACCO!"



I "Does that lobster make you see red, Jenkins? Its nip is nothing compared to the punishment pipe-smokers take from that villain, Mr. Tobacco-Bite! Just one way to lick tobacco-bite—put good ol' Kentucky Club Tobacco in your buddy-pipe. Only Kentucky Club is made 100% Club Tobacco in your buddy-pipe. Only Kentucky Club is made 100% from all-white burley. That's the light burley, the 'no-bite' burley. Its aroma picks you up. Its mildness never lets you down!" Get a handsome blue tin of Kentucky Club—nary a bite in a bowlful! (Perfect for rollin'-your-own, too!) Penn Tobacco Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

LIFE'S COVER



For LIFE's photographer in Hollywood, Rita Hayworth agreed to pose all day if she could take time out for a sunbath. So after lunch Rita drove to nearby Santa Monica Beach, said she was still hungry and made Photographer Bob Landry buy her a hamburger which you see her wolfing happily with sticky fingers and a crumb on her mouth. Because she does everything with gusto from eating to acting, this sultry young lady is developing rapidly from an ornamental but smalltime starlet into a bigtime actress. To learn more about her auspicious career, see page 33.

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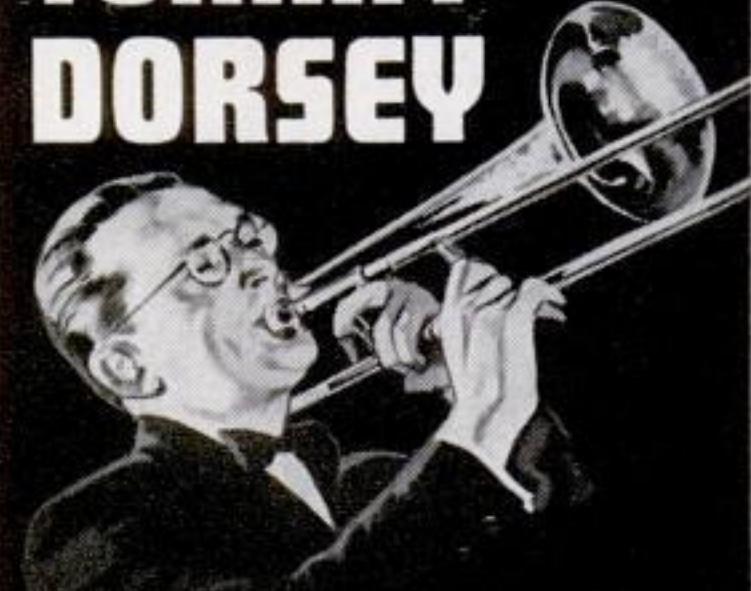
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VICTOR RECORD HIT OF THE WEEK

Tommy Dorsey



**NEIANI and
THIS LOVE OF MINE
TWO BALLADS YOU'LL LOVE!**

**50¢ LIST
PRICE**

*Enjoy them on the new RCA Victrola
The World's Greatest Artists are on Victor*

RECORDS

Trademark "Victor" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc.
A service of RCA • In Canada, RCA Victor Co., Ltd., Montreal

THE MARCH OF TIME

PRESENTS

PEACE

by Adolf Hitler

The latest issue, now being
shown in theatres throughout
the nation.



**"Africa is impossible—the natives
never serve Wine and Soda"**



Make your tall drinks with WINE

A SPECIALTY AT THE *Old Chase House*

...TINY PANCAKES, STRAWBERRY HARD SAUCE, AND

SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON



From Duncan Hines'
"ADVENTURES IN GOOD EATING"
*...the famous directory of fine eating
places along the highways of America*

WEST-HARWICH-BY-THE-SEA, MASS. The Old Chase House
Route 28—On Cape Cod—83 Mi. from Boston. June 14
to Sept. 14. More than 230 years old, this lovely house with
vast fireplaces and fine old paneling and furniture, opens its
doors to overnight guests and those in search of delicious food.

SWEET SMOKE TASTE! That's the reason why Swift's Premium Bacon is served at the famous Old Chase House . . . the reason you'll prefer it for your family and guests.

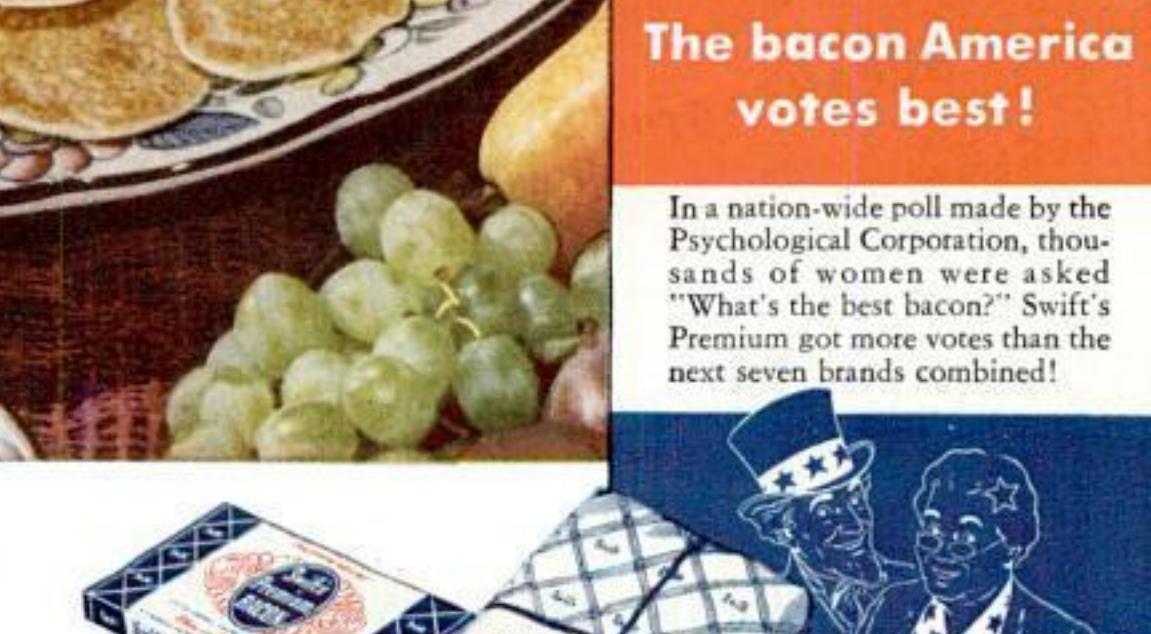
No other bacon has this special, captivating flavor. And, in an All-America poll on "What's the best bacon?" no other brand got even half as many votes.

Sugar-cured Swift's secret way and specially smoked in ovens, Swift's Premium Bacon is marvelously mild and delicate. Yet it's zesty, rich in flavor "come on."

At your house, why not always enjoy the bacon America likes best? Ask for *Swift's Premium Bacon*.

The bacon America votes best!

In a nation-wide poll made by the Psychological Corporation, thousands of women were asked "What's the best bacon?" Swift's Premium got more votes than the next seven brands combined!



OLD CHASE HOUSE PANCAKES AND BACON. Place Swift's Premium Bacon on rack in shallow pan; bake in moderately hot oven (425° F.) 10-12 minutes, or until brown. No turning is necessary. Arrange on a hot platter with tiny pancakes (about the size of a dollar). Accompany with Strawberry Hard Sauce. To make the hard sauce, cream together until smooth $\frac{1}{4}$ c. butter and 1 c. confectioner's sugar and add 1 c. sliced strawberries, fresh or frozen. (Any kind of berry, or oranges, may be used instead of strawberries.)



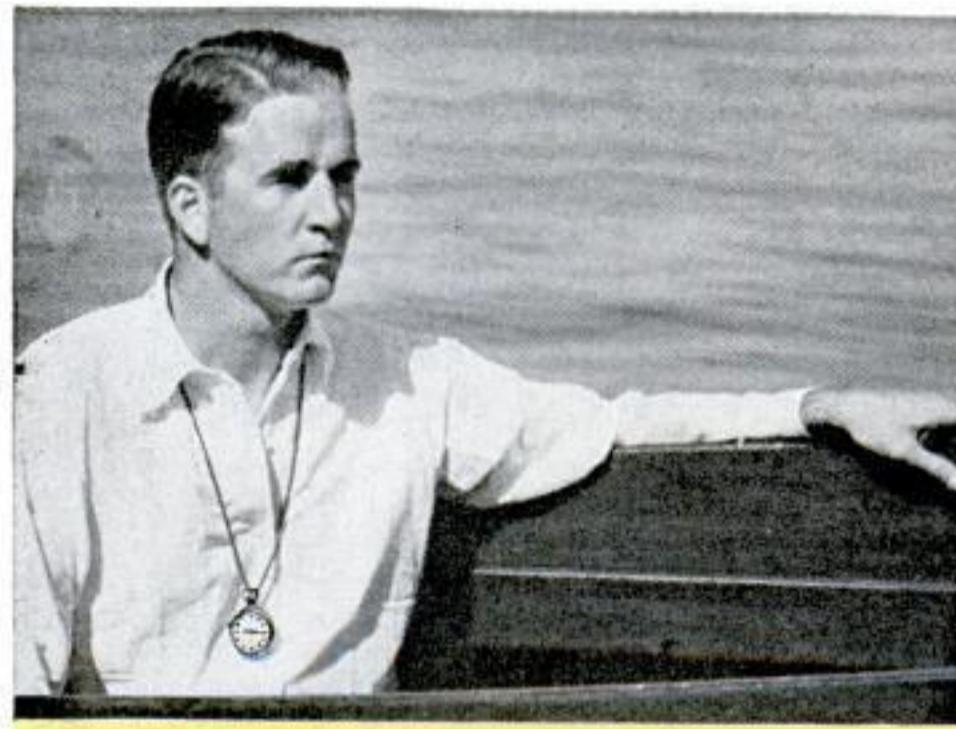
SAY SWIFT'S PREMIUM FOR THE FINEST MEATS:

*Bacon . Ham . Beef . Lamb . Poultry
Veal . Frankfurts . Table-Ready Meats*

REMEMBER, THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL

“I’m keeping cool
on the

Self-Starter Breakfast*



“WHEN THE THERMOMETER HITS THE HIGH SPOTS,” says Arthur Knapp, Jr., “the breakfast for me is a big bowl of Kellogg’s Corn Flakes with some fruit and plenty of milk. It’s as cooling and crisp as a fresh morning breeze—and it keeps me feeling on top.”

Active, “heads up” people who have to be at their best even in the hottest weather say that this crisp, appetizing breakfast of Kellogg’s Corn Flakes with fruit and milk gets them off to a perfect start!

No wonder the Self-Starter Breakfast* is the favorite of so many busy people—people whose jobs call for plenty of “spark” the first thing every morning!

The famous FLAVOR of Kellogg’s toasted Corn Flakes has made them America’s best-liked ready-to-eat cereal for more than thirty years. Top these crisp, golden-brown flakes with your favorite fruit . . . add cool, creamy milk and you have a summertime breakfast that’s good—and mighty good for you. Try the Self-Starter Breakfast* tomorrow! Also ask for Kellogg’s Corn Flakes in Restaurants, Hotels, Dining Cars.

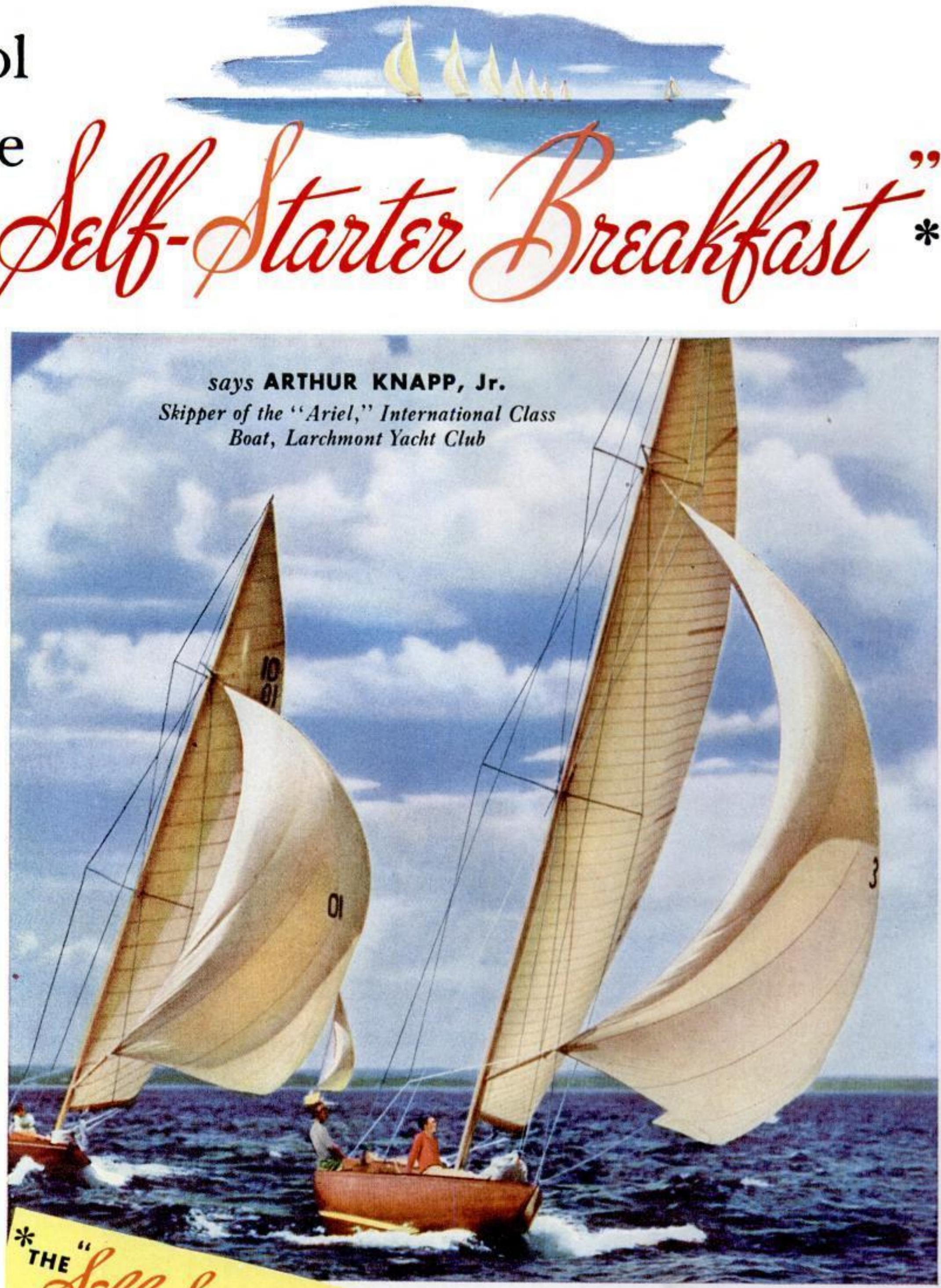


Now 6 CEREALS IN 1 PACKAGE!



Copr. 1941 by Kellogg Company

GOOD AND GOOD FOR YOU . . . MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT



* THE “*Self-Starter*
BREAKFAST”

A big bowlful of Kellogg’s Corn Flakes with some fruit and lots of milk and sugar.

It gives you—
FOOD ENERGY!
VITAMINS!
MINERALS!
PROTEINS!

plus the famous FLAVOR of Kellogg’s Corn Flakes that tastes so good it sharpens your appetite, makes you want to eat.



“BIG-CITY NEWSPAPER REPORTERS have to be constantly alert and ‘on the go,’ says BEVERLY HEPBURN, reporter. “I’ve found that eating a breakfast of Kellogg’s Corn Flakes with fruit and milk helps a lot to keep me feeling that way right through to lunchtime.”

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LIFE'S PICTURES

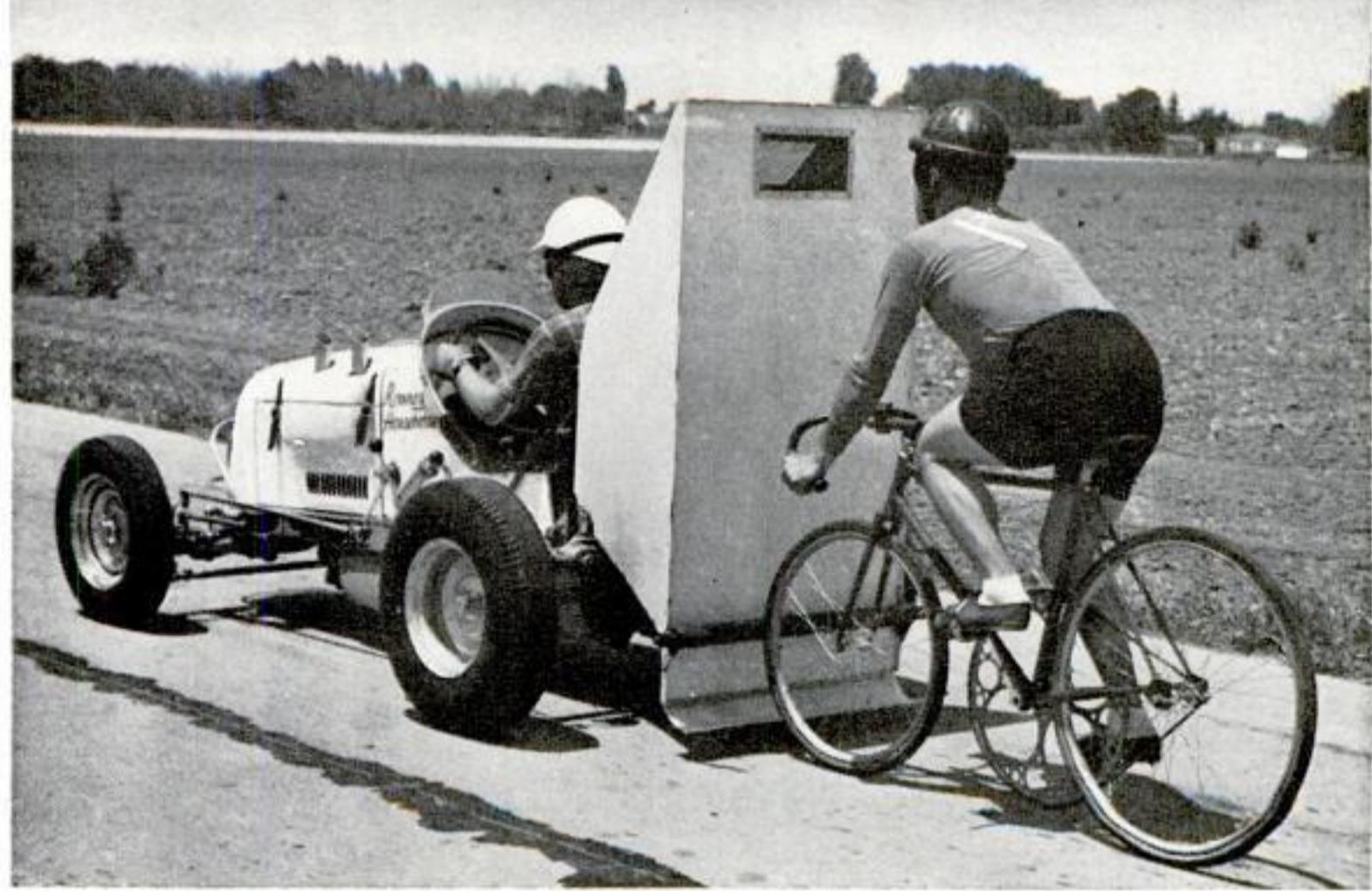
LIFE Photographer Margaret Bourke-White, whose revealing pictures of Moscow on the eve of the German invasion appear on pages 17-27, was given the title of "Photomaster" by the Russians. Under the auspices of the powerful Writers League, she had access to Russian circles which few foreigners ever attain. Miss Bourke-White was impressed by the beautifully paved streets, the well-stocked shops and the hotel service.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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55, 56, 57—MYRON DAVIS	

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BREAKS WORLD SPEED RECORD!

RIDES 108 MILES PER HOUR ON A
Schwinn-Built Bicycle!

• In an amazing record-breaking run, Alfred Letourneur rides a bicycle faster than any man has ever pedaled before. He was officially clocked at 108.92 miles per hour—faster than most streamlined trains!

Think of the strain this tremendous speed put on every part of the bicycle—on frame, on wheels whirling 22 times a second, on hubs, rims, tires. Only a perfectly-engineered bike could stand such a terrific test! Yet Letourneur used no specially-built bike, but instead, a regular Schwinn-Built model, standard-equipped except for an extra-large sprocket. And at the end of his

speed run, his Schwinn-Built bike was still in top condition!

Similar in design to the racing model Letourneur rode, the graceful *lightweight* Schwinn-Built Bicycles for sport and touring use, are the bikes riders everywhere are raving about today. So light, you can balance them on one finger—a "breeze" to pedal—super-safe—and rugged as a rock. Can be equipped with both front and rear wheel brakes. When you buy a bicycle, be sure it's Schwinn-Built—look for the Schwinn Seal of Quality on the frame.

Schwinn-Built bicycles, racing or touring models, are GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!



Shown opposite is the dream of every boy and girl—the handsome Auto Cycle, available with many exclusive accessories—built-in Cyclolock, Spring Fork, Fore-Wheel Brake, Horn, big Lights, and other streamlined extras. (Boy's model illustrated.) All Schwinn-Built bicycles are built to order and there's a model exactly suited to your needs, regardless of your size or age.

Schwinn-Built Bicycles
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

CHEVROLET TRUCKS



THEY'RE AMERICA'S NO. 1 TRUCKS

Again this year, the truck buyers of the nation are selecting Chevrolet as America's No. 1 truck.

Again this year, they are buying more Chevrolet trucks than any other make.

This nationwide verdict means more to you as a truck buyer *this* year than ever before, because it proves that truck buyers prefer Chevrolets when the jobs are toughest and the need for dependable transportation is most urgent!

And just why do truck buyers express such strong preference for Chevrolets?

Because they know Chevrolet trucks with the famous "Load-Master" Engine* have *more pulling power* than any other low-priced trucks! . . . Because they know

*Optional on Heavy Duty models at extra cost.

First in VALUE
First in ALL-ROUND ECONOMY
First in FEATURES
First in SALES
and, with Chevrolet's
"Load-Master" Engine,
First in PULLING POWER

Chevrolet trucks have *more modern features* of design, engineering and driver comfort than any others in their field! . . . Because they know Chevrolet trucks are "tops" for total, day-in-and-day-out dependability! . . . Because they know Chevrolet trucks sell at the *lowest prices* and possess the *greatest all-round economy* of any trucks in the biggest-selling low-price field!

Remember—this is the considered verdict of truck operators . . . the final judgment of truck buyers themselves . . . clearly expressed in the nationwide preference for Chevrolets.

Phone or visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer for a thorough demonstration on your job—*today*!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"THRIFT-CARRIERS FOR THE NATION"

Copyrighted material



SUNDAY LINE OF MUSCOVITES WAITS TO VISIT LENIN'S TOMB. FIRST STARRED SPIRE IS NIKOLSKIYA TOWER

A LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER LOOKS AT MOSCOW A WEEK BEFORE THE NAZI INVASION BEGAN

PICTURES by MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

For the first time in a decade a topnotch American photographer has been given a chance to depict Moscow, beclouded capital of all Russian Communism. She is Margaret Bourke-White and through her pictures on these pages LIFE readers will get their first good look at this huge mysterious city, which today is the goal of the German armies and which likewise represents something for which uncounted millions of Russians have shown their willingness to die. This is Moscow—the best part of Moscow—a week before Hitler tore up his alliance with the U. S. S. R. and sent his troops marching eastward.

Miss Bourke-White visited Russia as a photographer for *Fortune* in 1931. Hence she was no stranger to the city and its officials when she arrived again in Moscow in mid-May on a picture assignment from LIFE. With high Soviet permission she saw and photographed the changes that had taken place in ten years. Her pictures are not a typical cross-section of the city's life because her Russian hosts were anxious for her to record the improvements which they had made and of which they were very proud. Omitted from her report was the seamy side of proletarian life. But what she got was none the less new, startling, revela-

tory. And to top off her mission, Miss Bourke-White last week became the first American photographer to take Josef Stalin, when the No. 1 Communist received Harry Hopkins, U. S. Lease-Lend Administrator, in the Kremlin.

The U. S. S. R. has lately won a crude prosperity: consumer goods are increasing; clothing is a little warmer; housing a little better; the main streets have been widened; street begging has decreased. But most of Russia under Communism is still pretty dingy and the magnificent concrete buildings have a way of chipping away. And Moscow still smells like Moscow.

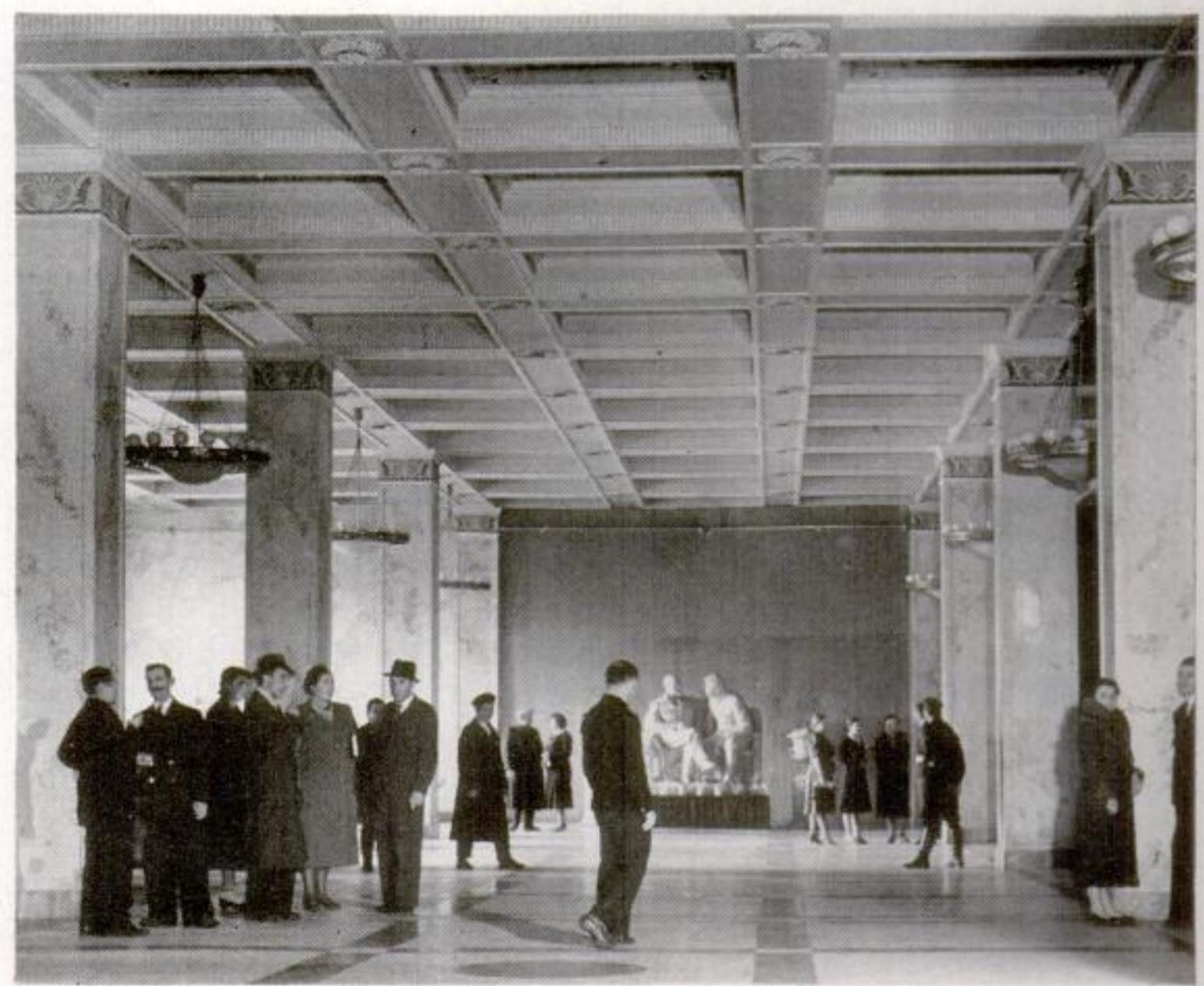


Gorky Street Uptown, photographed a week before war broke out, shows a modest sprinkling of cars and buses. This is looking away from Red Square. Picture on opposite page is a continuation, looking directly toward Red Square. At left above, the street is lined by the Meyerhold Theater, the Central Telegraph & Telephone Station and at some distance Moscow Soviet headquarters. From right foreground are a drugstore, a dress shop (see p. 26), an archway in

to a square of apartment houses, a cheese and wine shop and an ice-cream store, the pride of Moscow. This is Moscow's smartest shopping district, selling the best Russia has to offer. A big Red enterprise was the widening of this street from 50 ft. to 150 ft. by cutting the buildings away from their foundations, circling them with steel and sliding them bodily to new foundations. Above the stores are apartments, bitterly competed for by important little Communists.



Biggest grocery in Moscow gets 60,000 customers on a big day, 45,000 on an average day, does a 150,000,000 ruble (about \$30,000,000) business a year. At 20¢ to a ruble (foreigner's rate), prices are very high. The 1940-41 period of plenty gave customers all they could afford here of fancy pastries, canned goods, champagne, bread, milk and meat. Frozen fruits are a recent innovation for office workers. Sunday is the busiest day. Store stays open till 8 in the evening.



Lobby of Moscow Hotel shows standard statue of Lenin and Stalin in an intimate pose they probably never assumed in life. This is a huge hotel crammed with marble. The gigantic dining room is done in green-and-blue marble. Here stay the delegations from the outermost parts of the Soviet Union, come on official business to Moscow. This is obviously far beyond the purse of any average Russian. These people seen in lobby are the minor leaders of the U. S. S. R.



Gorky Street Downtown leads straight to Red Square. At right is the spired Historical Museum telling Russia's story from prehistoric times to 1850 in weapons, tools, coins, manuscripts, etc. The two modern buildings are the new Sovnarkom (Council of People's Commissars) where Molotov works, and the fine new Moscow Hotel, which is always crowded with Russians. Foreigners, notably Germans in weeks just before the war, filled the National Hotel on the other

side of the street. The buildings running into the distance line the north side of Red Square. This whole section north and west of Red Square is the cultural center of Moscow and in fact of the entire U. S. S. R. Hereabouts are the theaters, museums, music conservatory, academy of architecture, libraries, planetarium, the great hotels, the circus, the university. Along this street Stalin's 1938 Packard Eight often drives him to the Kremlin at 4 p.m. to work all night.



Escalators in the Moscow subway all go 300 ft. into the ground, and move at perhaps three times the speed of U. S. subway escalators. Sign says "This Way Out." The fare on the Moscow subway is 30 kopeks (6¢). The subway is open from 6 in the morning to 1 a. m., then closes for a cleaning, but since the war began has been used as an air-raid shelter. Except for a German bomb hit directly down the escalator, as happened once in London, subway is entirely safe.



Subway's Mayakovskiy Station, is at the north end of Gorky Street, where huddle a group of New Art theaters called the Realist Theater, the Theater of Satire, the Amateur Art Theater. Notice that, though this picture was taken in June, people all wear overcoats, for this June it snowed and hailed in Moscow. Clothing is plain but substantial. Domes are inlaid with mosaics showing planes, Kremlin, parachutists, etc. Replica was shown at New York World's Fair.

Moscow before invasion (continued)

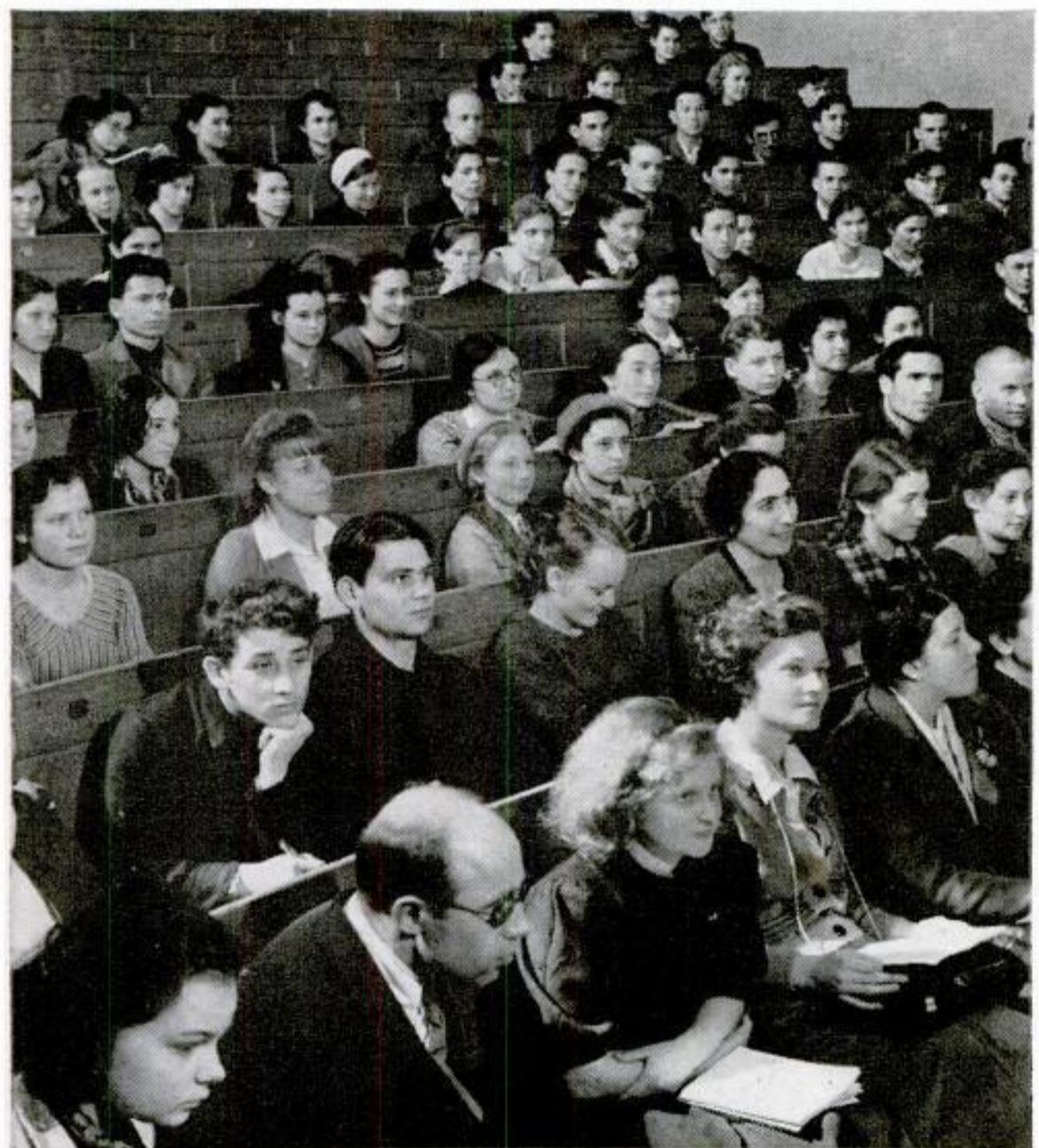


Moscow University was founded by Lomonosov, whose picture in knee breeches is seen at the head of the steps. He also created the written language of Russia as late as 1750, was Russia's first literary man and scientist. The 185 just above his head, between statues of Lenin and Stalin, means that the university is celebrating its 185th anniversary. Government gives students 130 rubles a month the first year, the second year 150, third and fourth year 180, fifth

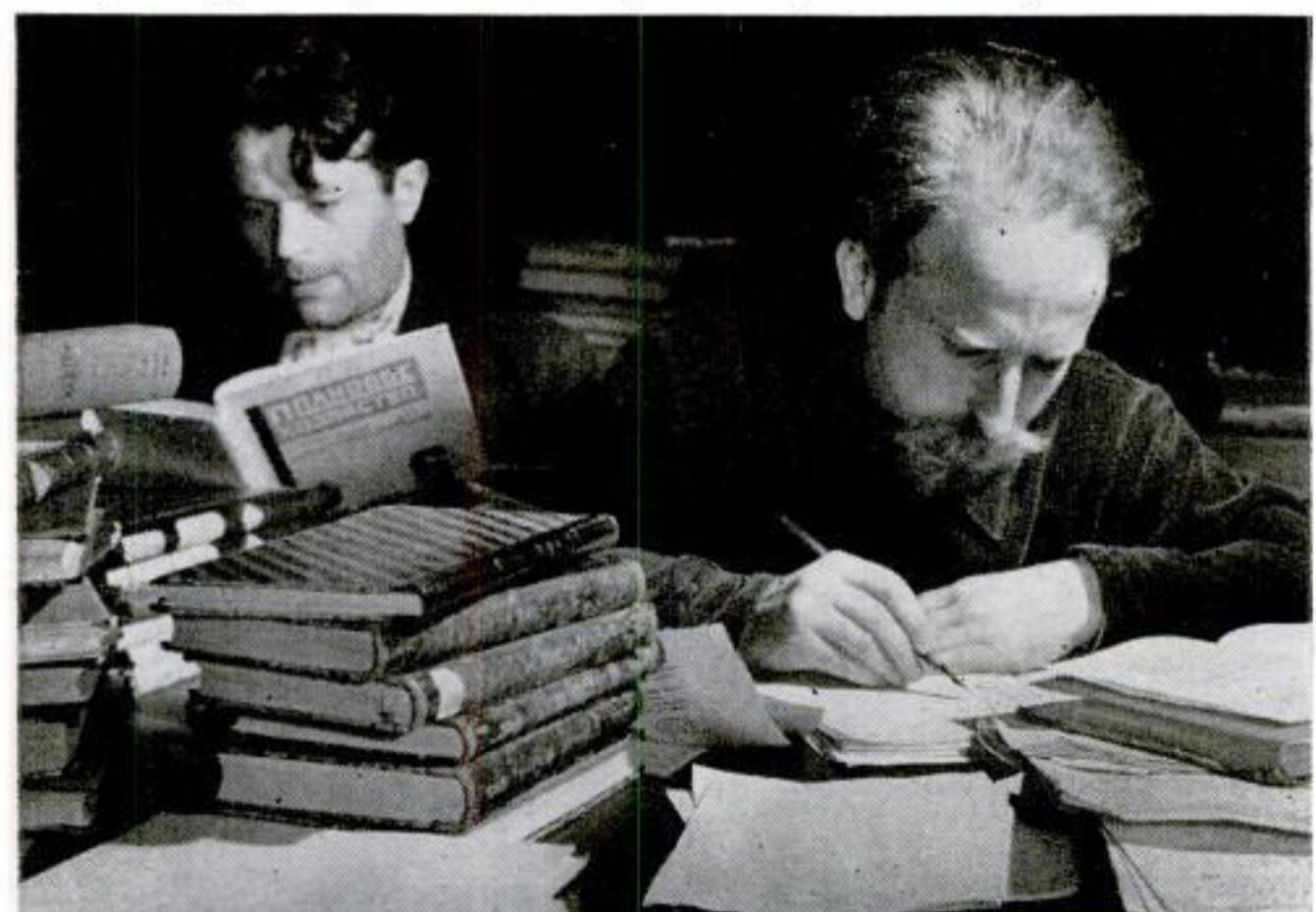
year 200 rubles. But this year starts a new policy of canceling scholarships if students do not get excellent marks in two out of three courses. Hence all students try to attend all lectures, though attendance is not compulsory and nursing mothers sometimes miss them. Perfect students are called *otlichniki*. Women study engineering as often as men. Many are wives of Red Army soldiers, many park their children during the day at the Government nurseries.



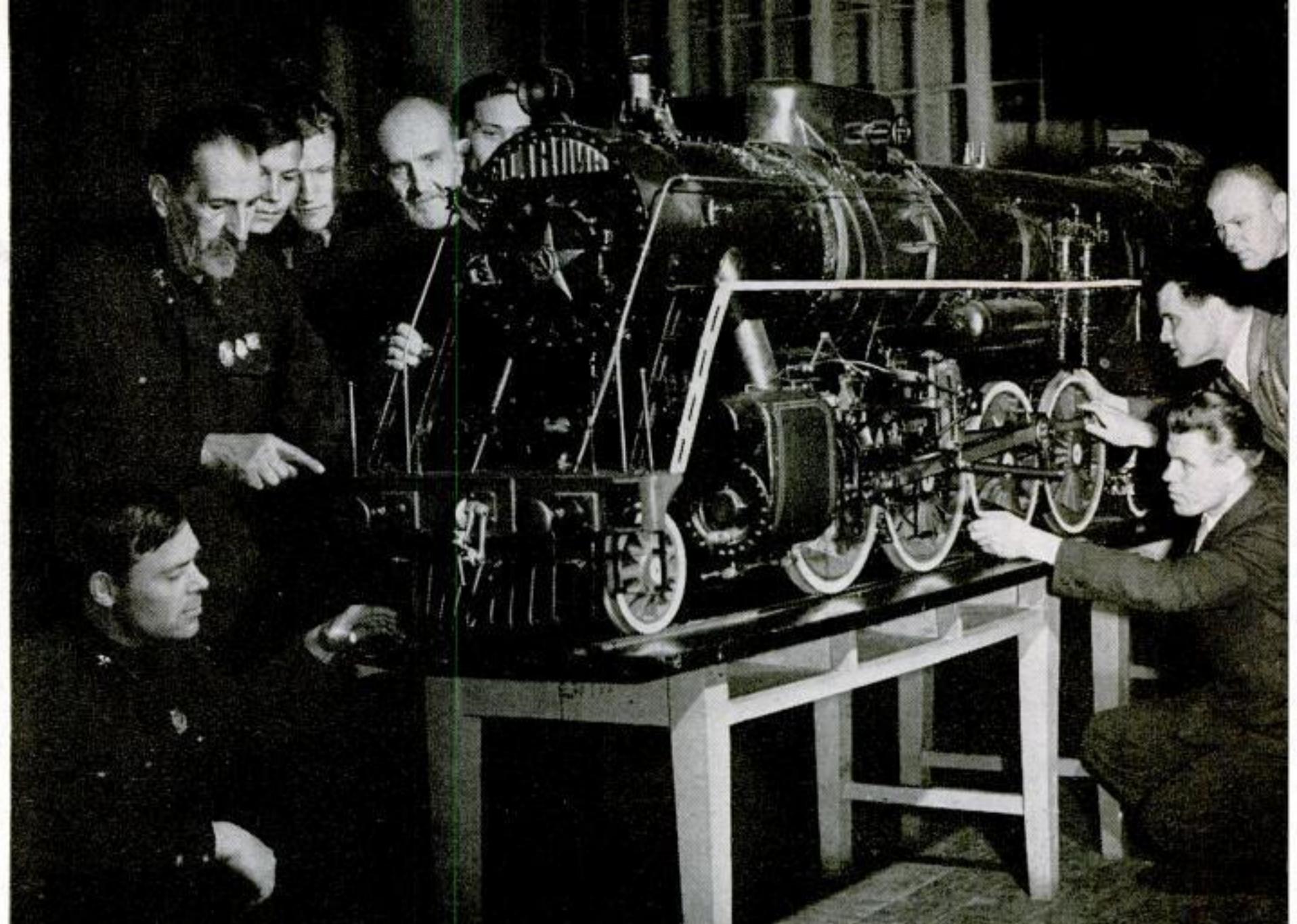
Married students at Technical Institute, Ivanova Ivgenia and Valerie Moregovsny, both 26 and both from Sebastopol, both study Underground Transport. Children Boris, 7, who wants to be a pilot, and Ulea, 4, who wants to be an engineer, play Lotto, with picture on one side of card, name for it on other. Parents get 180-ruble-a-month scholarship apiece, pay 17 rubles for one room in dormitory.



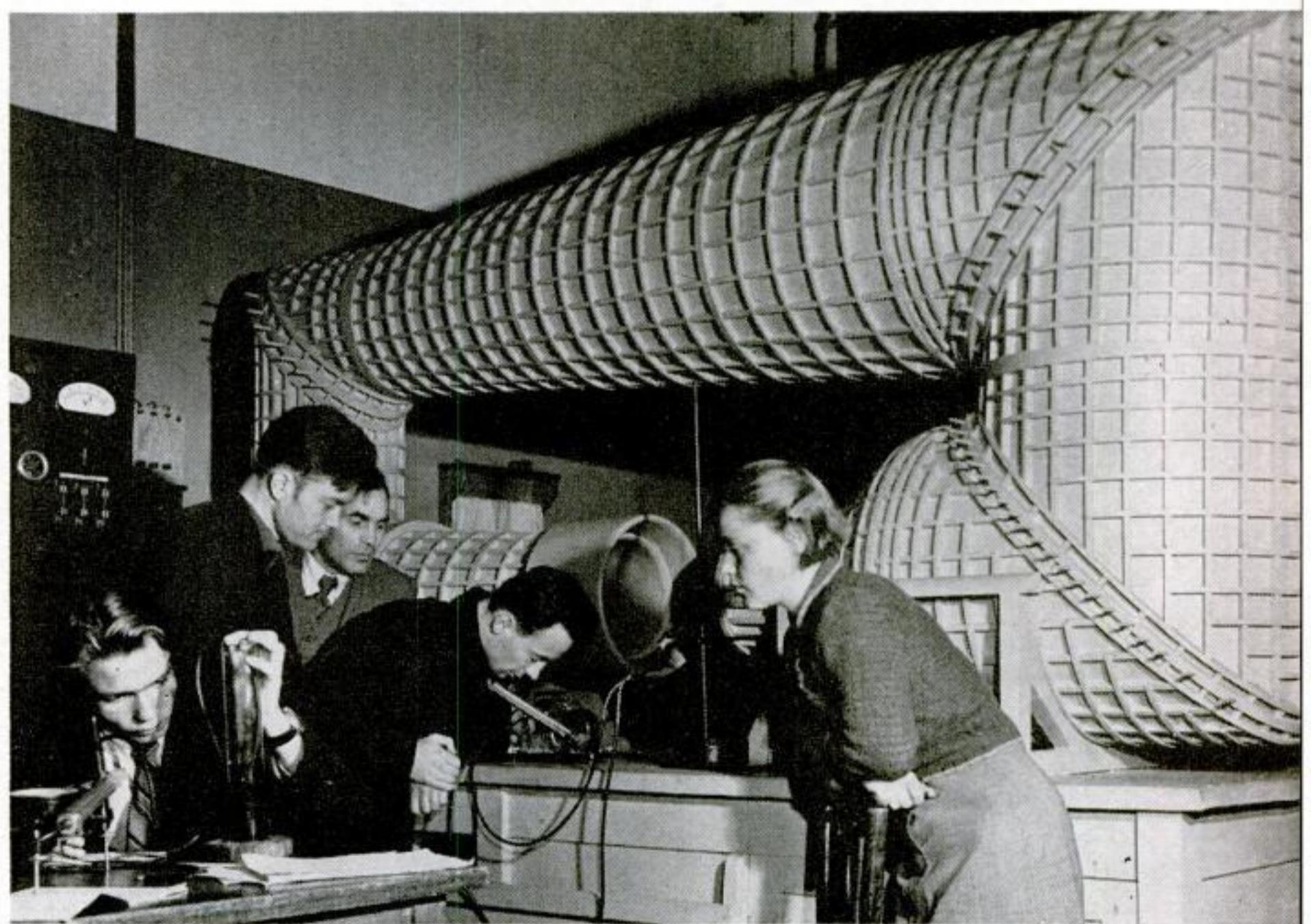
Greek history is subject absorbing these young Russians in Moscow University. Faces represent a variety of races greater than that in an American industrial city high school. Visible are Great Russian, Tartar, Turkman, Armenian, Jewish, German. Actually there are far more Nordics in Russia than in Germany. Moscow University averages nearly 5,000 students, plus correspondence and graduate students.



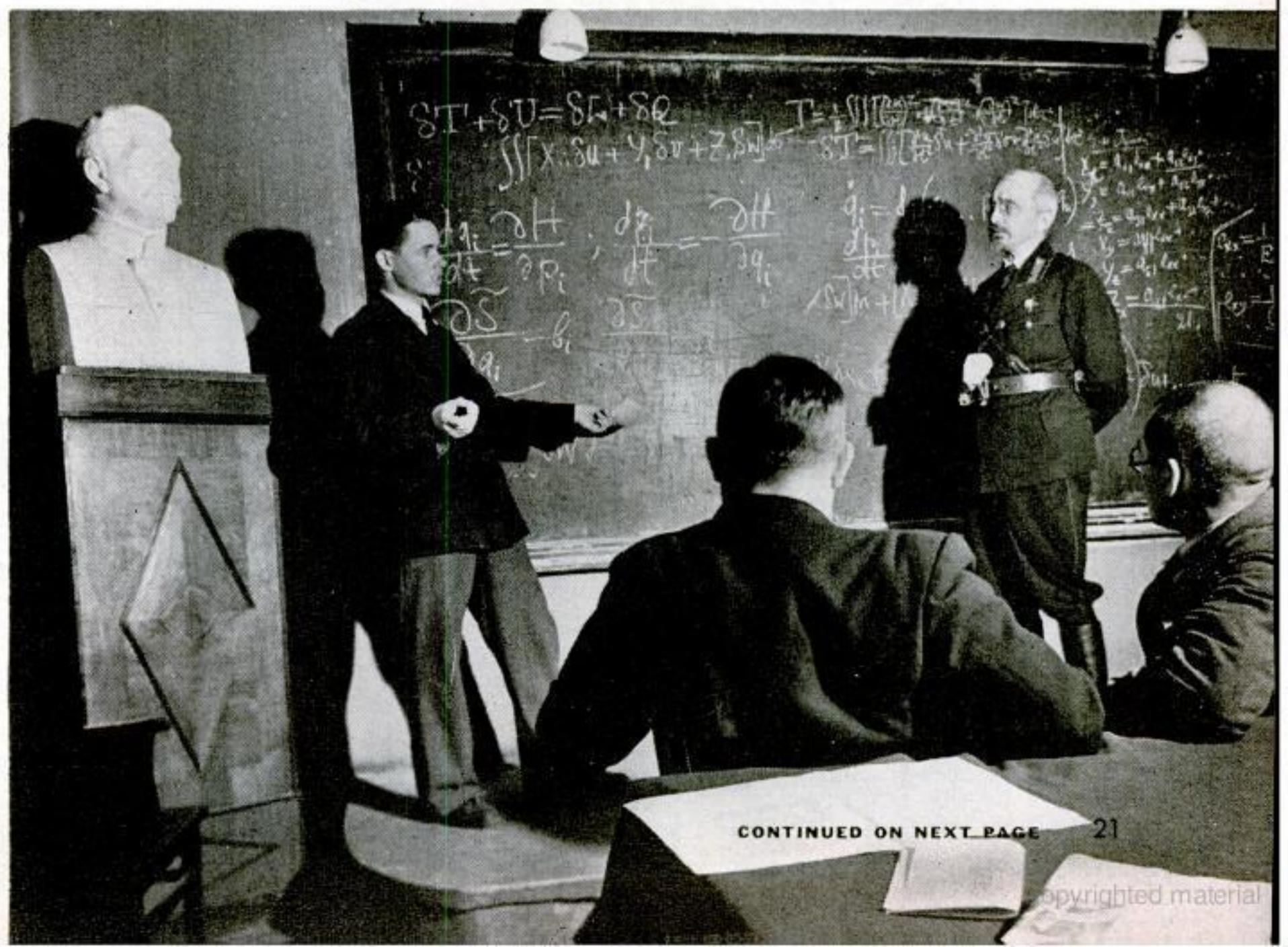
In new Lenin Library, one of five largest in world, Nikolai Chudnovsky (left) reads for master's thesis on Soviet Planned Economy and Yelizar Scholnik for thesis on heroes of Russian Dark Ages. Nearly everyone in Moscow uses library. Books cannot be taken out and credentials are examined in passing from room to room. Most students take safe and ancient subjects, but scholarship is of a high order.



Locomotive named Stalin is model for students in Locomotive Laboratory of the Technical Institute. Bearded man at left is Professor Sergei Bogdanov who wears the Sign of Honor. Other bearded man is Professor Mokrshitsky of Car Construction. Bogdanov is dean of the faculty, has traveled abroad. This Institute has held for two years the "traveling banner" awarded to the U. S. S. R.'s top transportation school. Top instructors wear big red enamel decorations, which get them special privileges.



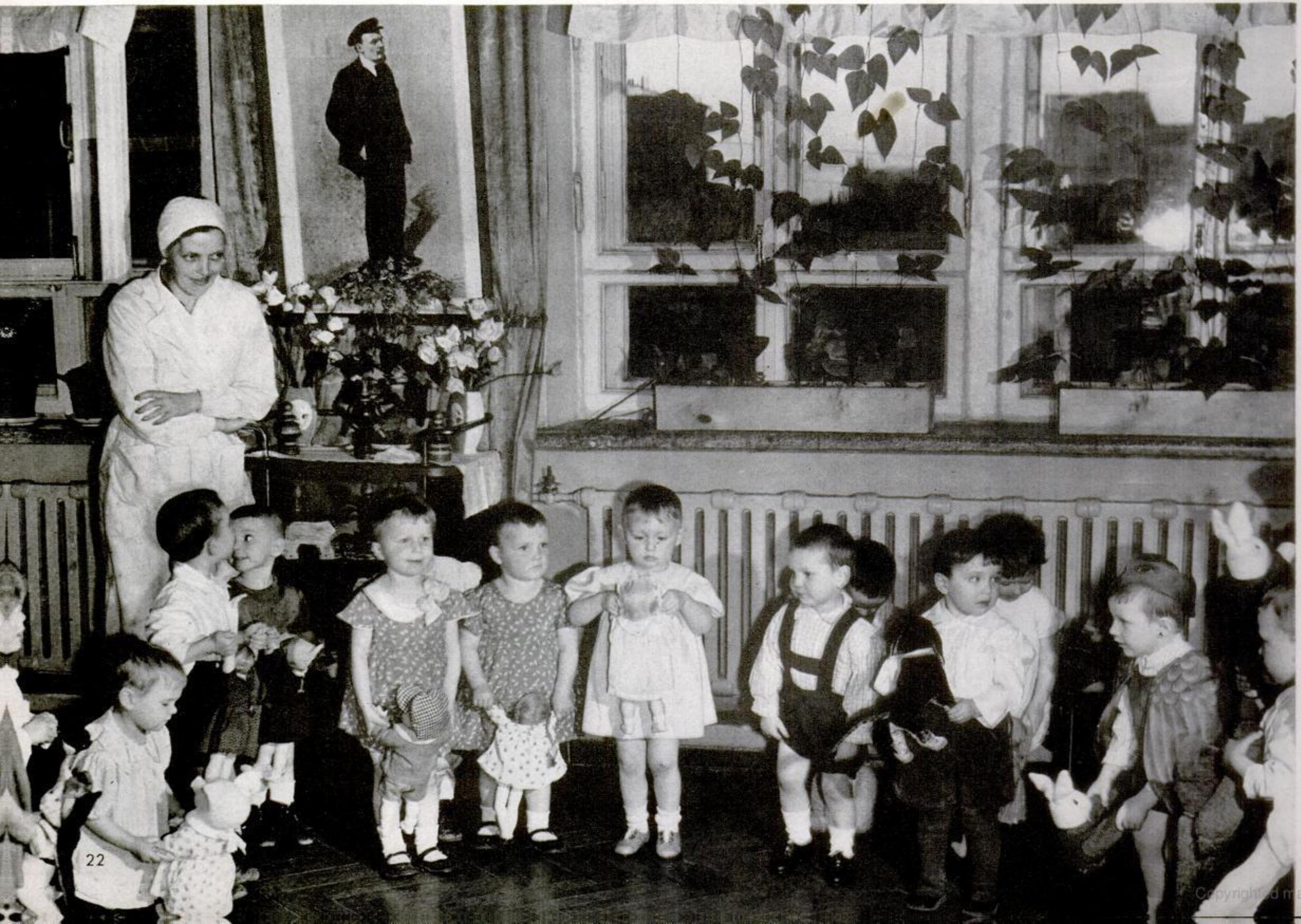
Aerodynamics Laboratory (above) shows wind tunnel and four students from Tomsk University in Siberia. Below, a crack student (*otlichnik*) in mathematics, Nikolas Tolmatchov, 24, "defends his thesis" before the chief of the examinations committee, Vladimir Golubev, and his own teachers. He got perfect mark despite the distraction of photographer. He comes from Tambov in Siberia, already has a job in a heavy-machinery plant. Examiners are always from other schools than the students.





The Butterfly Game, a pretense at flying, is played by Bolshevik children in kindergarten of the People's Commissariat of Education of the Kubushevsky District. Toy-la Kamushnikov (left) costs his parents, who both work in a heavy-industry factory, 25 rubles a month for kindergarten. Army men pay as little as 12 rubles a month for a child in kindergarten, others as high as 82 rubles. Valerie Gurievich's mother pays 65.

At Government-run nurseries workers and students leave their fat, bright-eyed children. Here, under an informal picture of Lenin, the youngsters all get dolls and modern care. Russians always have been nice to their children. Parents are engineers, soldiers, officers, clerks, journalists, teachers, school inspectors, factory workers, bookkeepers, earning from 300 to 800 rubles a month, paying from 12 to 80 rubles for children's care.





War games, long discouraged, lately back in fashion, are played in kindergarten by (from rear) Jena Kabanov, 8, Vladimir Levin-Press, 7, Genya Vax, 8, and Ura Grushin, 7, who wear miniature army caps with red star. Another game is to build a battleship out of blocks and fight in mimic war for the Red Navy. The children have long since gathered from their parents, even during the Nazi-Communist Pact, that the U. S. S. R.'s en-

emy is Germany. Their parents groaned whenever Britain met a disaster. For such superior families as the parents of these children felt that the alliance with Germany was merely for convenience until the U. S. S. R. should have put new weapons into mass production. Both parents of all these children work in office, factory, school or university. Judging from the faces of the children, they do not seem to miss the fulltime attention of their mothers.



Letters to the editor are written in the reception room of the Communist Party daily, *Pravda* ("Truth"). From left: an unpublished genius wants his work published; the wife of a soldier thinks she ought to be assigned a bigger room; and a woman from Tambov, Siberia, complains that red tape in the Financial Department has kept her from getting anything done for her city.



Red Soldier dominates Moscow's Agricultural Exhibition, before trying to master German *Wehrmacht*. Below: two Technical Institute girls pass time making music in dormitory room they share with two others. Sitting on bed is discouraged. Prizes are given for prettiest room. In recent Russian wave of morality, co-education may be discontinued because it is thought distracting.



Editors of "Pravda" (above) get daily criticism from outside experts at 3 p.m. This day the critics agreed that an article called *One Per Cent*, calling for a little extra in Soviet production, was good. But they decided that, though checking this article had delayed printing the paper, *Pravda* should not have been late on the street. They voted *Pravda* that day better than its rival, *Izvestia*. Circulation is 2,000,000 daily. *Pravda* comes out at 2 p.m. It carries no local, fire or crime news, is now running its first detective serial.





Soccer game in Dynamo Stadium between Dynamo Team, which at 5:40 p.m. has a score of 3, and a Red Army Team which has a score of 1. Dynamo won, 5-2. There is a game in the Dynamo Stadium every Sunday. Moscow audiences never cheer, sometimes clap. The teams wear very conspicuous uniforms. Dynamo wore bright blue satin, Red Army team red and blue. The Red Army team was not connected with the Army, but just assumed the name. In the foreground are two privates wearing the star of the real Red Army.



At Agricultural Exhibition, now in its third year, a huge hangar covers "the weapons for agricultural work." People were arriving to visit it from all corners of the vast Soviet Union in mid-June with great enthusiasm. Some who have done good work in the past year, such as adapting fruit trees to the Siberian climate, get their fare paid to Moscow by the Soviet Government.



Statues of Stalin grow really enormous at the Agricultural Exhibition. Sculptor has done him here in concrete with a belted Army greatcoat. Below: girl students do crossword puzzles, quite a feat in Russian, in interval between classes. This, like ice cream and frozen fruit, is a proud innovation borrowed from the U.S. Students play chess, ski, but cannot have cars or motorcycles.



Moscow before invasion (continued)



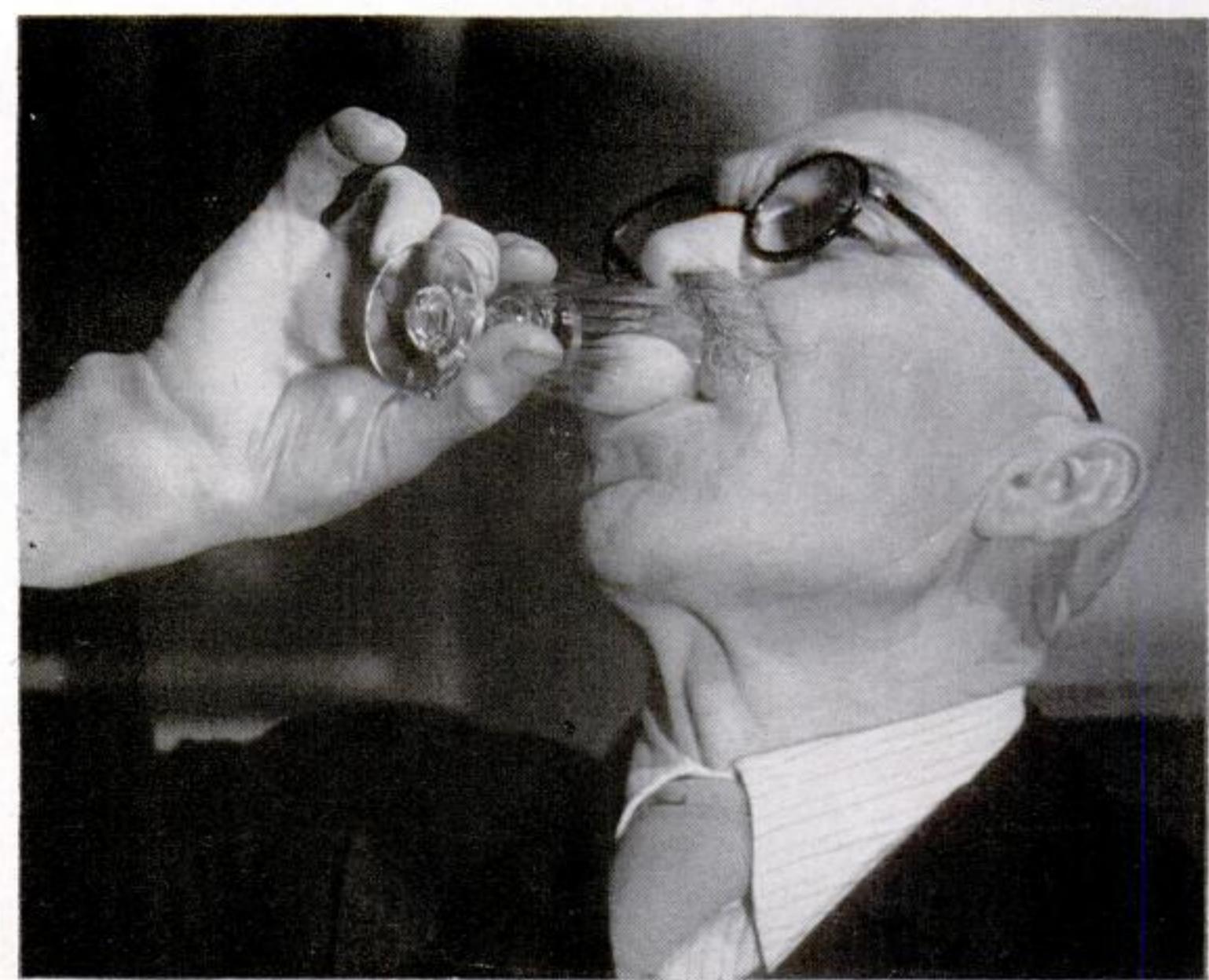
Dress shop on Gorky Street (see p. 18) also sells linen suits and dresses for children for 40 rubles, a bargain in Moscow. Otherwise, the prices are nearly as high as in the swank atelier at right. The cost of living in Moscow has recently gone up, clothing as much as 100%. Salaries have been heavily cut and taxed. One-third of the total national income goes for the Army. In June, people instantly subscribed a \$1,900,000,000 Government loan for the Army.



Cowboy cocktail (pronounced cowboy) is the popular feature of the Cocktail Hall on the opposite page. It is really a kind of pousse-café, with layers of (from left) apricot liqueur, benedictine, a yolk of egg, gin and a kind of pepper liqueur. All liquor is made by a Government trust, whose insignia can be seen at the top of all the labels. The egg yolk serves to keep the colors of the drink separated. Another invention is the Beacon: chartreuse, egg and cognac.



The peak of luxury for Moscow is this dress atelier on Kuznetsky Street. Designer Vesotskaya Vladislava shows a 250-ruble dress (on manikin) and 65-ruble material to Olynikova Sophie, a teacher in the House of Scientists. Customers are allowed to thumb through rare copies of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. A dress takes three fittings and some 20 days to produce, costs from 180 to 600 rubles. The designs come from House of Models and are usually a year late.



In one gulp, a Cowboy cocktail is drunk by Piotr Iegorov Akimovitch, who in his working hours is first chef in a large restaurant. Point is to take the drink in one swallow, so as to get the egg yolk cleanly. For producing this masterpiece barmaid (opposite page), whose engineer husband makes 850 rubles a month, gets a wage of 500 rubles a month. Together the two pay 40 rubles a month for a flat, making them two of the most comfortable people in Moscow.



The Cocktail Hall in Moscow is something new on Gorky Street. It is the only cocktail bar in Moscow. It is very expensive, the Cowboy cocktail costing 4 rubles 10 kopeks, about 90¢, or one-tenth of a month's rent for a comfortable flat. It is full only on Sundays and usually several Army officers are to be seen on furlough sitting in these well-upholstered chairs. Otherwise, the richest and most pampered people in Soviet Russia (except for high

Party officials) are writers, movie folk, artists, theatrical directors, designers, sculptors, etc. They of course patronize the Cocktail Hall and sample the experience of the Cowboy. Utterly uncharacteristic of Moscow or Communism or Stalinism, this bar shows the earnest desire of the U. S. S. R. to produce the end points of a polished and adult civilization. The model is nearly always the U. S. The result is sometimes enough to make Westerners weep.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

President Roosevelt warns of frightening similarity to disaster which began in 1915

Last week President Roosevelt addressed himself to what, next to a Hitler triumph or involvement in shooting war, is the biggest, scariest specter now facing the American people: inflation. "Today," he wrote to Congress, "we stand, as we did in the closing months of 1915, at the beginning of an upward sweep of the whole price structure. Then, too, we enjoyed relative stability in prices for almost a year and a half after the outbreak of war abroad. In October 1915, however, prices turned sharply upward. By



ROOSEVELT

end of June risen 24% since January, 50% since August 1939.

The Bureau's index of 900 wholesale prices has jumped 10% since January, 17½% since August 1939.

The Bureau's index of the cost of living has risen 5½% since August 1939, 3½% since January. "In a single month, from the middle of May to the middle of June, the cost of living was greater than during any similar period since the World War."

Current price control, observed the President, rests on "indirect and circumscribed" authority, which has repeatedly been evaded and defied. The time has come, said he, for Congress to pass a law granting the President full authority to put a ceiling on prices and rents, regulate installment buying and take other steps necessary to stabilize prices. His message ended with a warning to Labor that it has more to gain from price stability than from wage grabs which are certain to send prices rocketing, but he suggested no compulsory wage control.

Two days later an Administration bill to implement the President's request was introduced in Congress. It would give the President power to direct that no prices—wages and common-carrier and public-utility rates excepted—could go above what they were on July 29. He could also put a ceiling on rents in defense areas. As a concession to farm Congressmen, whose constituents are now enjoying a boom caused by food-to-Britain and war-prosperous U. S. food buying (see pp. 59-63), it was provided that no ceiling could be put on food prices until they had risen 10% over the "parity price" which is based on the average purchasing power of the farmer's dollar during the years from 1909 to 1914. Penalty for price violations would be a \$5,000 fine or a year in prison.

Krieg without Blitz. Last week—the sixth of the German-Russian war—found the Red Army giving such a good account of itself that President Roosevelt termed its efforts "magnificent."

From the Arctic to the Black Sea the Russians were holding in all vital spots and launching a few medium-sized counterattacks in others. At Smolensk, key to Moscow 230 miles to the east, the Nazis were for the moment on the defensive. A Nazi boast that Leningrad was nearly encircled was refuted by the Germans' own High Command which told of victories in Estonia, some 80 miles from Lenin-

grad and in regions that the Germans long ago claimed to have overrun. For the first time since World War II began, the Germans were fighting more *krieg* and less *blitz*. Travelers seeping out of Europe reported that German hospital trains bearing wounded were being shunted into Poland, Slovakia and Hungary to keep the German people from seeing their own losses.



STIMSON

April 1917 the wholesale price index had jumped 63%; by June 1917, 74%; and by June 1920 it was nearly 140% over the October 1915 mark.

"The facts today are frighteningly similar."

Frightening facts cited by the President:

The Bureau of Labor Statistics index of 28 basic commodities had by the end of June risen 24% since January, 50% since August 1939.

The Bureau's index of 900 wholesale prices has jumped 10% since January, 17½% since August 1939.

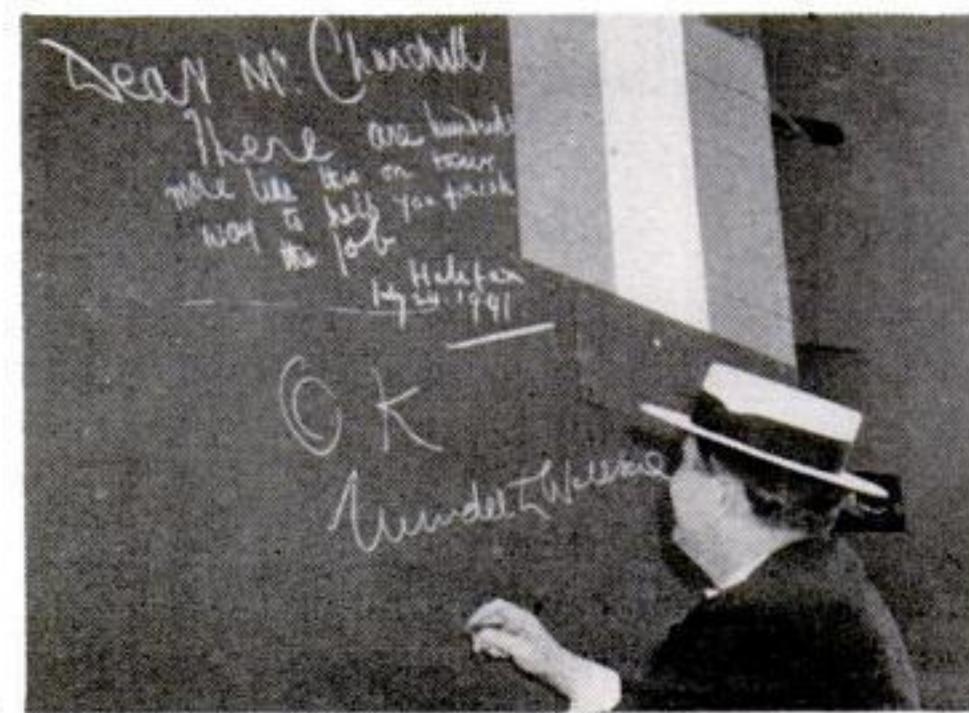
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Patriot. Perhaps in part because he still has a lot to learn about how to be a politician, Wendell Willkie needs no lessons or prompting from anybody on how to be a patriot. Almost as vigorously as he once went up & down the land demanding Franklin Roosevelt's ouster from the White House, he is now stumping it again, writing a large O. K. on the President's foreign policy, pleading with the nation to unite behind him in the crisis. So thoroughly Loyal is his Opposition that he has become the President's most valuable unofficial supporter. Last week in California—where he put his O. K. on a message which Lord Halifax had scribbled on the tail of a Consolidated "Liberator" bombing plane destined for Britain—one newspaper hailed him as "a vocal and patriotic alarm clock."

The effect of Mr. Willkie's politically extraordinary behavior on his national popularity was measured last week by a Gallup Poll. As was to be expected, a good many Republicans (38%) like their leader less than they did last fall, and only 9% like him better. On the other hand, he has risen in the regards of 30% of Democrats, fallen in those of only 7%. Taking the nation as a whole, the pollsters found 19% liking him less, 20% liking him better—giving Patriot Willkie a net gain of 1%.



WILLKIE OKAYS A BOMBER FOR BRITAIN

Peep Into Europe. Last week 310 Americans, including consular officials expelled from Axis-held positions of Europe, arrived home aboard the transport *West Point*. From this gold mine of first-hand information, reporters panned these nuggets:

Germany: The Russian war is unpopular. Morale has begun to slip as a result of the Reichswehr's slow advance. There is no hunger as Germany is still grabbing food from the conquered lands, but Northwest Germany has really begun to feel the power of the R. A. F. According to Alfred Thomson, ex-U. S. Consul General at Hamburg, very little shipping is left in Hamburg. The center of Cologne is in ruins. People live in terror of British bombs and public shelters lack sleeping facilities. Although R. A. F. bomb damage is not as bad as the British claim, Germany's chemical industry has been severely hit. Germans expect the U. S. to enter the war soon and fear that America will turn the tide.

Italy. The Germans are hated so much that many people hope for a British victory. There is no rice, no flour, no fish, no coffee, no meat, no animal fats, few vegetables and little olive oil. Tomato sauce has replaced butter.

Conquered Countries. All, especially Greece, are on the verge of famine. Hatred of Germans is increasing everywhere and in Holland there are even occasional strikes. Except for the presence of 250,000 troops, Norway would be in revolt.

All returning Americans agreed, however, that for the present there was no chance of revolt in the occupied lands, in Italy or in Germany itself.

Gas Curfew. For Americans to whom the war has just been something exciting in the newspapers, it suddenly began to get very real last week. Women awoke to the prospect that in a few months there may be no more silk stockings to be had in the U. S. for love or money (see p. 30). And Defense Petroleum Co-ordinator Ickes stopped talking about the oil shortage, cracked down with a request that all Eastern seaboard filling stations close every night from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m., beginning Aug. 3. This system will be tried for a month. If by that time it, plus voluntary savings by motorists, has not reduced the East's oil and gasoline consumption sufficiently, Americans are going to find out about rationing.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Naked except for hat, golf stockings, shoes and umbrella, a Dutchman suddenly walked out on a day in June into the streets of the great city of Amsterdam. Behind him was the Municipal Theater on the Leidsche Straat, just up the street was the Palace of Justice and police headquarters. He was arrested in short order. His explanation was that the Nazi clothing ration allows him not quite one suit and one shirt a year, nothing else. For this piece of impudence, he was sent to concentration camp as a disrupter of the Nazi New Order. But before this had happened, one of his friends had taken this sneak photograph which reached the U. S. last week.



Young Dutchman protests German clothes rationing
by walking naked down a main street of Amsterdam



"**Tatuta Maru**" passengers dance with joy as the crack Japanese liner finally arrives in San Francisco on July 30. Six days earlier they had felt the ship's engines slow and thought they were coming into port. But in the morning they found themselves still at sea. For six days,

while the officers conveniently forgot most of their English and the passengers meditated gloomily on life in a Japanese concentration camp, the *Tatuta Maru* hid in a fog 150 miles off the Golden Gate until its owners were assured that it would not be seized if it came into port.

"TATUTA MARU" BRINGS WHAT MAY BE LAST SILK FROM JAPAN

The future of U. S.-Japanese relations was almost as cloudy to the rest of the world last week as it was to the passengers of the *Tatuta Maru* during their six-day wait in a fog off California (see above). Contrary to popular belief, the freezing of Japanese assets in the U. S. and of U. S. assets in Japan did not put a stop to U. S.-Japanese trade. All it meant was that such trade cannot be carried on without specific Government permit—and how freely such permits are granted will undoubtedly depend on how the Japanese behave. Last week they were quick to offer full apology and restitution when Japanese bombs dropped near

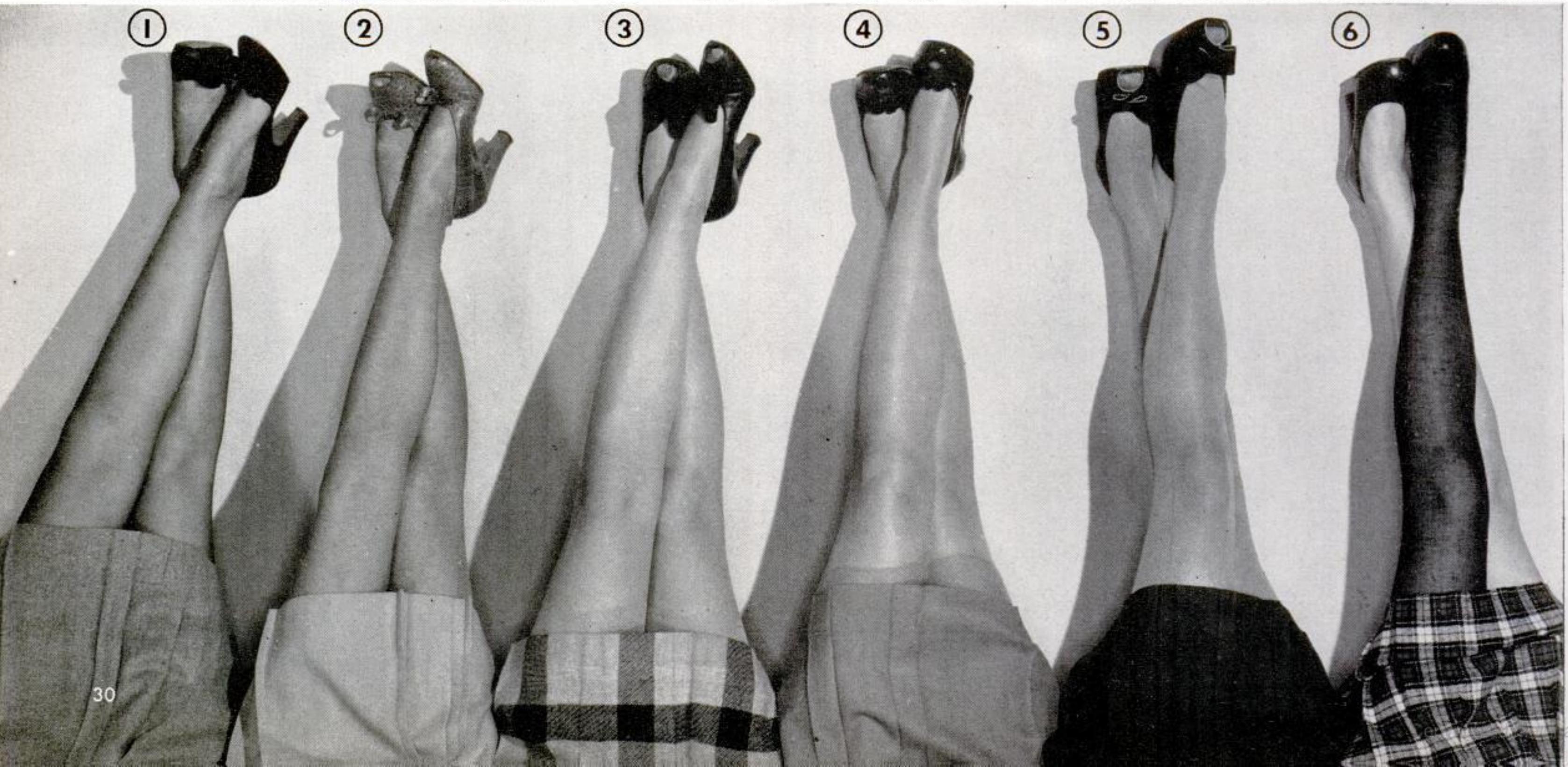
enough to damage the U. S. gunboat *Tutuila* lying in the Yangtze River across from Chungking. But they were also reported demanding military bases in Thailand and sending troops to Manchukuo for a threatened pounce on Vladivostok. The *Tatuta Maru* was allowed to unload its \$2,500,000 cargo of raw silk. But President Roosevelt specifically embargoed all shipments of motor and aviation fuel to Japan. And OPM significantly ordered all current U. S. stocks of raw silk reserved for military parachutes and powder bags—pointing to an end of silk stockings for U. S. women and of jobs for 175,000 U. S. silkworkers.

The female American leg is due for a drastic change in appearance if tightening U. S.-Japanese relations lead to a silk embargo, for 81% of the 540,000,000 pairs of stockings now sold in the U. S. each year are silk (3). Nylon (1) is fine, but present manufacturing capacity can

supply only 18% of the demand. Prospect is that women will either go barelegged or have to get used to such unglamorous coverings as cotton mesh (2), silk-&-lisle combination (4) and rayon (5), which now comprise only 1% of stocking sales. No. 6 is experiment in sheer lisle.



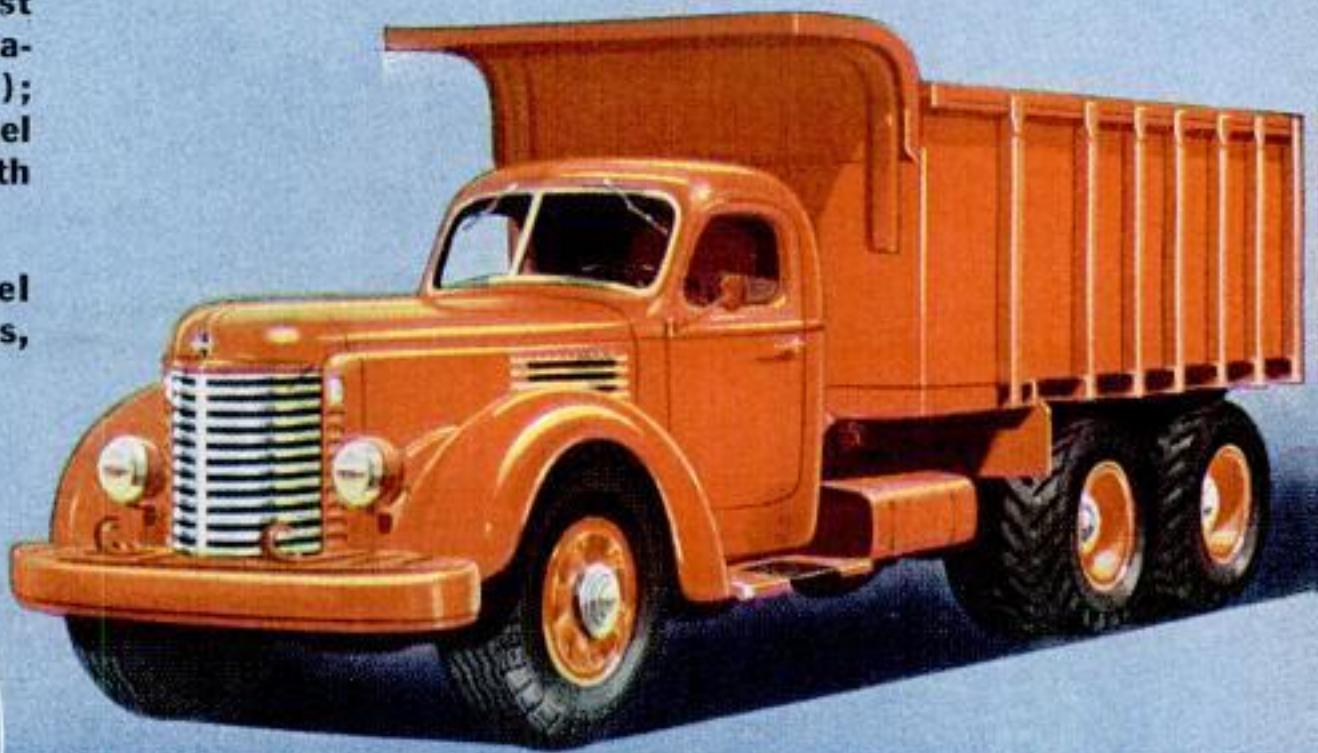
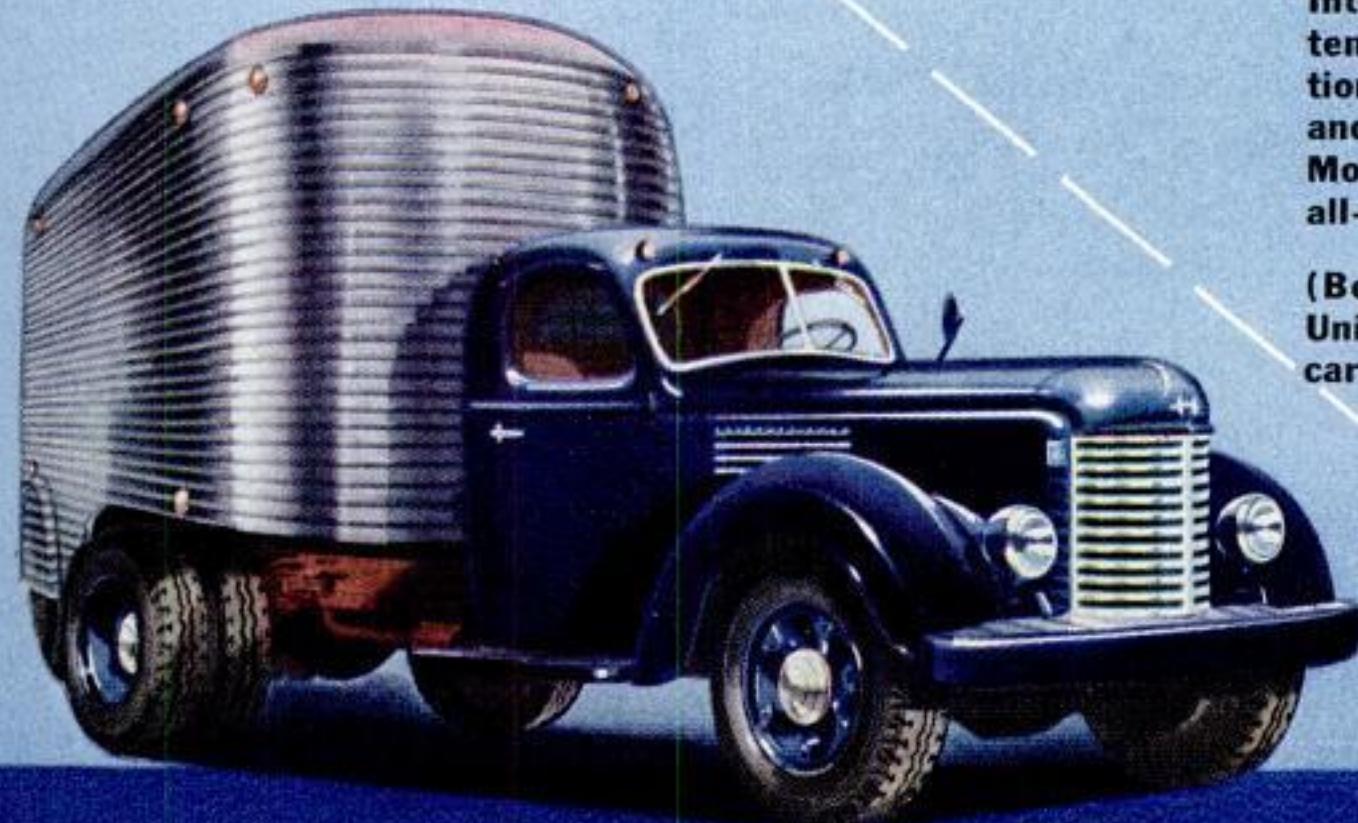
"TATUTA MARU" UNLOADS SILK



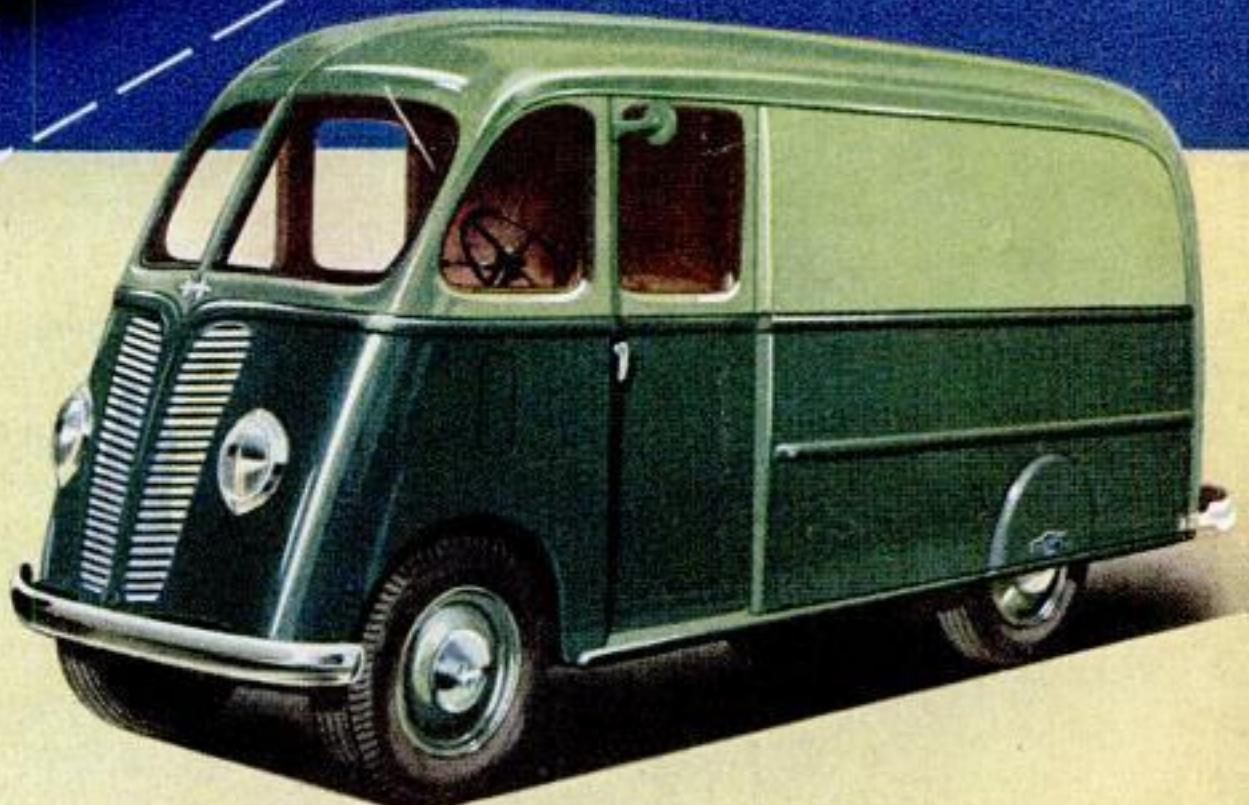
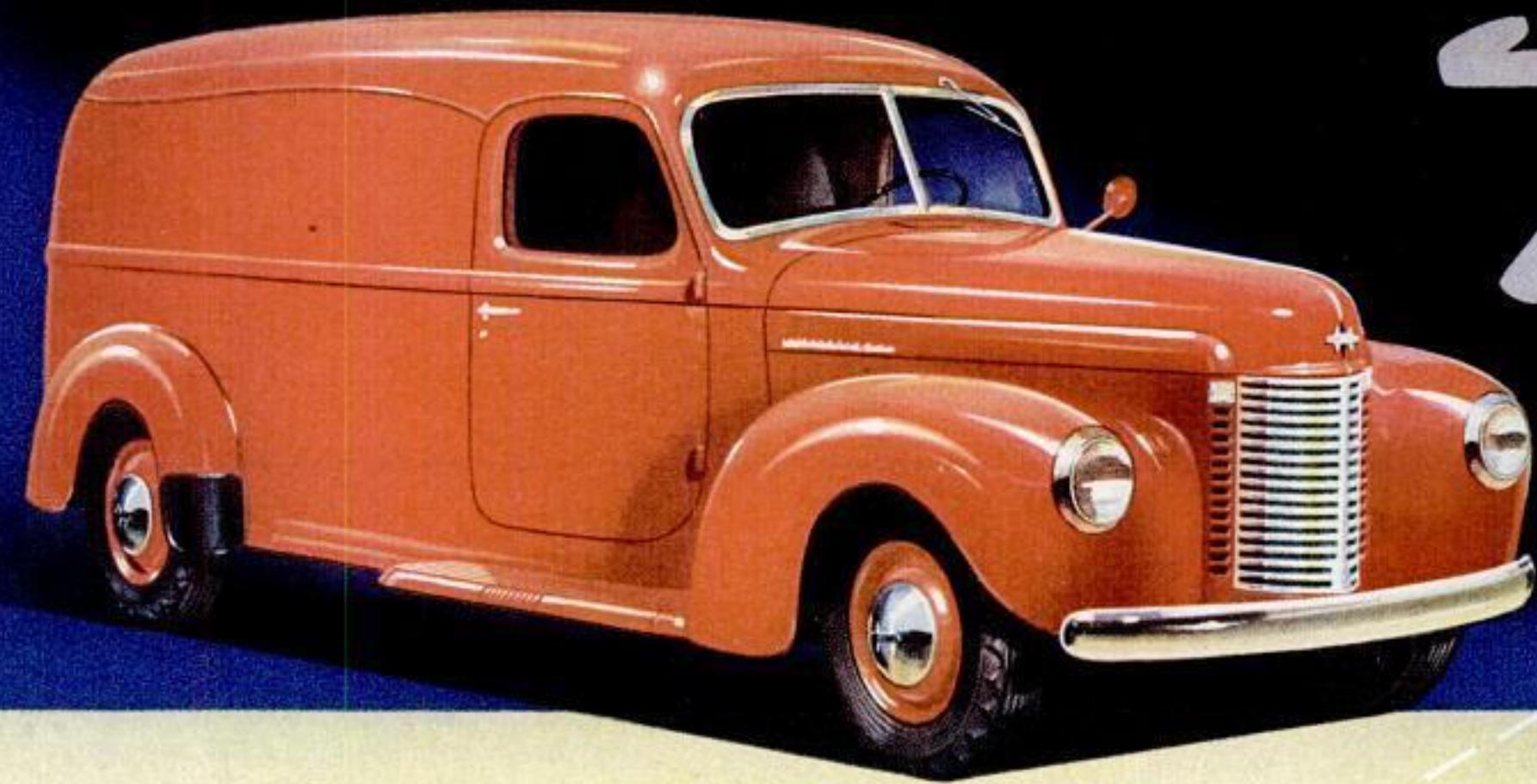
Outstanding Leadership

Two of the reasons why more heavy-duty Internationals have been sold for the last ten years, than any other make. International 3 to 4-Ton Truck-Tractor (left); and, (right) one of the many Six-Wheel Models, dual-drive and trailing axle, with all-steel welded dump body.

(Below, center) International Panel Units, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Ton to 1-Ton, three wheelbases, carry your name with distinction.



New INTERNATIONAL Trucks



For Business—For Defense!

Heavy loads, bulky loads, light loads! Whatever there is to haul in a Nation whose every resource and energy are turned toward defense... the new K-Line Internationals answer with a range of power and performance that *blankets every trucking requirement*.

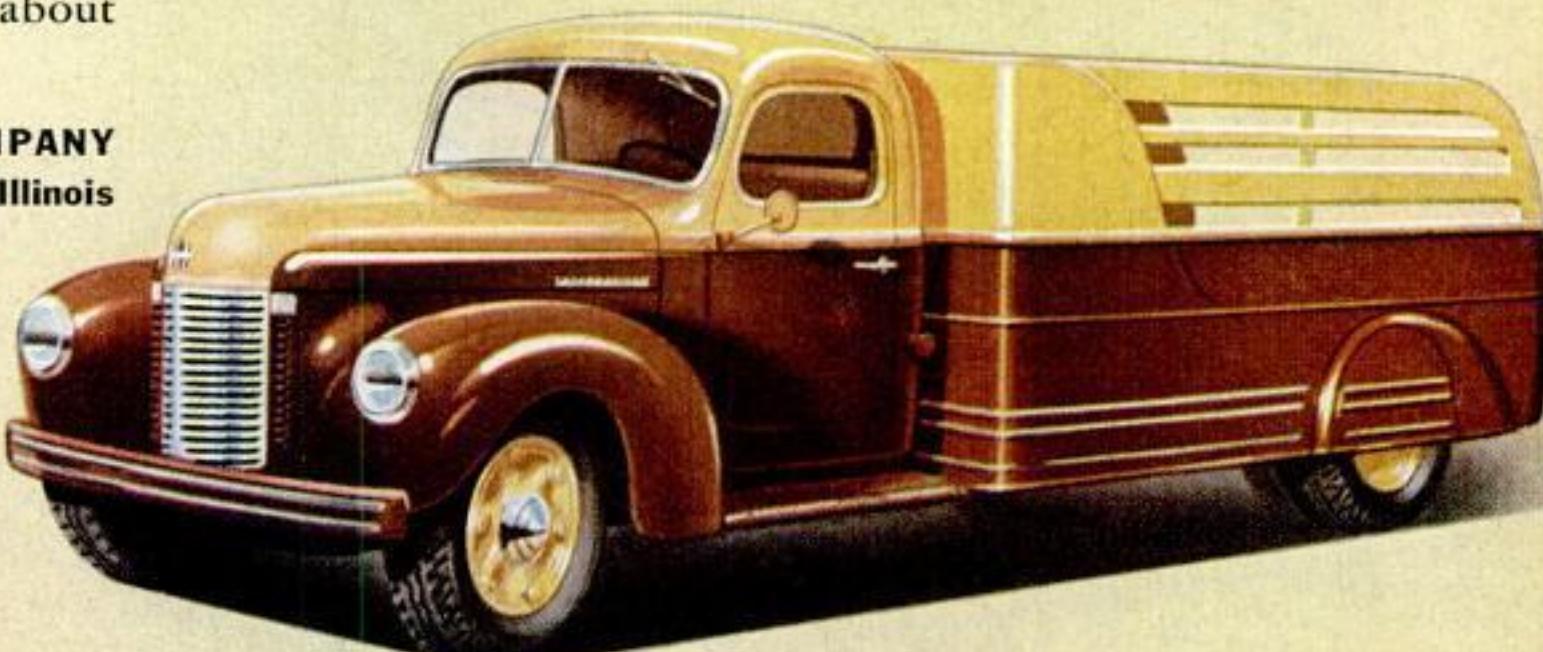
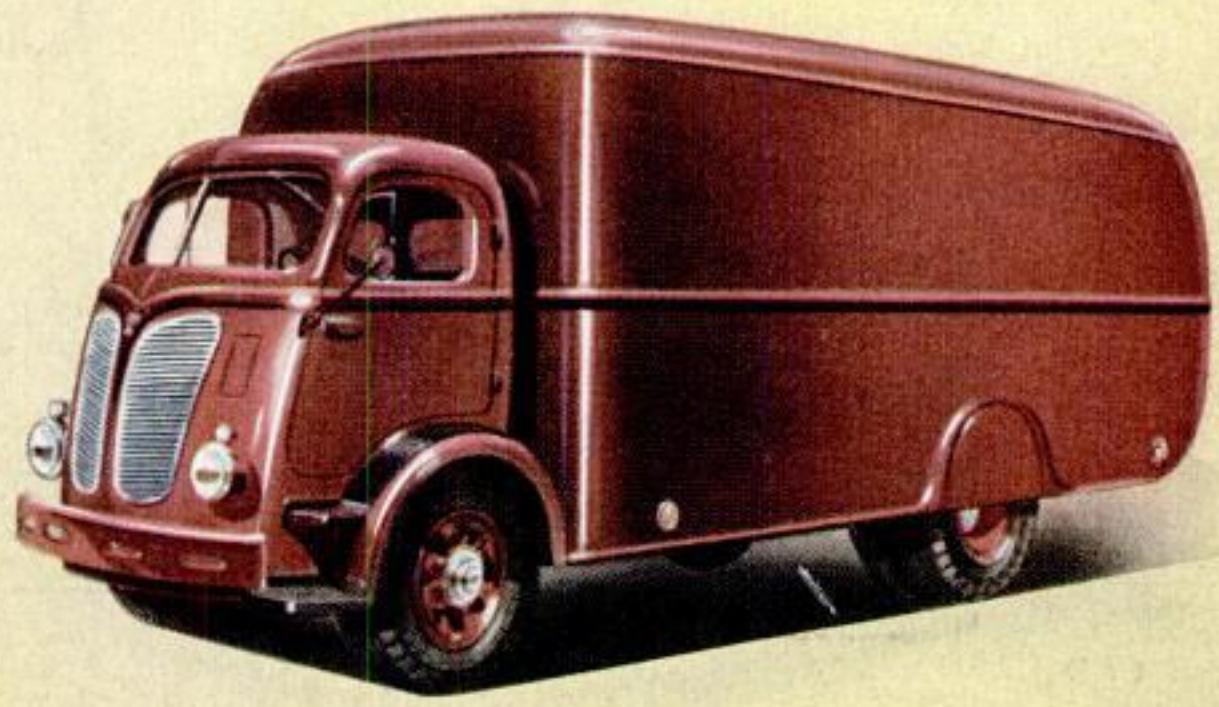
Among 42 models, 142 wheelbase lengths, there is a new K-Line International built to *fit every job like a glove!*

This new line meets with exactness the urgent needs of today for speed and efficiency in truck transportation. Add to that the unbeatable economy of the new K-Line

Internationals, and you have the perfect combination for peak performance and rock-bottom hauling costs, at a time when these factors are vital.

New modern lines, advanced engineering, and driver-comfort hitherto unknown, feature these new Internationals, from half-ton delivery to giant-powered six-wheelers. Ask any International Harvester dealer or Company-owned branch about this brilliant new line.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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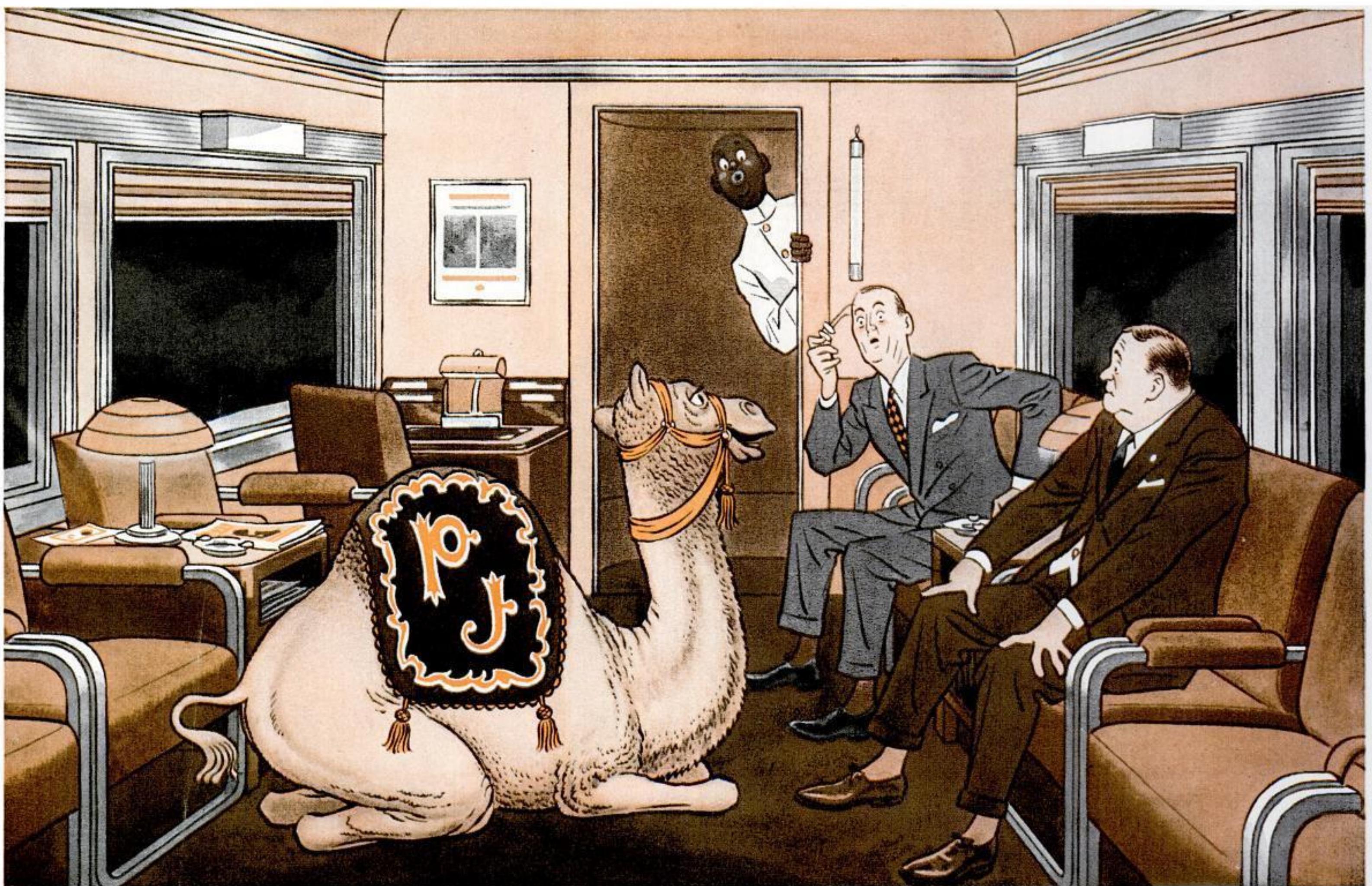


At Home in Heavy Traffic

(Left) International Cab-Over-Engine Models set new high standards for economical operation on crowded city streets.

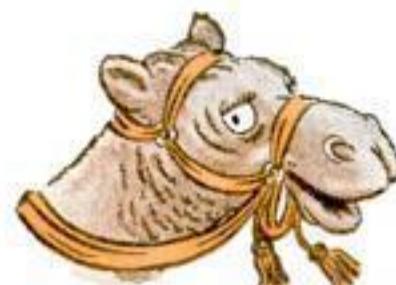
Setting the Pace for Medium Duty

International 1 1/2-Ton with special panel-stake body. This and several other models take care of medium-duty requirements.



“As I said to that salesman from Dubuque...”

MAN: Well, at this point I'm ready to believe anything! Here we have, not only a camel in the club car, but a camel who claims he can settle our argument about the best buy in whiskey!



CAMEL: Puzzled, much-traveled-one? Then remember that in my humble way, I am an expert on the subject of whiskies. For I am the symbol of that much to be desired quality in whiskey—*dryness*! Why, just the other day, I was telling a salesman from Dubuque—

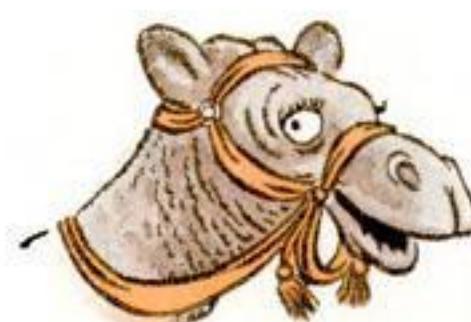
MAN: Dryness indeed! Is that what you told this man from Dubuque?



CAMEL: Try one of these Coronas, friend, and I will relate my tale. As I explained to my companion, *dryness*, or lack of sweetness in whiskey, is a qual-

ity to be cherished more than fine gold. For it is the *dryness* in whiskey that allows one to savor, unimpaired, the full, mellow taste and delicate aroma of a whiskey's bouquet. Only when your whiskey is *dry* can you know how enjoyable a drink can be!

MAN: As I always tell the boys at the home office—let's have the *facts*! Where can I get a whiskey that has this unusual quality of *dryness*?



CAMEL: Go, brother, and may your feet have wings! Go where the whiskey known as PAUL JONES is sold. Taste PAUL JONES and you will know I have spoken wisely. You will discover for yourself its mellow pleasing taste, its distinctive dryness. You will be pleased also, when you discover that its price is moderate. But you will not have been the first to discover this great whiskey buy. For its popularity increased five times in two years!

MAN: Pal, I'm sold on that *dry* PAUL JONES. And if you ever get to Chicago, look me up. We can always find a spot in our organization for a smart young fellow like you!

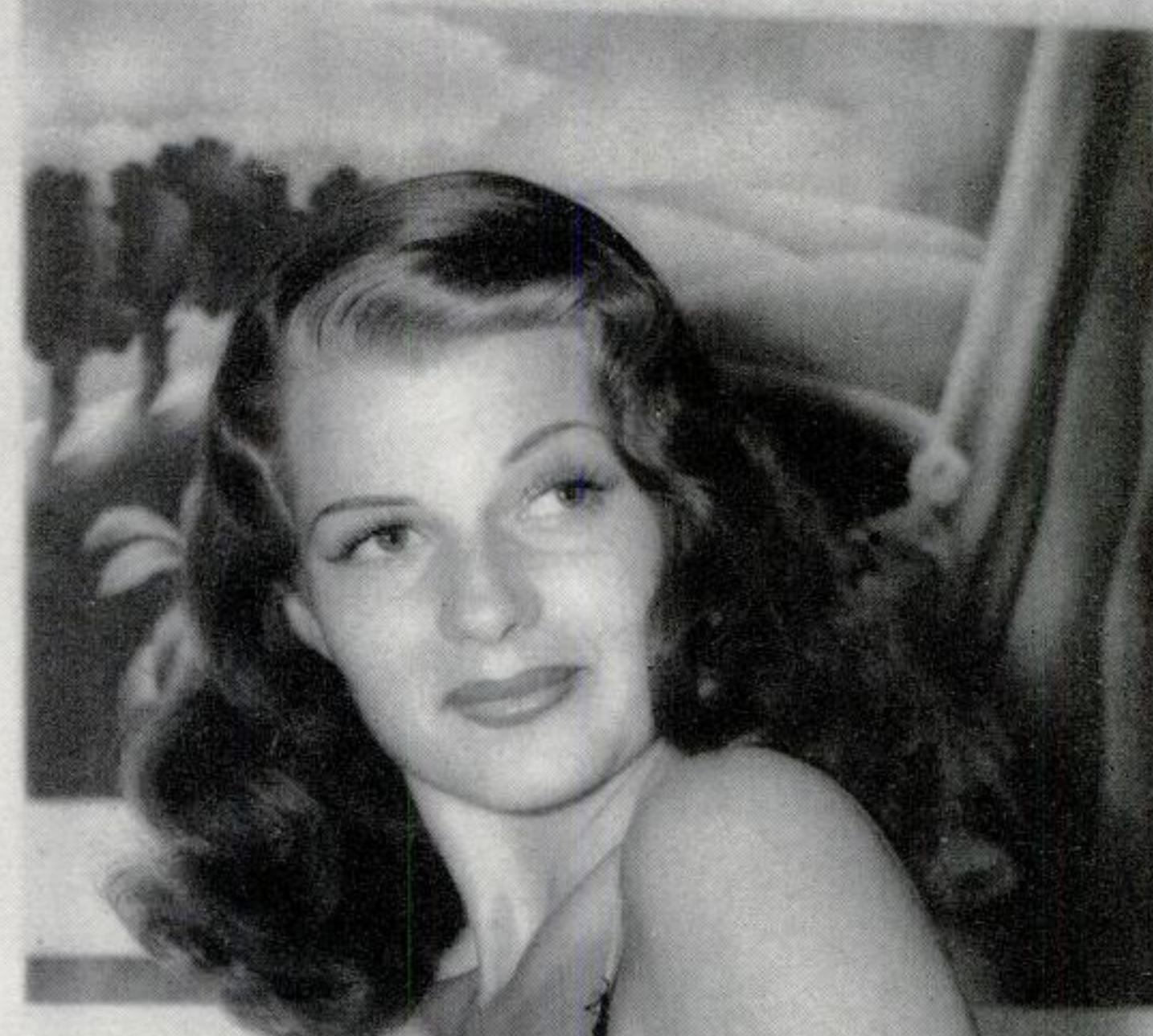
*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry*



Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN PAUL JONES ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD



RITA HAYWORTH RISES FROM BIT PARTS INTO A TRIPLE-THREAT SONG & DANCE STAR

At various stages of her career Rita Hayworth (*see cover*) has appeared in LIFE demonstrating a zipper-front bathing suit, going on a bicycle picnic, or wearing a \$250,000 pearl dress. Now Rita poses on her own bed in her own home where she lives near Hollywood with her husband, an oil man. In her black-and-white nightgown Rita needs no excuse for decorating a page, but she has a good one. Playing the seductress

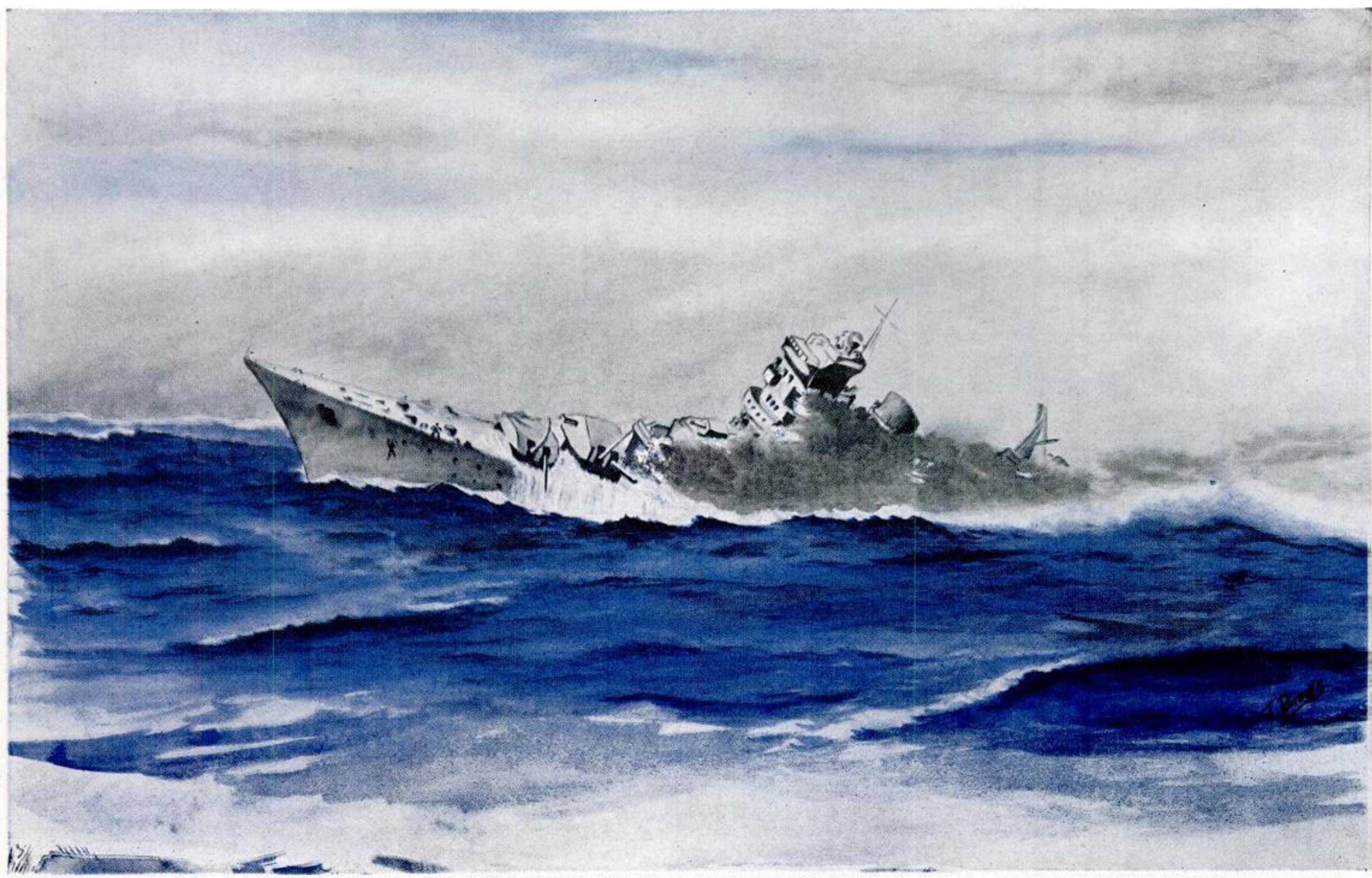
in 20th Century-Fox's *Blood and Sand*, Rita stole the show from Linda Darnell and Tyrone Power when she did a Spanish dance in a tight red dress. She was taught to dance as a child by her father, a Spanish dancing teacher. Now as a result of her hit, Rita is becoming a triple-threat singing, dancing glamor star. In her next movie, *You'll Never Get Rich*, she dances with Fred Astaire who says Rita matches any partner he ever had.



CRUISER "DORSETSHIRE" (LEFT) AND BATTLESHIP "RODNEY" (RIGHT) EXCHANGE SALVOES WITH FLAMING "BISMARCK" (CENTER) ON SEA ERUPTING WITH NEAR HITS



"DORSETSHIRE" FIRES THIRD AND FINAL TORPEDO WHICH HIT BURNING "BISMARCK" AMIDSHIPS AND SENT HER TO THE BOTTOM WITHIN THE NEXT 15 SECONDS



AFIRE AND WITH HER FORWARD GUNS BATTERED OUT OF SHAPE, "BISMARCK" STARTS TO ROLL OVER FOR HER FINAL PLUNGE. SOME OF HER CREW ARE JUMPING OFF THE BOW

BISMARCK

BRITISH SAILOR WHO WAS IN ON THE KILL
PAINTS DEATH STRUGGLE OF PROUD RAIDER



MIDSHIPMAN JOE BROOKS

The world has never had a good look at the sinking of the *Bismarck*. Long-range photographs taken of the battleship's end were hazy. Midshipman Joe Brooks of the British cruiser *Dorsetshire*, however, was in on the kill. When the 18-year-old son of a seafaring family returned home after the engagement, he took down his drawing board and painted what he had seen in the watercolors reproduced here. They give the first clear picture of the *Bismarck*'s last moments.

During the action Midshipman Brooks was on the *Dorsetshire*'s bridge handling the torpedo director that fired the three "tin fish" credited with sinking the world's greatest battleship, now thought to have had some 165 watertight compartments. Later, when the *Dorsetshire* raced up to rescue the *Bismarck*'s survivors, Brooks threw off his uniform and dived into the pounding sea to rescue a German sailor who had four times lost his grip on one of the cruiser's lifelines and had fallen back into the water, crying, "Das ist nicht gut." Brooks, who learned to swim "before I could walk," held the sailor afloat until a great roller separated them. Brooks was then hoisted back by the crew of the *Dorsetshire* as the cruiser made off because of the presence of German submarines. The exhausted German was never seen again.



SURVIVORS TRY TO CLIMB UP ROPES DANGLING OVER "DORSETSHIRE'S" SIDE IN TURBULENT SEA

(continued)

THE "BISMARCK'S" END

BRITISH OFFICER DESCRIBES HOW HE FIRED TORPEDOES THAT SANK PRIDE OF NAZI FLEET

by LIEUT. COMMANDER GEOFFREY CARVER, R. N.



Tall, lean Lieut. Commander Geoffrey Carver (left) was the Torpedo Officer aboard H. M. S. Dorsetshire who fired the torpedoes which sank the *Bismarck*. He was the direct superior of Midshipman Joe Brooks, whose paintings of the scene appear on the previous pages.

Carver's authoritative account of the *Bismarck's* end appears below. He told it to LIFE as he left on his first visit home in three years.

From radioed dispositions of our ships and the *Bismarck*, our captain decided we could intercept her. We moved off to try after checking with the shore command. For the remainder of the day we realized we might possibly be in action next morning. We made preparations, stowing everything loose and breakable and shutting off ventilation. By nightfall the weather was quite bad, with a wind up to 50 m. p. h. Waves solidly covered the fo'c'sle. At dusk we closed to action stations. Few got any sleep that night.

We sighted nothing at dawn and at 7 a. m. we sent the hands to a quick breakfast in two halves and were ready for action by 8:30. A little later we sighted a destroyer making heavy weather off our bow so we knew at last that we were near the scene of action. The destroyer signaled that the *Bismarck* was 6 miles beyond her, which meant she was 11 miles from us. Our navigator had done a great piece of work. We'd really arrived in time.

We came up to the *Bismarck* from nearly astern. Soon after 9 we saw gun flashes and identified her at long range. She was steaming to NNW. The *Rodney* was on her starboard beam and the *King George V* on her starboard bow, but we didn't sight the *King George* until later. At 9:10 we turned to starboard to allow all guns to fire. Meanwhile the *Bismarck* was firing away to the north. Our shots were difficult to follow through the spindrift and blue-gray haze, but we saw flashes all around her. The spray was so thick that the men on the rangefinder had trouble working the instruments. Finally we moved in, firing from time to time and stopping from time to time—once to let the destroyer *Cossack* cross our line of fire.

Early in the action I saw one of the lookouts in a wing of the bridge—a new man—ducking when the guns fired, and made him stand up to watch the guns. We all had cotton wool in our ears but 8-in. gunfire is bad until you get used to it. And it's much worse if you don't watch the guns.

The captain and his binoculars

A minor problem throughout was keeping our binoculars clean of the continuous spray. I got through five handkerchiefs wiping mine dry, and the captain used two pairs of glasses all the time. Every few seconds he handed a soaked pair to one of the ratings on the bridge, saying, "Where are my other binoculars?"

In the control tower one of the lieutenants was providing a running commentary for the turrets which went like this: "There's a good straddle from one of the battle-wagons." "Got her that time!" "Battleships seem to be hitting her." "There's some bloody great fires in her superstructure now."

At 10:18, when we were within close range of the *Bismarck*, the captain ordered us to cease firing. We had pumped scores of rounds at her and most of them struck home. All the *Bismarck's* guns were out of action and she'd never fired at us. *Rodney* and *King George V* had drawn all she had. It would have been suicidal for us to come in so close if the *Bismarck* had been interested in us. The captain decided to close and sink her. I was at my station at the port torpedo controls. The captain called: "Stand by torpedoes." Over the wind and noise I shouted: "How many, sir?" "Two to start with," he answered.

At close range I fired. It was a very elementary torpedo problem. The *Bismarck* was stopped and lying broadside. I recall thinking that if I missed there'd be hell to pay in the torpedo school after all this was over. One fish nosed out of the water early in the run, took a look around for the *Bismarck* and then went on. Everybody aboard was straining to follow the torpedoes but you couldn't see their wake in seas like these.

The captain finally asked, "How much longer, Torps?" I said: "Any second now, sir."

Then there were two simultaneous explosions. They hit with a red glow

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complete locomotives, such as you see here, are built. Within four years, orders for Diesel locomotives began to outstrip those for steam—with the General Motors locomotive pacing this runaway field.

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GENERAL MOTORS
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THESE "DORSETSHIRE" MEN FIRED FINAL TORPEDO THAT SANK "BISMARCK"

"Bismarck's" end (continued)

and a small flurry of water, but we couldn't hear the explosion through the rush of sea and wind. Officially it's down as one hit and one "probable," but I'm sure they both hit.

The *Bismarck* looked low in the water. She was painted light gray—a very good-looking ship, very good-looking. Her whole afterend had been enveloped in gray-and-black smoke for some time. There were two fires visible through the ship's side, forward and abreast of B turret. The fore control was on fire, too.

As we circled we still kept our guns trained on her. I don't remember seeing any of her crew when we let the first two go, but drawing nearer we noticed little groups standing about. One was on the forecastle, apparently waiting for the end.

"Bismarck" shows her red bottom

When we reached her portside the captain told our crew: "Well, men, I've just put two torpedoes into her starboard side and I'm going round her bows to put another one in." So we gave her one more which hit amidships. Almost at once she listed over toward us, hung there a moment and then rolled right over and lay flat, showing her dark red bottom and the whole of her keel. Men, perhaps 25, had scrambled over the side and up the bottom as she rolled, then slipped into the water. Then, bow last, she went down pretty straight, leaving men bobbing in the water. All this lasted only about 15 seconds.

We then turned straight toward her. The captain stopped the ship in the middle of a large crowd of men, probably 300 or 400. It was too rough to lower boats, and the men were too weak to climb the rope ladders. We looped bights of rope over the side and dropped rope ends with bow lines, but most were too numbed even to slip into them. And getting them out was slow because of the height of the ship's side. In the middle of the rescue work we had a submarine alarm and had to move off, but we dropped a couple of rafts overboard as we pulled away. The men hanging to rope ends had to drop off one by one. One man, caught to a rope by one arm, was safely hauled aboard by fire ratings as we gathered speed.

It was tough for the men we had to leave but it couldn't be helped. We couldn't wait for the U-boats which were moving in on the spot, and air attacks were expected any moment. Strangely, there were a lot of stokers among the survivors we picked up. They said they had no idea how they got away. They seemed to have been blown clear by a great rush of air. One of the officers we picked up had been a naval attaché in London until two months before the war.

I was tired after it was all over. My clothes were soaked with salt spray. And on my way back to the wardroom for a good dinner, I looked with dismay at my "abandon ship" station. The whaleboat, hung overside in the davits, had been shivered to pieces by a blast from our own 8-in. guns.

One of my petty officers came up to me from below after it was all over. I asked him how he felt. He grinned and said it was fine now but when he'd heard we were going to torpedo the *Bismarck* at only 10 knots, he thought it wasn't half fast enough. They hadn't heard below that she'd stopped firing.

There was an amusing incident in the washroom next morning. We were washing, all naked and scrubbing up, when one of our officers came in and gave a German officer a clean shirt. Just as he gave a Nazi salute in acknowledgment, his feet slipped apart on the wet soapy floor. It was the right comic touch.

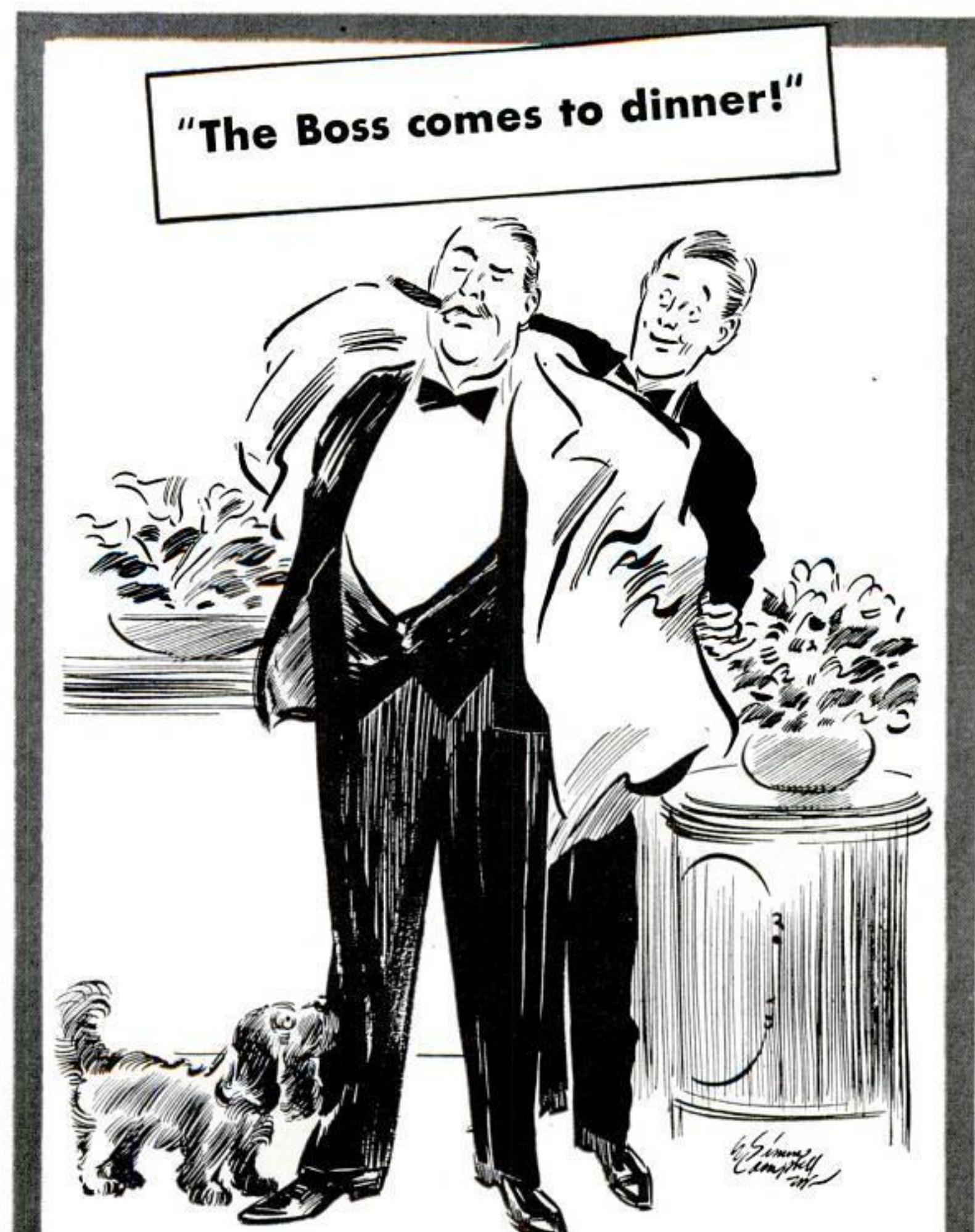
One of the *Bismarck* survivors had a badly lacerated arm which our surgeon had to amputate. He died the second day. We buried him with military honors under a German Imperial flag which we happened to have on board from pre-Nazi days. We didn't have a Nazi flag so we asked the consent of the survivors. They agreed. But when we tried to learn the dead man's religion, for the sake of a proper ceremony, we discovered the German Navy doesn't allow its officers or men to worship anyone but Hitler.

The survivors said they had been at action stations since leaving Norway. The *Bismarck* fought well. She never hauled her flag down the whole time. They knew she was a goner but stuck to it. She was certainly tough. She took a lot of punishment.

ENVELOPED IN SMOKE, "BISMARCK" LOOKED LIKE THIS AT START OF BATTLE



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DEHN AT RIGHT WORKS ON LITHOGRAPH AT COLORADO SPRINGS FINE ARTS CENTER. BEHIND HIM IS ARNOLD BLANCH. AT FAR LEFT BOARDMAN ROBINSON. THE EAGLE IS REAL

U.S.A.

**ADOLF DEHN DEPICTS IT IN
WORDS AND WATERCOLORS ON
HIS COAST-TO-COAST TRIPS**

On Aug. 1 the speedometer on Adolf Dehn's roadster read 45,032 miles. Most of this mileage was clocked in the past two years while Dehn has been seeing and painting a lot of the U. S. A. This spring when the fruits of his travels were shown in New York's Associated American Artists Gallery, his pictures were sold to four museums, including the Metropolitan, and private collectors practically cleaned out the rest.

Dehn's travels are divided between his own countryside in Cornwall, N. Y. (*opposite page*), and cross-continental tours. On the proceeds of a Guggenheim Fellowship, Dehn in 1939 drove 17,000 miles from coast to coast, stopped at Waterville, Minn. where he was born on a farm 46 years ago. There as a boy Dehn became such a profitable fisherman and trapper that later he supported himself on his savings at Minneapolis.

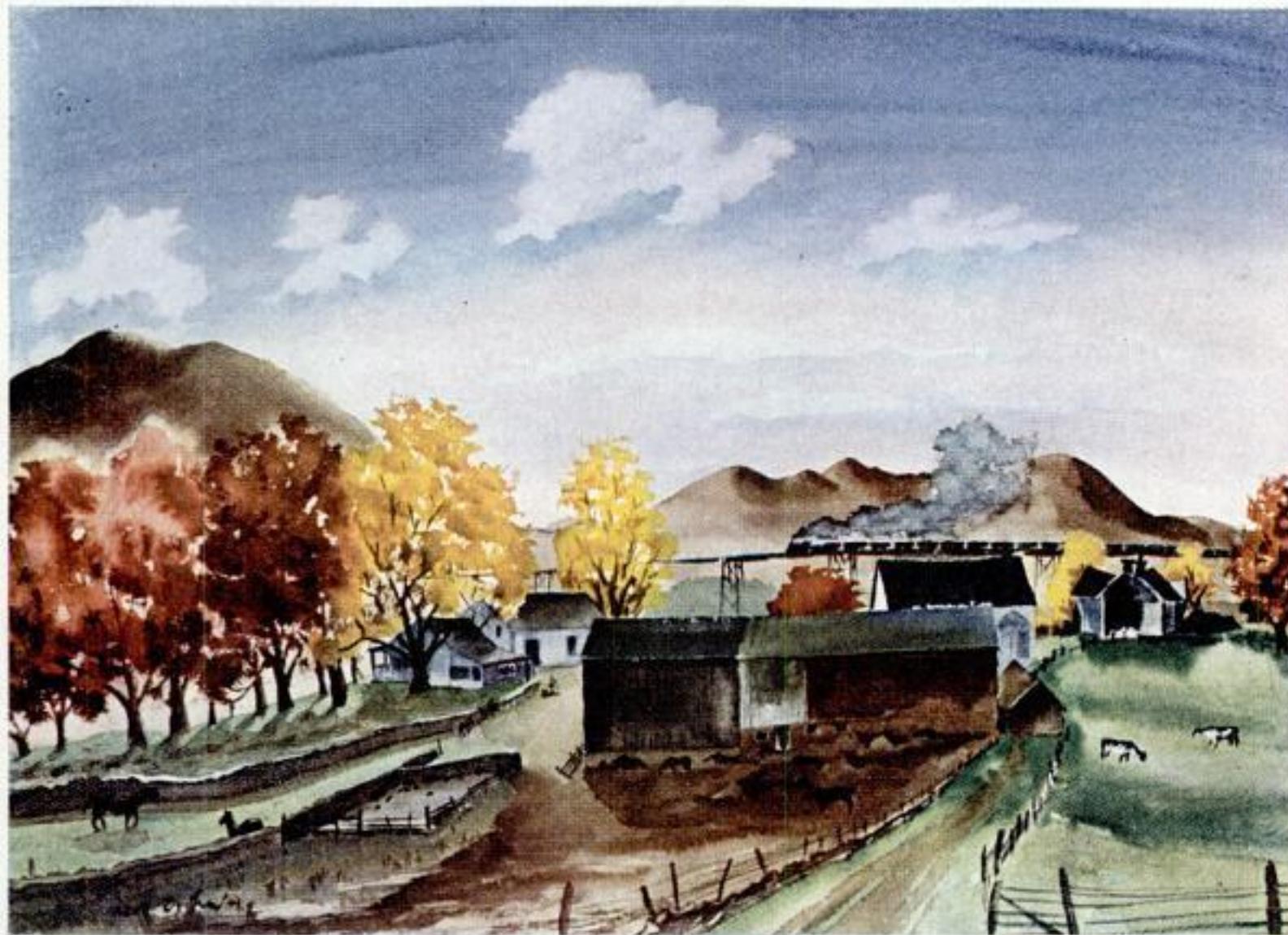
olis Art Institute where he studied to be a cartoonist. Another important stop on Dehn's trip was the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center where he visited old friends who teach there. They are Boardman Robinson and Arnold Blanch, whom you see above. Dehn liked Colorado so well that he joined the Art Center staff, returns now every summer to teach lithography.

Broad-shouldered and apple-faced, Dehn in 1917 came to New York upon winning an Art Students League scholarship. There he made satiric drawings for *The Masses*, developed as a realist of the John Sloan school. Later he lived seven years in Europe and won further fame lampooning ideas and people.

But Dehn's new watercolors are straight and simple reports, mostly of farms and fields. Shown here with comments by the artist himself, they comprise a refreshing travel guide of Adolf Dehn's U. S. A.



"Autumn at Salisbury Mills." Like the five other watercolors on this page, this view of the Moodna River was painted near Dehn's home in Cornwall, N. Y. Says Dehn, "This area is simply marvelous for painting because you have all the river stuff. I got up on a railroad bridge to sketch while my brother-in-law, Bruce Mitchell, was painting below (left). I put Bruce in just to balance the picture."



"Farm in Autumn." "I liked this barnyard with its strong browns, and the fresh greens of the grass, and I liked the train on the trestle in the background—like a toy thing—and the afternoon glow of sun and light coming through the trees. I don't know the guy who owns the place, but I think he rents horses. I've done this farm from four different angles. Two of them were in my show this year."



"Tracks along the Hudson." "This scene is about seven minutes below our house. It was a bitter cold day in March, and I really did freeze here. Trains rushed by all the time and made the whole thing seem very busy, though most of the rush was on the other side of the river—the East side. I was sketching above the tracks, and I liked the feel of trains chugging by me every half hour or so."



"Winter Over the Hudson." "This is a bird's-eye view from my backyard. While I was sketching an old fellow came along. He said, 'Say, there was a fellow here last year who painted Anderson's place down there. Then he sold it to the Metropolitan Museum. Anderson sure is proud of that.' I said, 'Hell, I'm the guy who did it.' "



"Newburgh in Winter." "One day Bruce and I got into my old car and found this spot to paint about five miles above Newburgh. The hard sharp forms of the buildings in contrast to the rolling mountains and a fleecy sky were a fine problem. I froze my fingers and got wet feet, but we warmed up over coffee in the restaurant at left."



"The Three Red Houses." "I made the sketch for this while working on the picture at left. It was so cold, I went down to the ferry and rode back and forth just to get warm. On the other side I saw three houses. I got terribly excited and had to do something quick. I stood in the mud and sketched, then finished the job at home."

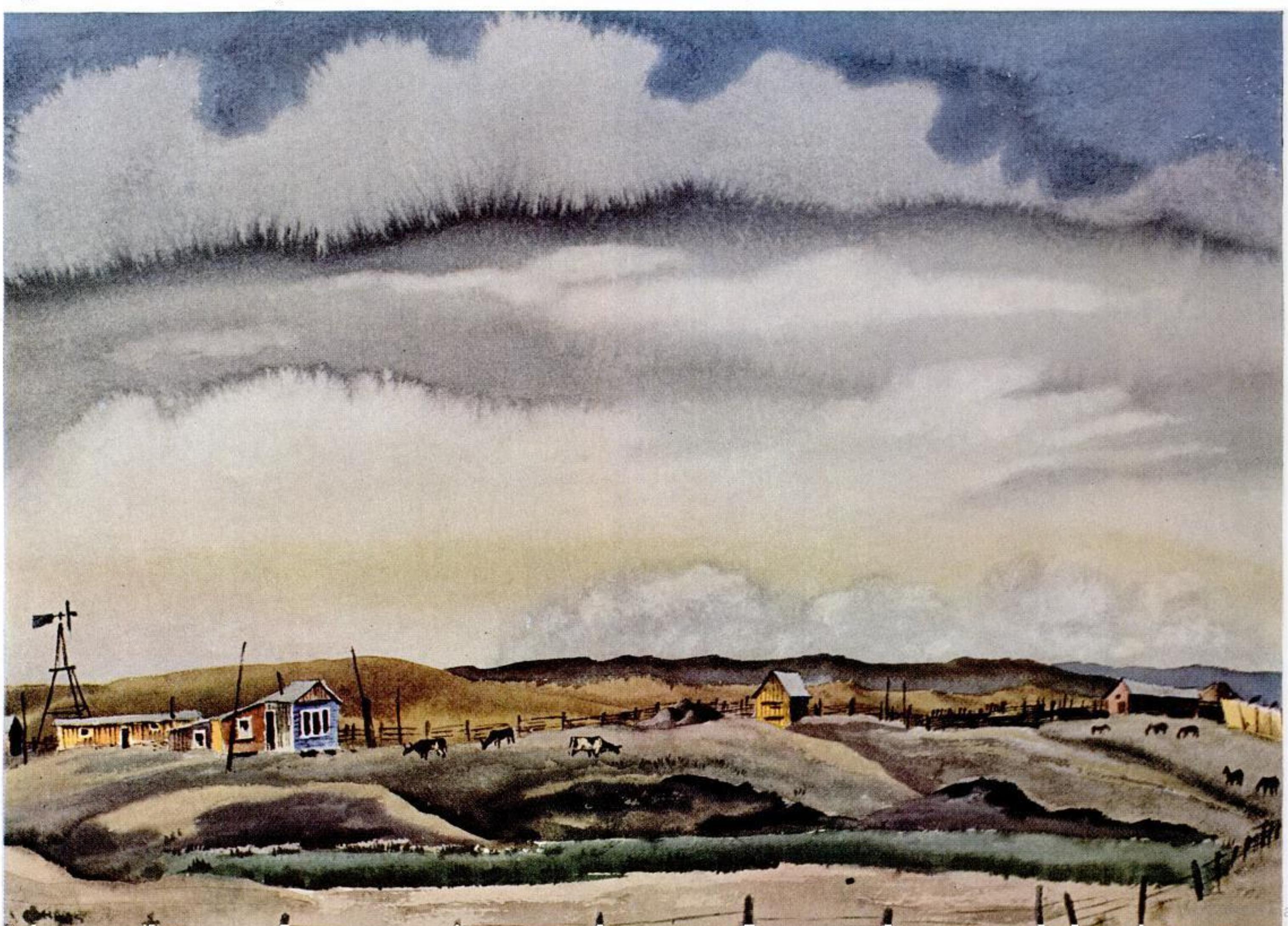


"Threshing in Minnesota." "I did this," says Dehn, "near Waterville, Minn., which is my home town. This way of threshing with an old-time steam engine is giving way to efficient

combines which are definitely not so good to paint. A log cabin still stands by the barn. Cabins are left, not for sentiment, but because people are too lazy to clear them away."

"South Dakota." "These Bad Lands in western South Dakota have been hit by the drought for years. I sketched here last fall driving back to New York from Colorado. I remember it

was trying to rain that day, but a restaurant keeper in a nearby town was bitterly skeptical. He said, 'It'll hit north of us or south of us, or east or west of us. It never hits us!'



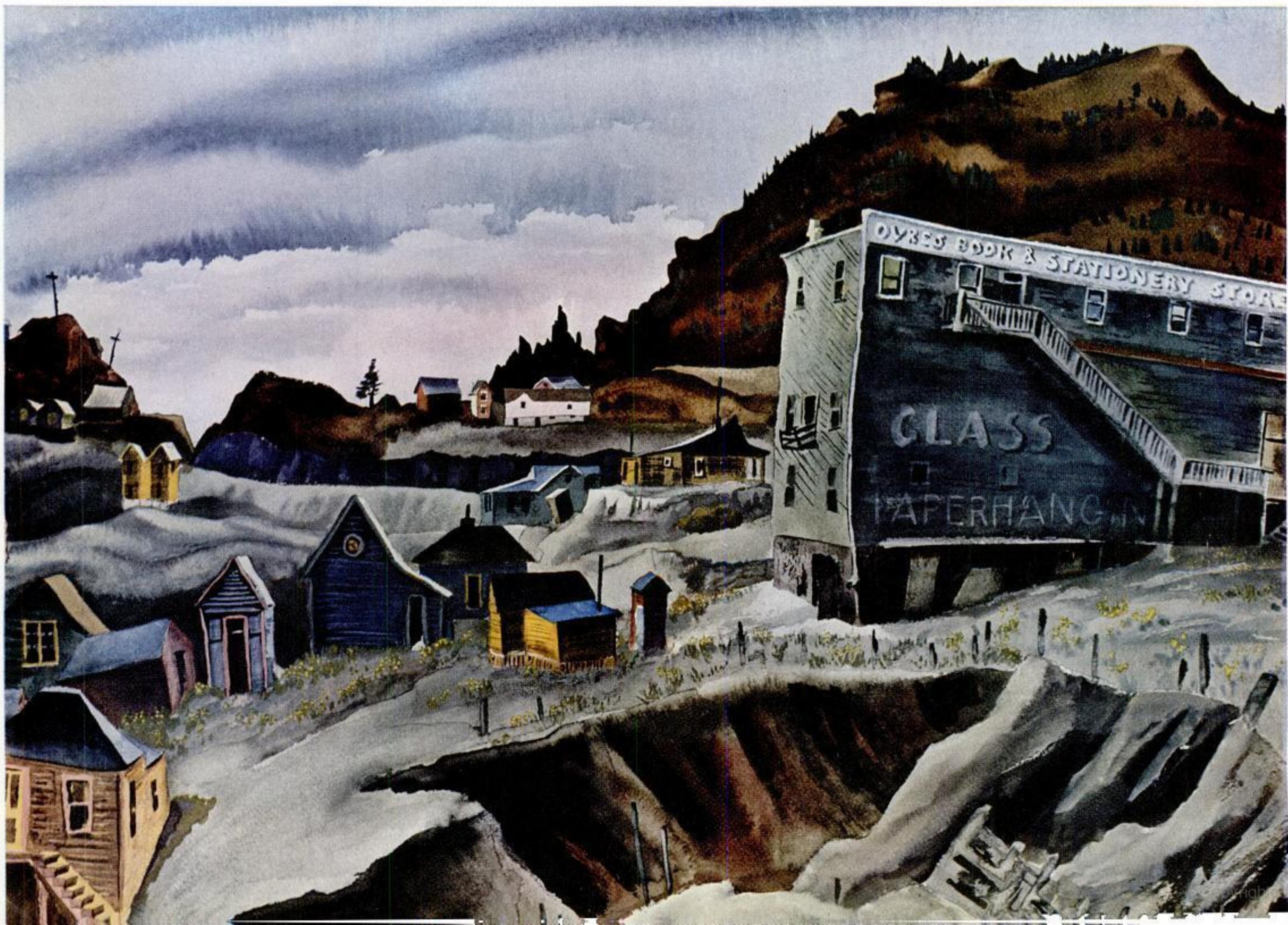


"Sopris Peak." "I painted this while teaching at Colorado Springs. We started on a three-day trip—Doris Lee, Arnold Blanch, a bunch of students and I. We would drive along,

then suddenly we'd say this is a fine sight, let's get out and do it. I liked this big lonely mountain and long clean line in the foreground. It is about 200 miles from Colorado Springs."

"Ghost Town." "Here in Victor, Colo. there is still some mining, so I imagine the 'Victorians' will resent my title. The open pit in front of the big gray building is rich enough

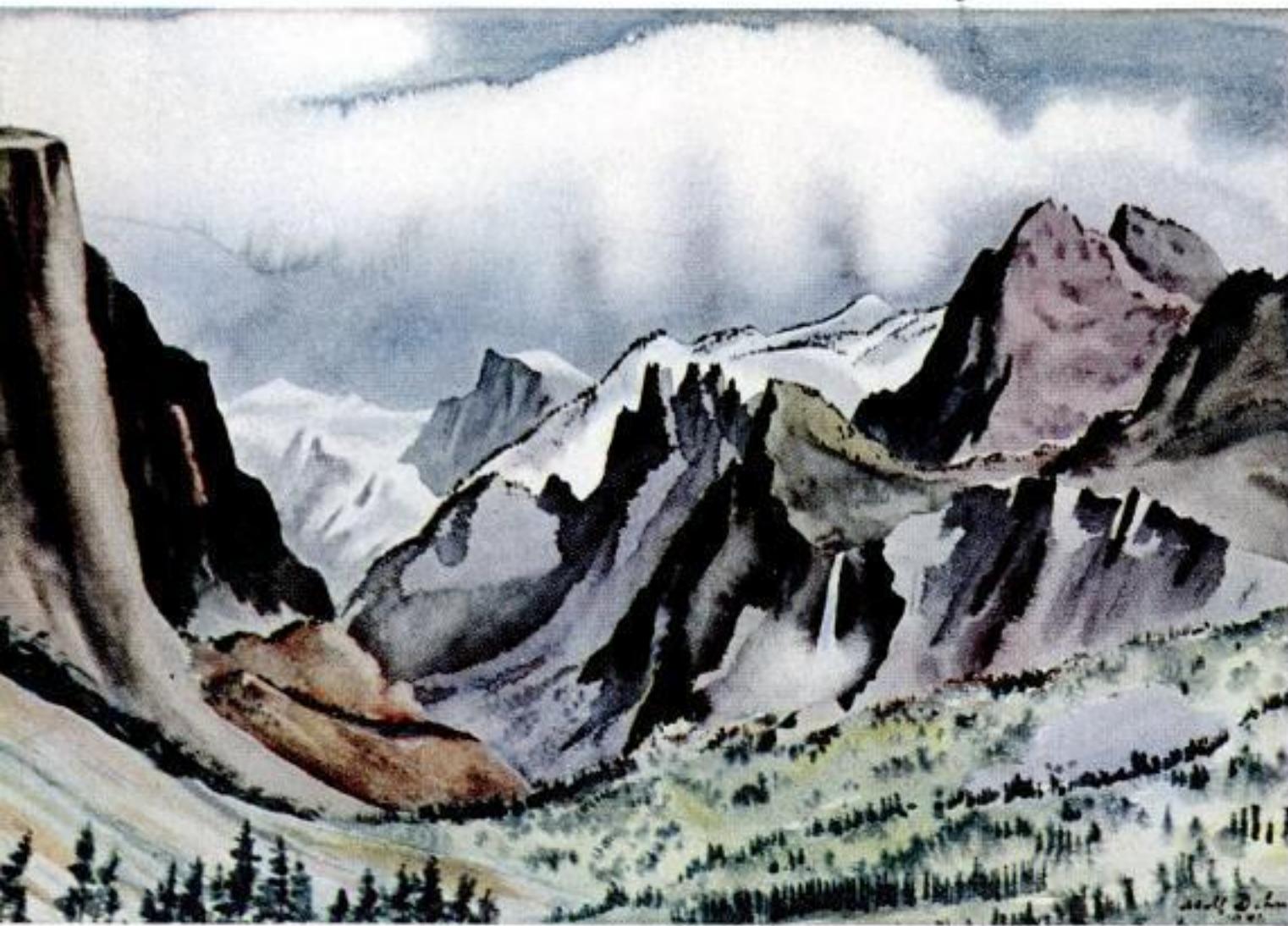
in gold ore to be mined by the owner who lives on the top floor of the building. People say that eventually he will tunnel too far and his house will cave in. You might see a moral here."





"The Mojave Desert." Says Dehn, "We stopped here near Victorville, Calif. while driving back from San Francisco and Yosemite toward Boulder Dam. It was about noon and hot as hell. In the foreground were Joshua trees and in the distance was some sort of factory that made a weird effect of smoke and quivering heat. I painted the road a bit darker than it ac-

tually was to emphasize the feeling of crisp heat. While sketching I saw signs of people down the road—women and kids. They were typical Okies going west looking for work. Their car had broken down and the men had gone off on foot to town to find parts for the car. There was a water tower here, too. From here we drove over the mountains into Death Valley."



"Yosemite." "This is a place where everybody stops to see Bridal Veil Falls and El Capitan at left. When you come upon it you're hit by the whole damned spectacular wonder of the thing. It's picture postcard stuff, but once in a while I like to try this dangerous postcard stuff to see if I can get away with it. And sometimes I don't."



"Sunset after Rain." "I really don't remember just where in California I made my notes for this picture. Traveling as I did, you get mixed up. But I remember it was one evening after a rain. Suddenly in the car I looked back and saw this wonderful sight. It was dark from the storm. The light was breaking through and the fields looked strangely green. I jumped out and made a sketch in ten minutes."



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FOR THE RECORD

HANGINGS IN YUGOSLAVIA

These pictures, smuggled out of German-occupied Yugoslavia, show what happened to a dozen Serbian men and women who got in Adolf Hitler's way. They were strung up to trees in a local cemetery. In themselves the victims represent a fair cross-section of the Serbian population—the girl has on a peasant dress, some of the men wear the caps and open collars of workingmen, while others wear the neckties and fedoras of upper-class Serbs. All were probably "Chetniks," a far-flung organization of patriotic Serbs who are sworn to die rather than surrender to their conquerors.

Death in Yugoslavia, however, is not a one-sided affair. Germans are constantly being shot, stabbed, poisoned and garroted. Last week Berlin reported that the German military commander of Serbia had been killed when his plane crashed in Belgrade. Berlin did not explain the crash, which may easily have been sabotage.



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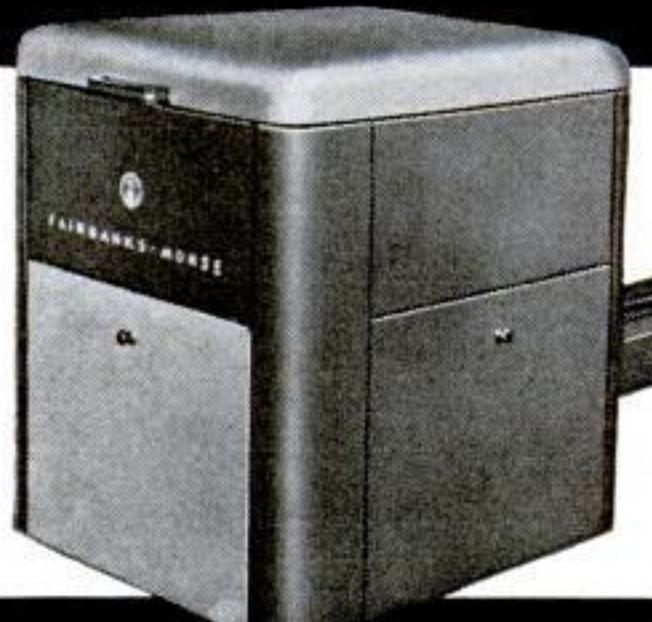
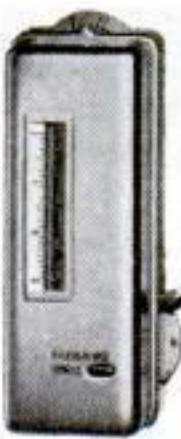
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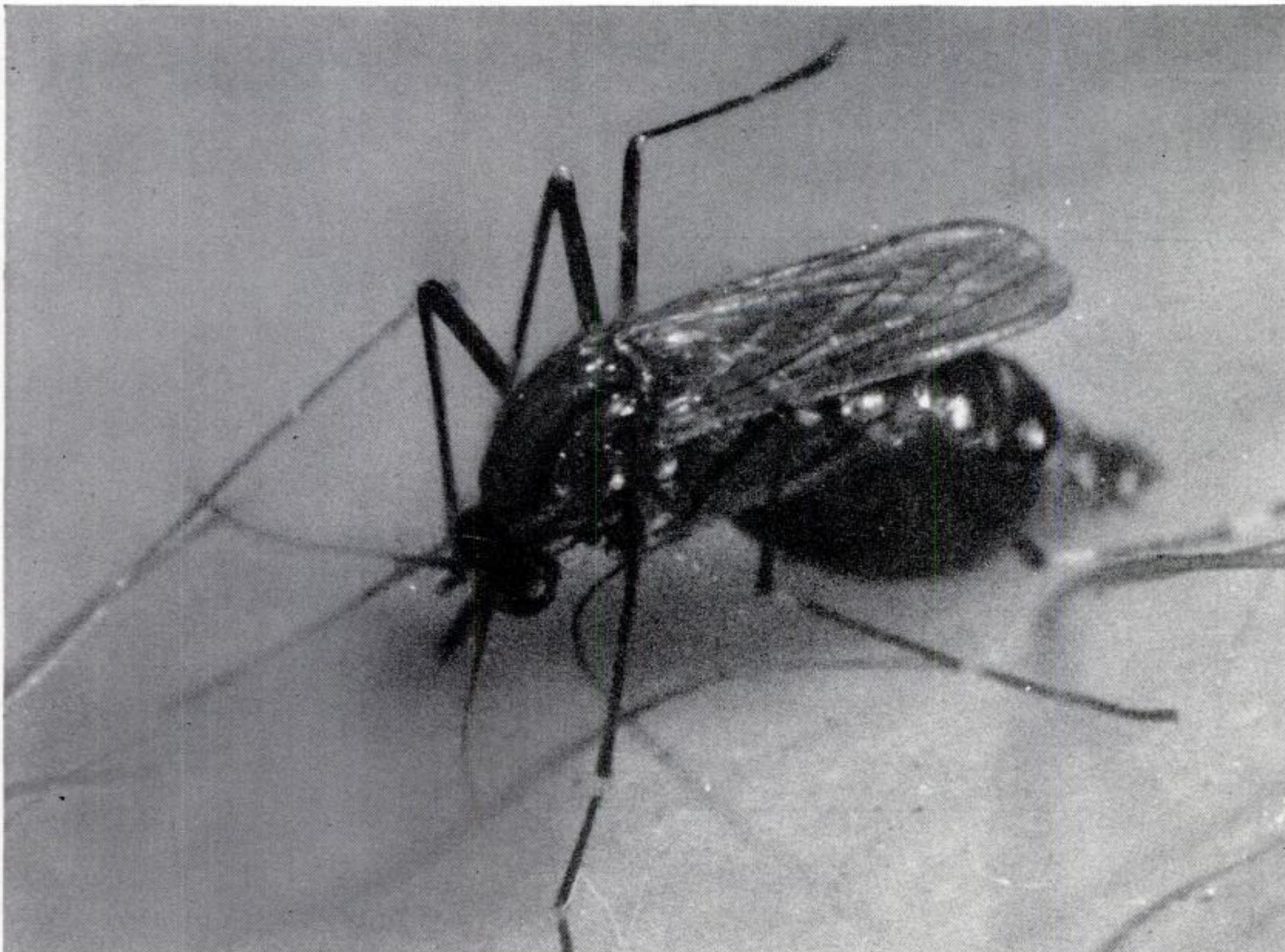
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"AEDES VEXANS," GORGED WITH BLOOD, IS ABOUT TO WITHDRAW PROBOSCIS, LEAVE AN ITCHING WELT ON ITS VICTIM'S SKIN

RUTGERS LABORATORY CONCOCTS NEW POISON FOR MOSQUITOES

Shown above is a mosquito, *Aedes vexans*, at the most critical moment of her existence. So that she can lay her eggs and perpetuate her vexing, useless breed, she must harass a warm-blooded victim with the shrilling of her wings, bury her four-pronged proboscis in his skin, inject it with an irritating protein that brings the blood to the surface and then take a long risky minute to swell her abdomen with gore.

Unlike other mosquitoes, this *Aedes* and her sisters below survive these moments of crisis because they are subjects in the mosquito-control laboratory of the New Jersey Agri-

cultural Experiment Station at Rutgers University. With thousands of acres of salt marsh that are the ideal incubators of mosquito larvae and pupae, New Jersey has long been famed for the numbers and appetite of its mosquitoes. At the Rutgers laboratory, however, years of pure research in the lives and habits of mosquitoes have gone into the development of larvicides and repellents. Increasingly a standard feature of control operations all over the country is the New Jersey Larvicide concocted by Drs. T. J. Headlee and J. M. Ginsburg. The most recent development is a more effective repellent developed by Dr. Philip Granett.



DR. GRANETT'S LEFT ARM MEASURES APPETITES OF LABORATORY MOSQUITOES BEFORE TEST OF REPELLENT, SPREAD ON OTHER ARM

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"MY DEAR! IT'S WOMEN WHO NOTICE THE LITTLE THINGS WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN. THAT'S WHY



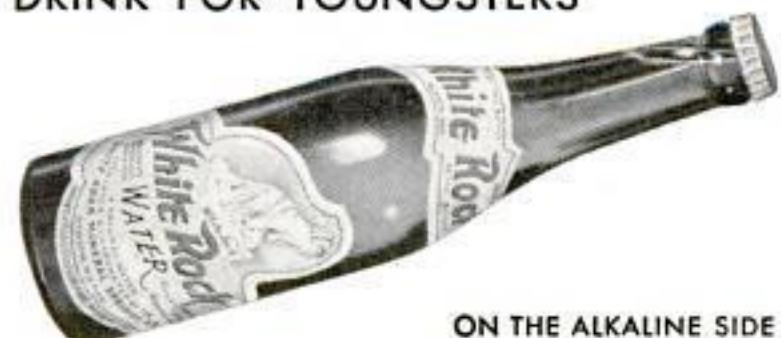
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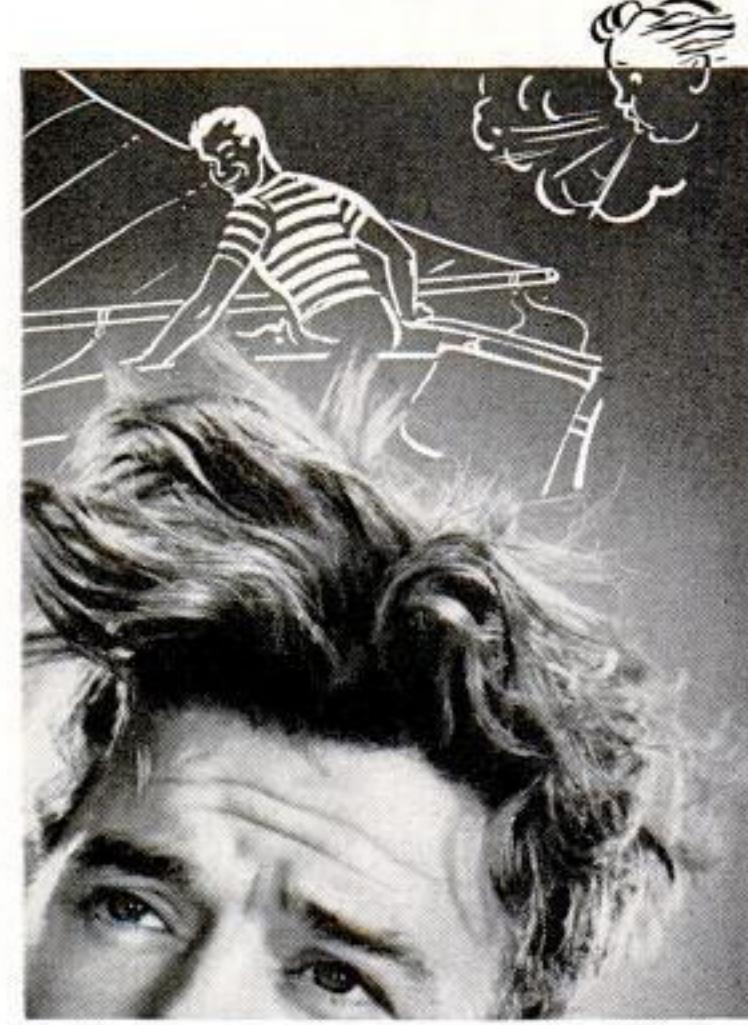
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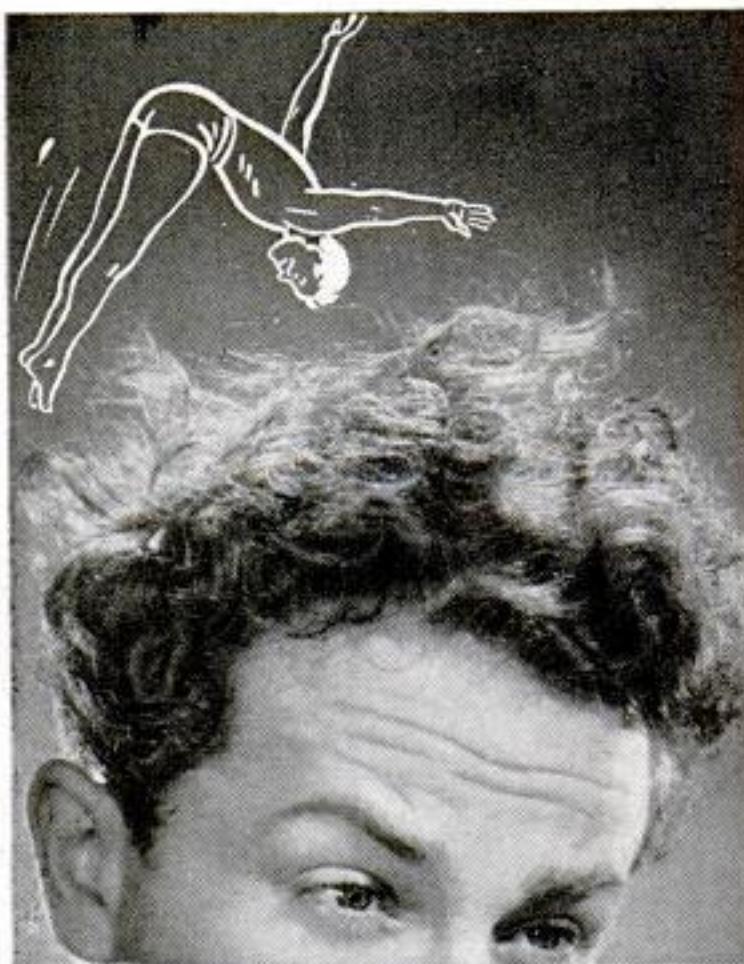
Warning! An Epidemic of HOLIDAY HAIR



Golfers Have It—Whether you spend your week ends picking off pars or rummaging in the rough makes little difference to your hair. It's the sun and wind that counts—and leaves golf fans with holiday hair like this.



Sailors Have It—On the high seas, a swinging boom isn't the only thing that raises ned with your head! Salt sea spray makes hair sticky—glaring summer sun bakes it dry. Daily use of Kreml helps overcome dryness.



Swimmers Have It—Water lovers plunge right in and say the water's fine. Maybe so, but *not* for the hair. Ocean waves wash away natural oils of the scalp—replace them with salt and sand.



Kreml Users Have "It"—Some say sparkling in the moonlight is the best sport of all. To score in this game you've got to have hair that's lustrous, soft to the touch, not dry or greasy. Use Kreml daily.

WHEN the sun, wind, and water dry out your hair, use Kreml, the famous tonic-dressing. Gives hair that neat, clean, lustrous look—not sticky or greasy. Removes dandruff scales—checks excessive falling hair.

Women tell us that Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for

a permanent—makes permanents look lovelier.

Ask for Kreml at your drug store or barber shop. Ask for Kreml Shampoo, too—a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

DON'T USE WATER USE

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.

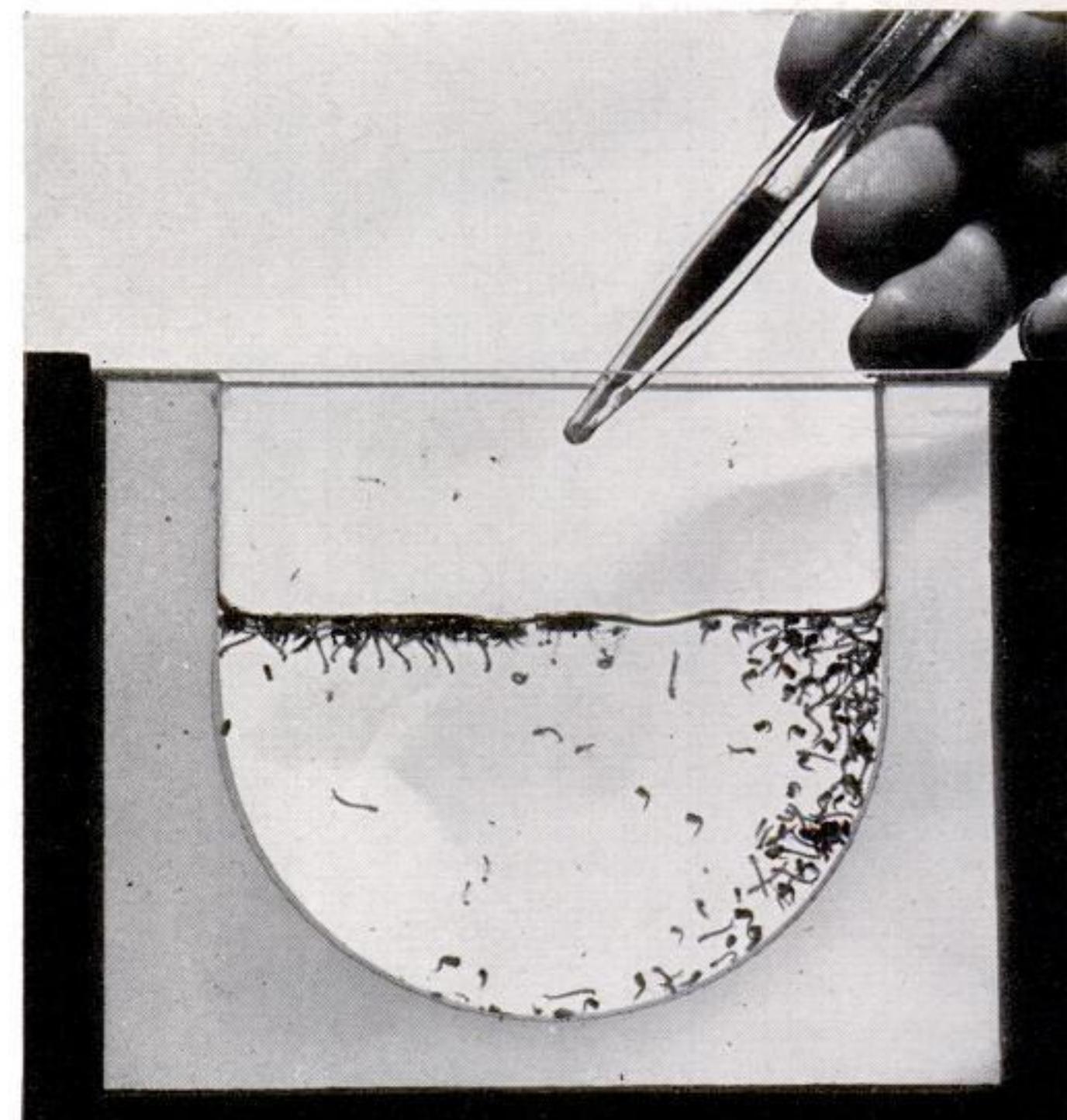
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE



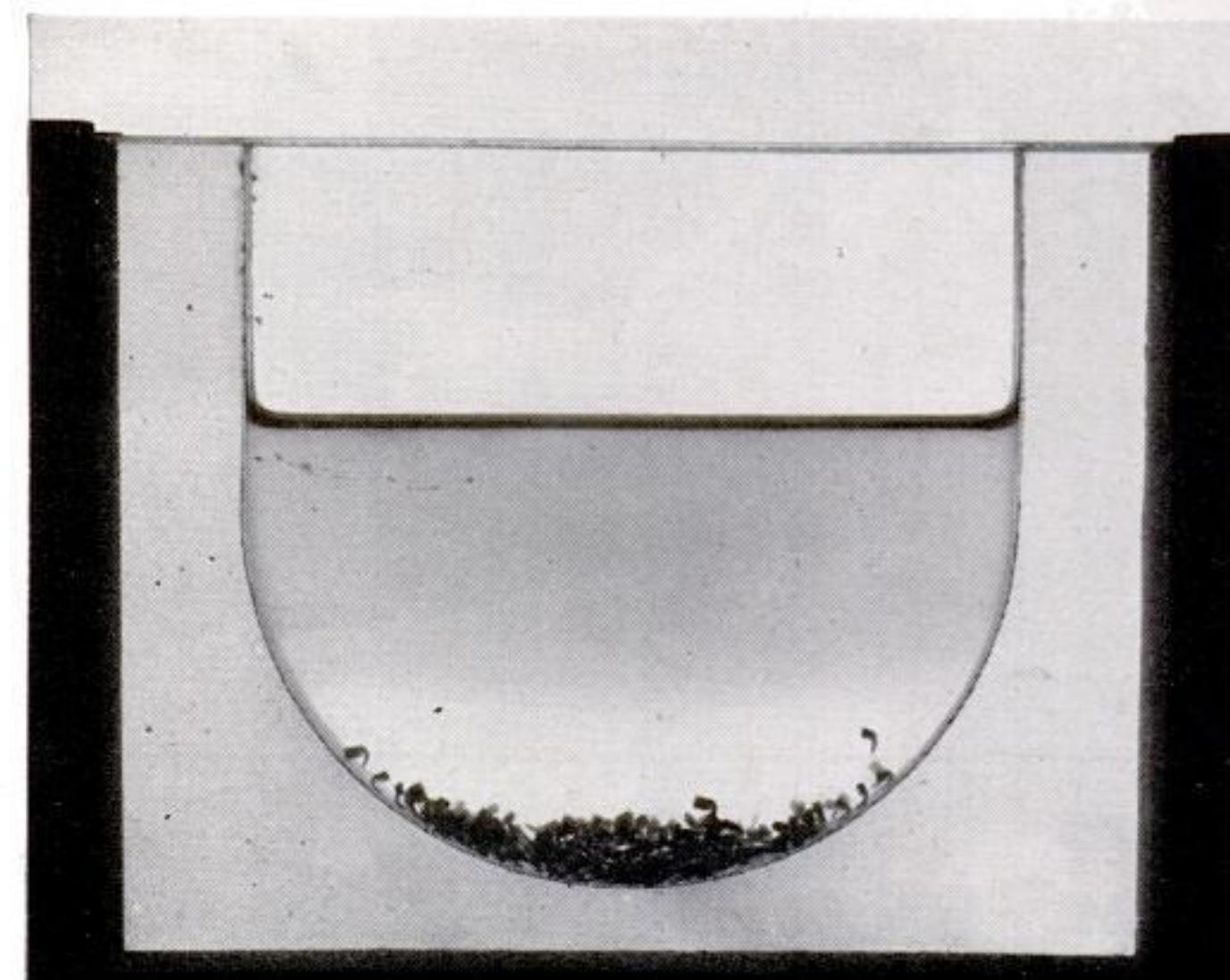
Mosquitoes (continued)



Mosquito larvae and pupae infest stagnant or brackish waters, must come to surface for air. Larvae breathe through tails, pupae (at upper left) through tubes near head.



Oil spread on water prevents larvae and pupae from poking their breathing tubes through into the air, plugs up the tubes and poisons the little creatures generally.



Dead on the bottom, these larvae and pupae demonstrate also the effectiveness of pyrethrum poison, prime ingredient of New Jersey Larvicide, which is mixed in oil.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

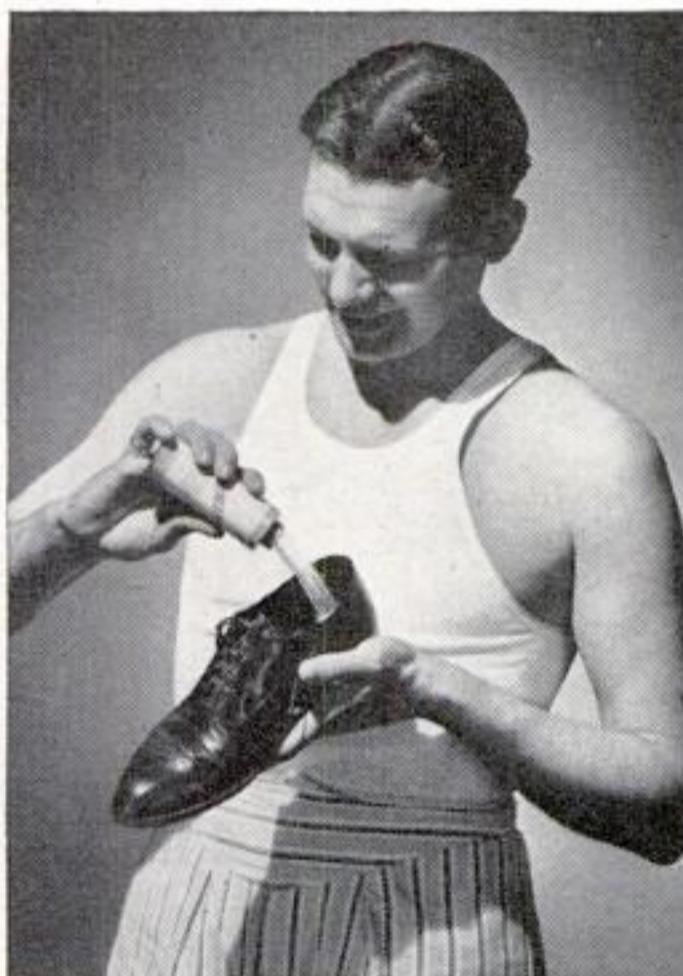
SHOES FOUND GUILTY—OFTEN CONTAIN FUNGUS WHICH CAUSES ATHLETE'S FOOT

MOST sufferers from Athlete's Foot complain that the disease "keeps coming back." Science has discovered one reason for this recurrence. *The fungus organisms causing Athlete's Foot often thrive in shoes, as well as on feet. Infected shoes can cause the disease to recur time and again.*

The importance of controlling Athlete's Foot can hardly be overestimated. It is now America's Number One Skin Disease. Surveys reveal that 7 out of 10 people have it. Here are some of the figures: In Jackson, Miss., among 1270 persons 74% had Athlete's Foot; in Berkeley, Calif., 78% of 1000 persons had the disease; in Ithaca, N. Y., out of 400 persons 72% were infected. Many had symptoms they did not recognize. But even mild cases of Athlete's Foot often progress to serious form.

Most common symptoms of Athlete's Foot are peeling and cracks between toes, soggy skin and itching. Severe cases involving inflammation should be treated by a dermatologist, physician or chiropodist-podiatrist.

All infected persons in the groups mentioned above were treated with a new powder, Quinsana, developed in the laboratories of The Mennen Company. Results were remarkable—as shown in the chart on this page.



NEW TWO-WAY TREATMENT, (1) on feet, (2) in shoes, is one reason for the success of Quinsana. Unlike liquids or ointments, Quinsana Powder may be used conveniently in shoes as well as on feet. It creates a definitely alkaline condition, under which the Athlete's Foot fungus cannot live.



AGAR CUP-PLATE TEST is U. S. Government method of measuring the power of preparations to prevent fungus growth. The wider the clear area around the "cup" in center of the round plate, the greater the power of the preparation to check growth of fungus. Note superiority of Quinsana (extreme right) over two other well-known Athlete's Foot medications.



AMAZING RESULTS OF 30-DAY TREATMENT WITH QUINSANA

74% infected before Quinsana treatment

6% infected after Quinsana treatment

MEN IN SERVICE, and people in all walks of life, are finding Quinsana effective in treatment of Athlete's Foot, perspiring feet and foot-odor.

REMARKABLE RESULTS were obtained in treating 1270 people with Quinsana. Similar success has been reported in thousands of other cases.

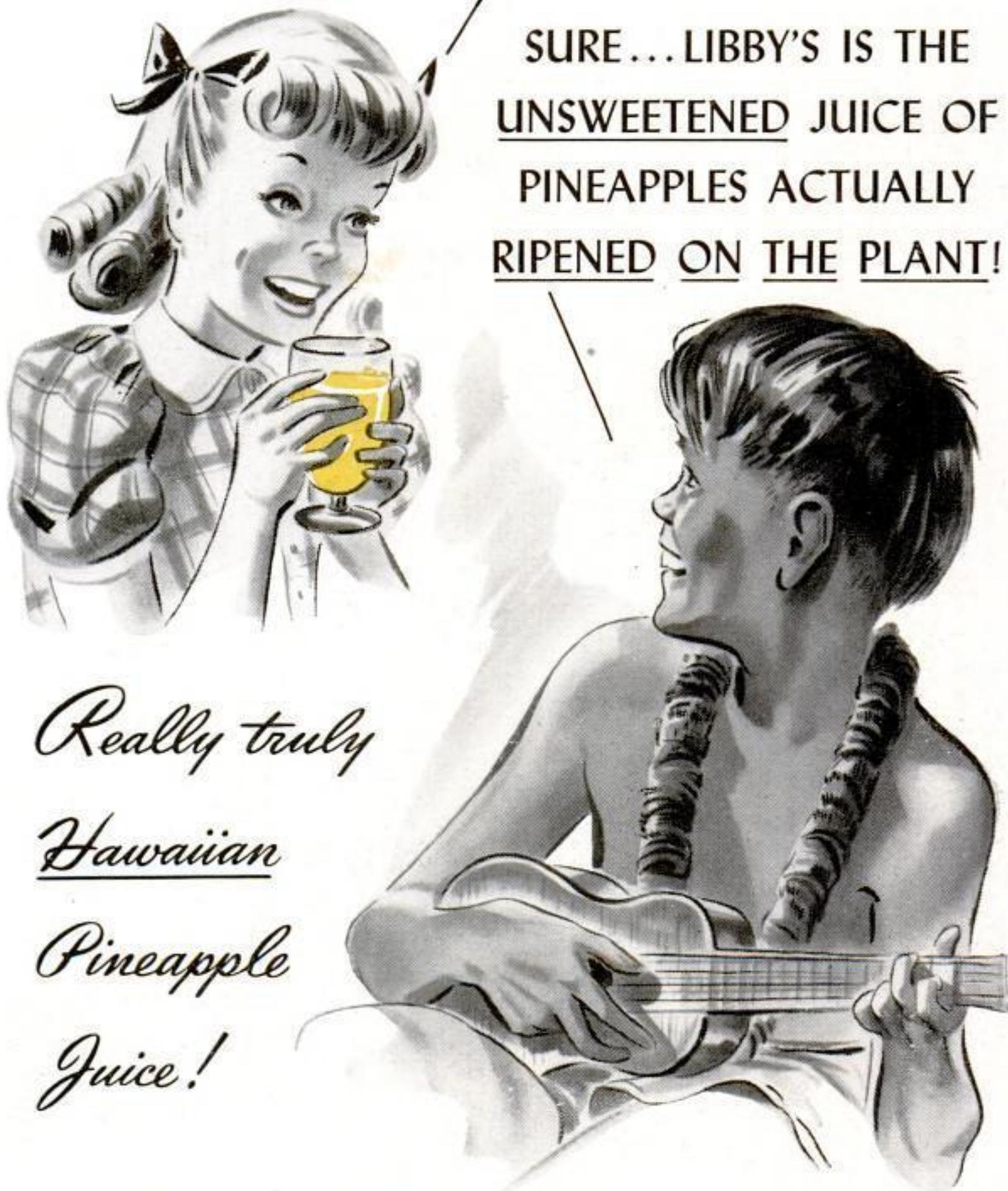


CUTTING OPEN THE SHOES of infected individuals, and examination in the laboratory, revealed the presence of the fungus organisms which cause Athlete's Foot. This can be a source of re-infection. Dermatologists believe that some individuals may be particularly susceptible to Athlete's Foot, just as certain people are susceptible to colds.



QUINSANA IS INEXPENSIVE—costs only 35 cents for a large tin that ordinarily lasts months. Should be used daily, as regularly as dentifrice, by every member of the family including the children. Quinsana is obtainable at drug stores, army post exchanges, canteens and ship service stores. The Mennen Company, Pharmaceutical Division, Newark, N. J.

THIS LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE JUICE IS THE
BEST-EST DRINK I EVER TASTED!



*Really truly
Hawaiian
Pineapple
Juice!*



• Really truly Hawaiian Pineapple Juice! And because Libby's is from Hawaiian pineapples, field-ripened, no sugar is added. The tangy-sweet flavor of Libby's is natural...perfect! Try some today. Taste true Hawaiian Pineapple Juice. A good source of Vitamin C. A gloriously refreshing drink!

Libby's
FAMILY OF JUICES AND
FRUIT DRINKS—10 KINDS



Just open a can and BREAKFAST IS DIFFERENT!

Mosquitoes (continued)

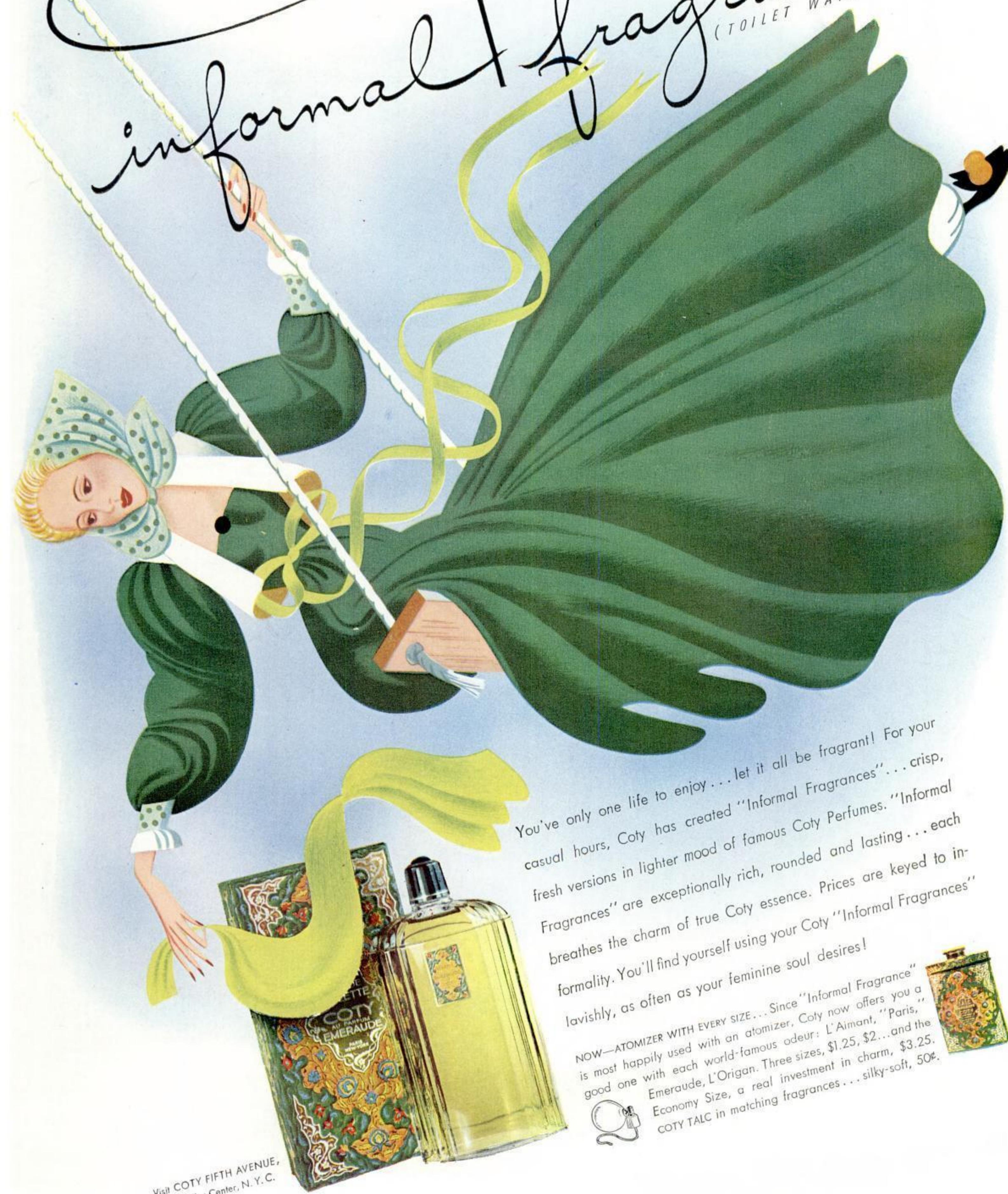


Silt-filled marsh in New Jersey, with rain water in sun cracks, is still a fine breeding spot for mosquitoes and harder than ever to drain and spread with larvicides.



New Jersey Larvicide, which also kills and repels adult mosquitoes, is sprayed in air at Newark School Stadium concert. Mist barriers are effective for local control.

COTY informal fragrance (TOILET WATER)



You've only one life to enjoy... let it all be fragrant! For your casual hours, Coty has created "Informal Fragrances" . . . crisp, fresh versions in lighter mood of famous Coty Perfumes. "Informal Fragrances" are exceptionally rich, rounded and lasting . . . each breathes the charm of true Coty essence. Prices are keyed to informality. You'll find yourself using your Coty "Informal Fragrances" lavishly, as often as your feminine soul desires!

NOW—ATOMIZER WITH EVERY SIZE... Since "Informal Fragrance" is most happily used with an atomizer, Coty now offers you a good one with each world-famous odour: L'Aimant, "Paris," Emeraude, L'Origan. Three sizes, \$1.25, \$2... and the Economy Size, a real investment in charm, \$3.25. COTY TALC in matching fragrances . . . silky-soft, 50¢.



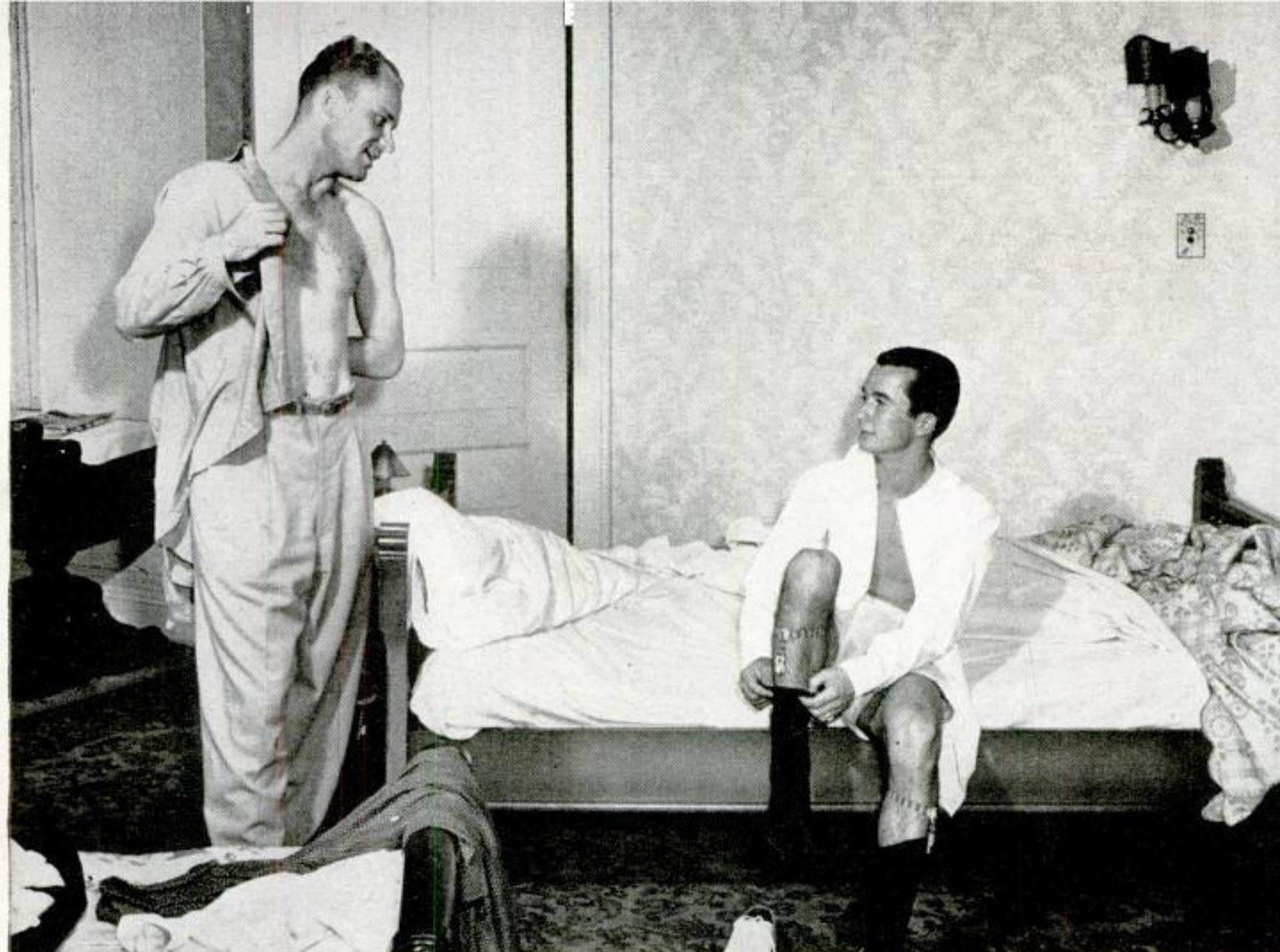
Visit COTY FIFTH AVENUE,
Rockefeller Center, N.Y.C.

★ All dogs aren't alike. This Smooth Fox Terrier is a prize-winner. His line has been pure-bred for generations.

★ All gins aren't alike. Fleischmann's comes from a distiller with the longest experience in distilling gin for the American taste. It cannot be duplicated by anyone.

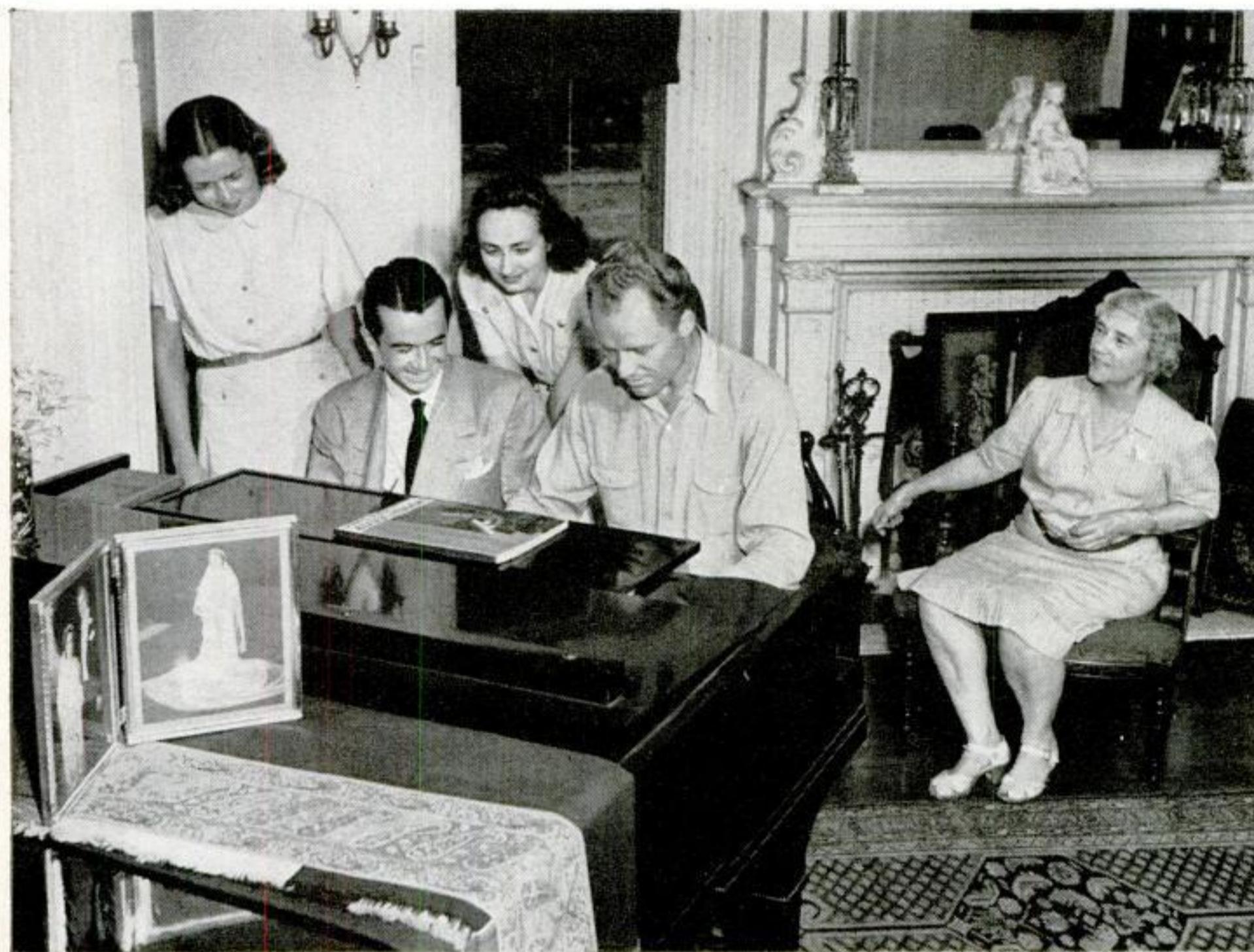
FLEISCHMANN'S GIN
A Pedigreed Gin
for Prize-Winning Drinks

11½" x 8" full color print of above dog painting, without advertising, suitable for framing, sent for 10¢. Write box BH, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, New York



Staying at private home, Ed Alloo (seated on bed), ranking 17th, and Gene Mako, doubles star, dress before going to Cincinnati Tennis Club. Tennis players usually

retire late, get up at noon. Some of top-ranking tennis players stay at hotels, but many of them like to stay at private homes where they are well treated by their hosts.



Two pretty tennis fans, Mary Louise Peoples (left) and Louise Evans, drop over to see the boys who play some boogie woogie on the piano for them. Mrs. Stanley Hook-

er, their hostess, listens to them play. Below: the players get together in the locker room before their matches. On the circuit, the players usually stay in their own group.



Billy Talbert, local boy who lost Cincinnati singles to Frank Parker, makes a return. Talbert, 22, is playing his fifth tournament year.

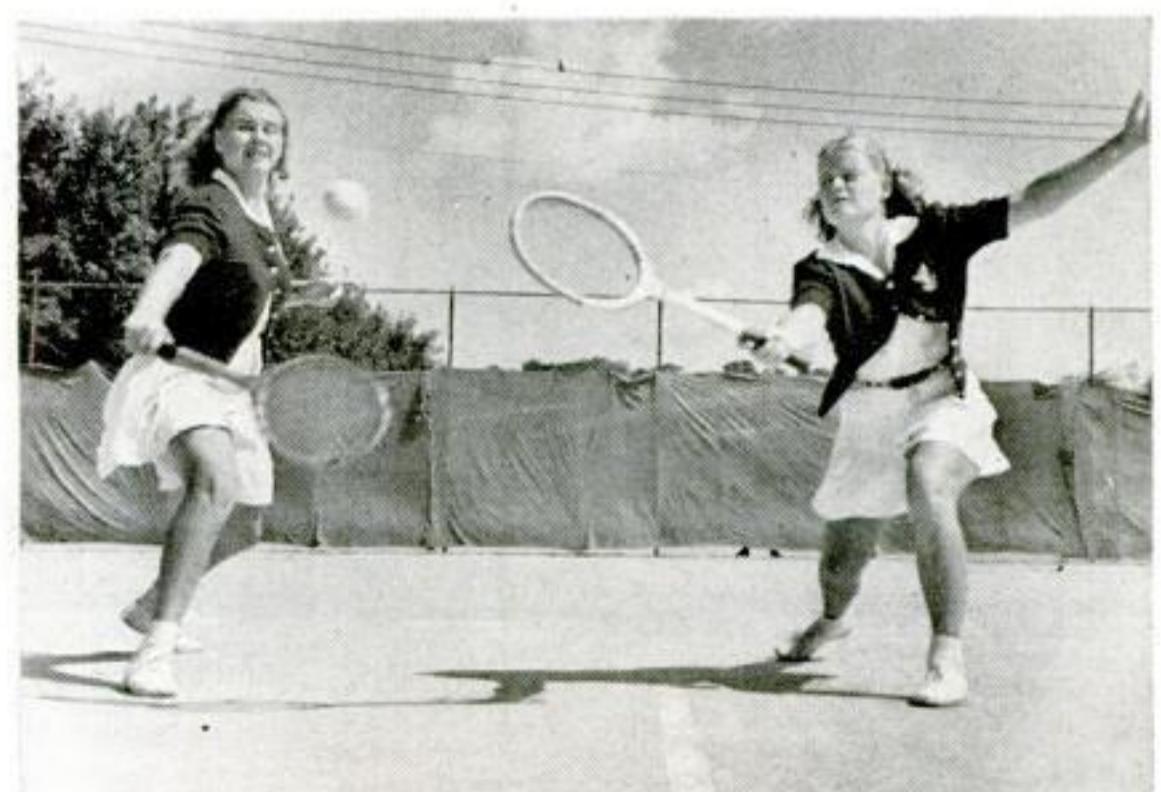
TENNIS KIDS THEY TOUR THE TOURNAMENTS TO EARN THEIR BREAD & BOARD

An amateur sportsman, according to the constitution of the Amateur Athletic Union, is one who engages in sport solely for the pleasure and physical, mental or social benefits derived therefrom and to whom sport is nothing more than an avocation. Ranking tennis players, who tour the country playing in almost weekly tournaments, are regarded as amateurs. They might also be considered migratory workers, since, with the regularity of an "Okie" following seasonal crops, they follow the sun around the circuit and play tennis for expenses.

These expenses, which include transportation, room, board, entertainment and sometimes even spending money, are gauged according to the player's national ranking and to his ability to advance in each particular tournament. In addition, tournament players are lionized by local tennis-club members who give parties and dances for them, put them up at their houses, and sometimes arrange for them to meet the prettiest girls in town. So rigid is the system that a player finds that as soon as he is eliminated his patrons forget him and, even more painful, he has to pay his own way.

This amateur system is not entirely the fault of the players. Rather, it is due to the high-pressure methods by which tennis clubs try to attract the best players to their tournaments.

Here on these pages are pictures taken of some of the tennis kids as they worked recent tournaments at Cincinnati and Louisville. These kids, who average about 22 years, travel some 10,000 miles each year playing tennis. They play about ten months out of every twelve and hope eventually to win the National Singles title.



National Clay Courts doubles champions, Barbara Bradley (left) and Jane Stanton, warm up before match. They won Cincinnati doubles.

TENNIS KIDS HAVE FUN AS THEY TRAVEL THE CIRCUIT OF GOOD CLUBS TOGETHER

The kids who play the tournament circuit are divided into three groups. In the first group are the "big operators" who rank highest in tennis. Besides being put up by the clubs, they receive generous sums for "expenses" at each tournament. In the second group are those who rank just below top flight. They get all their expenses until they are eliminated. In the third group are kids whose families have money enough to send them around the circuit. They are regarded as "playing for laughs."

Despite the ups and downs of bigtime tennis, however, the kids do have fun. They travel the country

from club to club in groups, driving their own cars and chipping in for the gas. At each new place they are all dated for dances and parties, play bridge and listen to swing music. And they only have to work two or three hours every afternoon.

How they are seeded in tournaments is of utmost economic importance to tennis kids. Carefully seeded, they breeze through to the final rounds at no cost whatever. If, however, they meet tough competition too early, they are liable to be eliminated from the tournament, thereby losing free board and lodging.



Pretty girls on the sidelines are at all the tennis clubs to ask the players for their autographs. Here Bill Talbert (left) and Ed Alloo sign just before starting their final match in the doubles.



Tennis in the hot sun is sometimes too much for the players. Here Gene Mako comforts Pauline Betz, winner of the women's singles at Cincinnati, who was almost overcome on a hot day.



Bridge in the clubhouse is a prime diversion for tournament players. They play it so constantly it is almost their second avocation. Here "Bitsy" Grant of Georgia starts to play his hand.



After tournament is over the players get together for mass move onto the next town on the list. Here they wave goodby to Tournament Chairman Stanley Lewis as they leave Cincinnati.



Tournament trophies are inspected by the players. Most of the players who have been playing around the circuit for several years have a houseful of cups.



Dinner is on the club. Tennis players like Jane Stanton and Ed Alloo (above) are always ready for a large steak after a hard afternoon's play in the broiling sun.

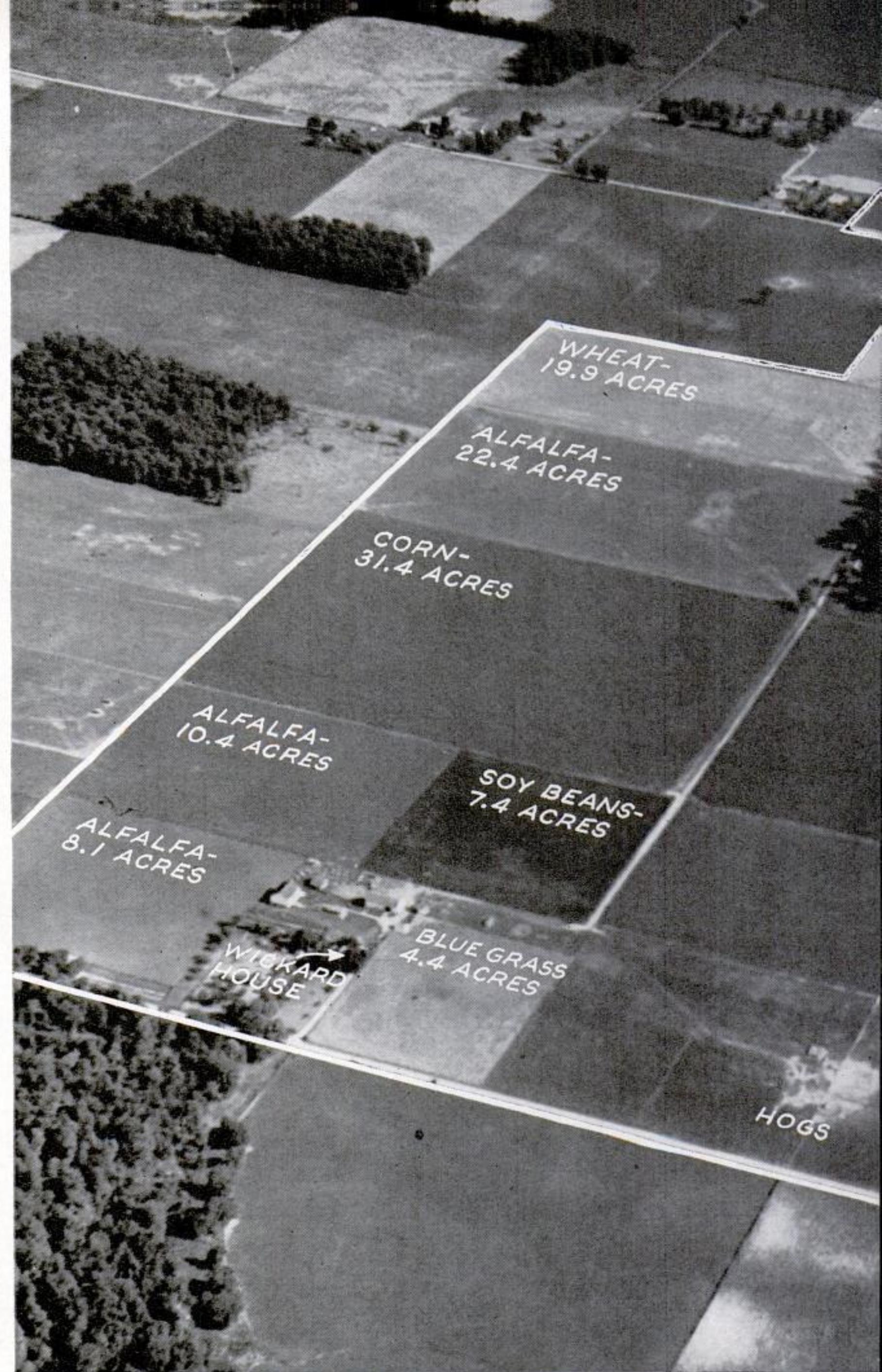


Draw sheets are checked first thing at each new tournament. At right, Bill Talbert meets a new girl, pretty Geneva Carter, at exclusive Louisville Boat Club.





FARMER WICKARD POSES PROUDLY BESIDE CRIB BURSTING WITH HIS CORN



SECRETARY WICKARD'S 380-ACRE CORN-HOG FARM IN CARROLL COUNTY, IND. IS A MODEL OF

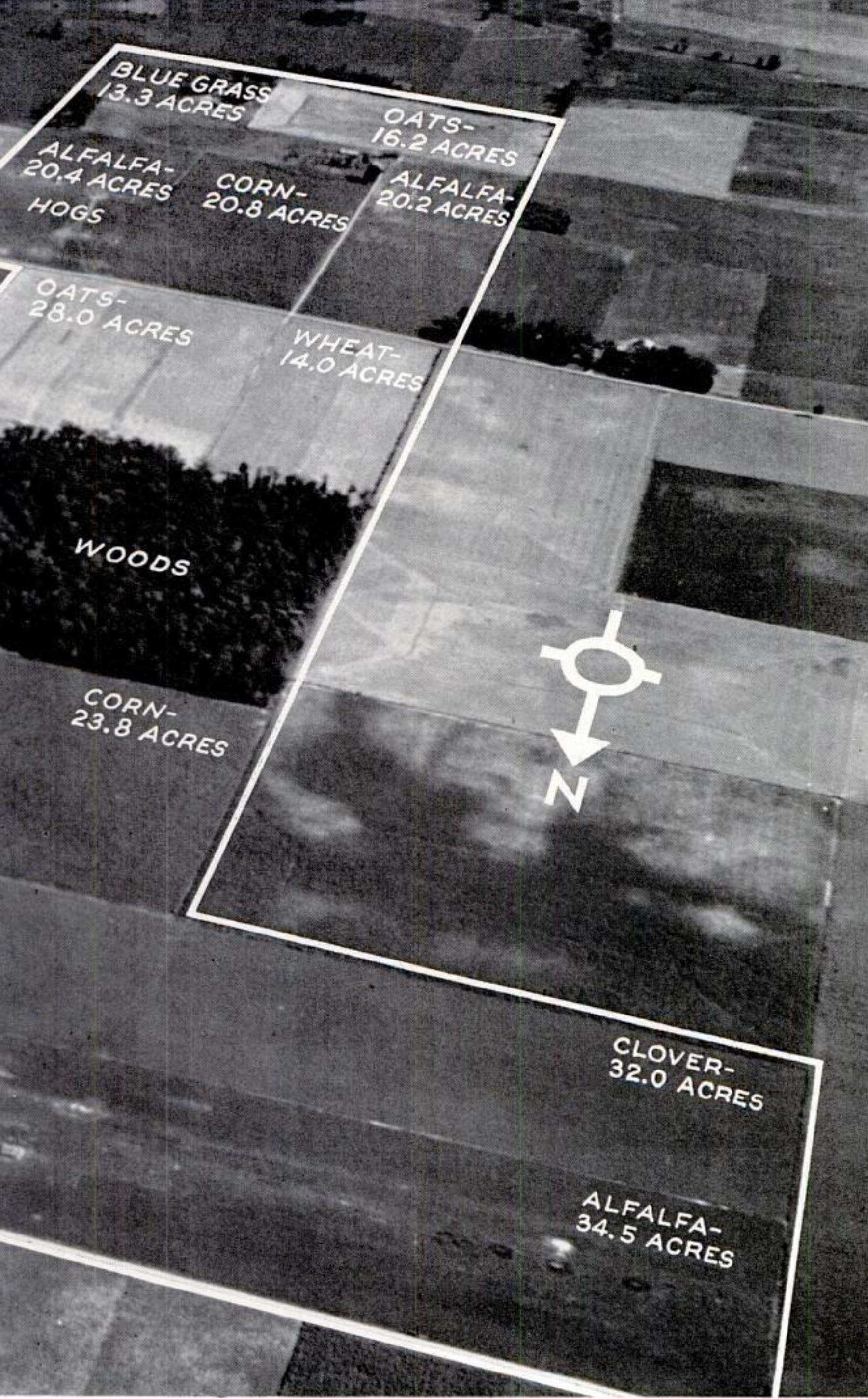


Secretary Wickard took this picture of the house where he was born and has lived all his life. His grandfather, Andrew Jackson Wickard, built it in 1873. The Secretary has two daughters.

AGAIN, "FOOD "AND WRITE THE PEACE,"

Last week, while the spotlight stayed on their brothers in the factories, another army of 10,000,000 American workers was quietly laboring to produce the munition which may have more to do with winning the war than any bomb or shell. The workers were farmers; the munition, food. It is still true that an army travels on its stomach, and nowadays, in total war, a nation's army includes every man and woman inside its borders. With their farms and transportation systems disrupted or devastated by war, few of the Old World's armies are getting enough to eat. Spaniards, Frenchmen, Poles, Belgians, Greeks, Yugoslavs are getting much less than enough. Italians, Swiss, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Russians are not much better off. British and Germans get barely enough. Meantime abundant rains have made the great midland cornucopia of America super-abundantly fruitful. Even the Dust Bowl is blooming again, and on the windswept prairies to the north men are talking of a phenomenal 40-bu.-per-acre wheat crop.

In 1917-18, Food Administrator Herbert Hoover endlessly trumpeted: "Food will win the war." Secretary of Agriculture Claude Raymond Wickard,



AAA CONSERVATION. NOTE THE MANY ACRES PLANTED IN SOIL-BUILDING ALFALFA AND CLOVER



THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE STILL HAS AN OUTDOOR LOOK ABOUT HIM

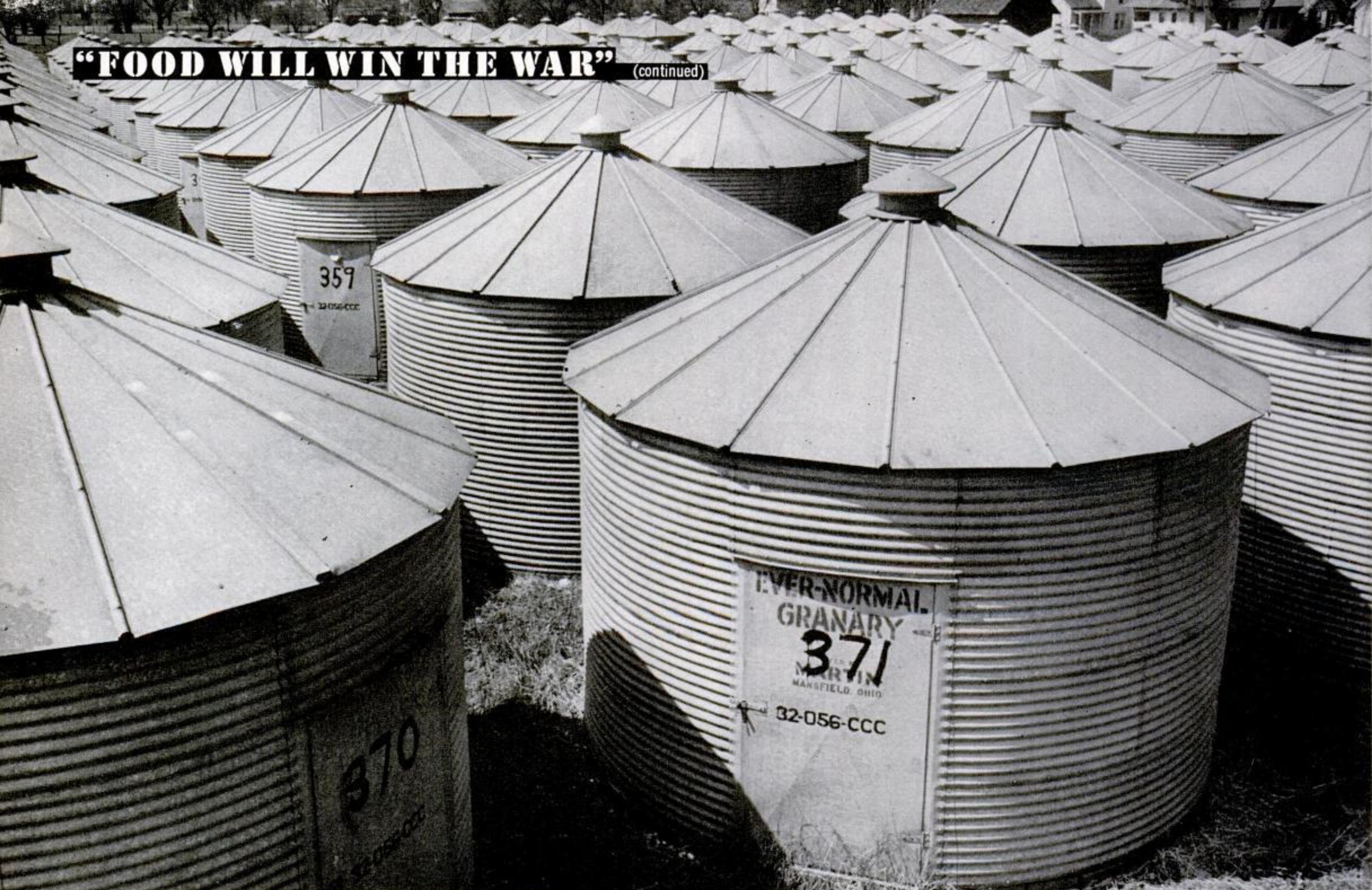
WILL WIN WAR" ADDS SECRETARY WICKARD

current U. S. generalissimo of the Battle of Food, goes him one better. Over & over he cries in his Indiana twang: "Food will win the war and write the peace." He proposes to win the war by feeding Britain and letting Adolf Hitler's Europe starve. He believes firmly that when the war is won, hungry nations will be glad to accept American peace terms along with American food.

Claude Wickard is that comparative rarity among Secretaries of Agriculture: a genuine dirt farmer. Fifteen years ago he was perfectly content to do nothing but raise prize-winning corn and hogs on his ancestral farm in Carroll County, Ind. (above). Then he began to spread out, heading a county farm bureau, helping organize a farmers' co-operative, getting elected to the State Senate. He went to Washington as a corn-hog expert in 1933, became Undersecretary of Agriculture in February 1940 and Secretary seven months later. Thick-set, bronzed, good-humored, hard-working, he still keeps a watchful eye on his own farm, finds some time for his first and only hobby: photography. The pictures at left and right were taken by the Secretary himself.



Wickard sow & piglets, also photographed by the Secretary, are part of his herd of 476 Duroc Jersey-Hampshire hogs. He also has 20 Aberdeen-Angus cattle and is on the lookout for more.



The "ever-normal granary," originated by Henry Wallace from Biblical inspiration of Joseph, was ostensibly a device to store up food for lean years. Actually, its primary pur-

pose was to keep crop prices up by removing vast quantities of grain from the market under Government loan or purchase. But now that the U. S. is setting out to feed Brit-

ain as well as itself, all hands praise Wallace's "foresight." Here at Goodland, Ind. are some of the steel cribs in which the U. S. at present has 118,000,000 bu. of corn in storage.

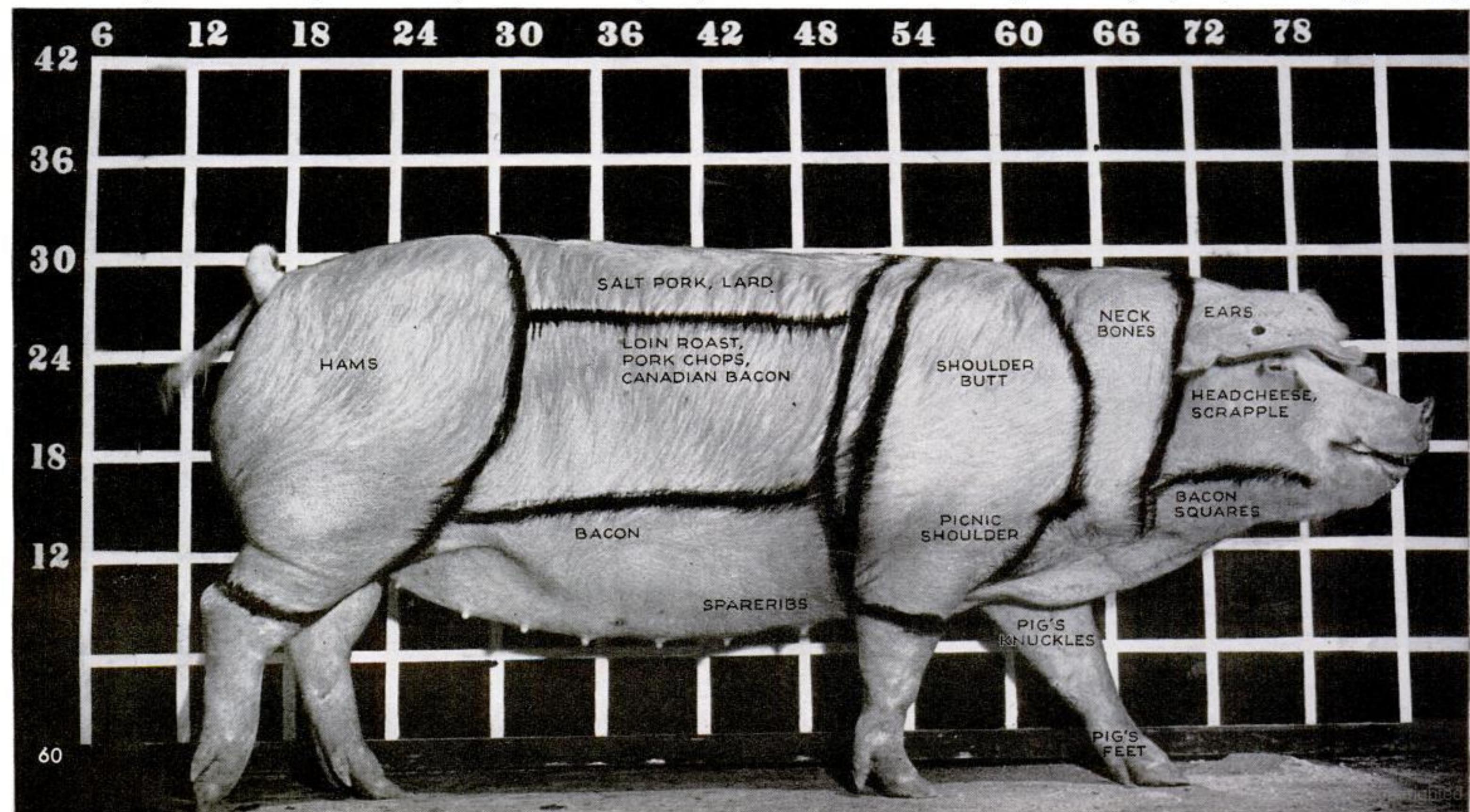
CORN HOGS WHEAT

No. 1 war animal is no longer the horse but the hog. The painted porker below, photographed at Government's experimental Beltsville, Md. farm last week, shows the variety

"**A**merica," says Secretary Wickard, "must be the breadbasket of the world." But he hastens to add, "a breadbasket that contains all the foods necessary to give people the nourishment they need." As to literal bread, America has a surfeit of wheat—a 924,000,000-bu. crop in prospect this year to add to the existing carry-over of 400,000,000 bu. A revolution in U. S. agriculture is now under way as the Government (with potent rewards and pen-

alties) urges farmers to grow less of the five great "basic" crops—wheat, corn, cotton, rice, tobacco—and produce more pork, beef, eggs, dairy products, fruits, vegetables. One reason for the change-over is that these latter foods are the ones that Britain needs, and that can be most easily shipped to her in concentrated forms. But the long-range goal is to improve the diet of the American people, over half of whom now fail to get proper amounts and variety of foods.

readier packing and transportation, will keep long time under varying conditions, and has high vitamin content. Next year's U. S. hog crop is expected to be biggest in history.





A squadron of combines is here shown last week making a panzer sweep through one of Tom Campbell's vast wheat fields near Hardin, Mont. Farmer Campbell still boasts the world's

biggest private farm. But under the Government quota restrictions, which penalize a farmer 49¢ for every bushel he grows & sells over his quota, Campbell this year has only 19,000

acres planted to wheat, leaving another 19,000 fallow. Among many grumblers at such restriction, one protestant at Jackson, Mich. last month went so far as to burn his entire wheat crop.

"FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR" (continued)

**U. S. SENDS IT
BY SHIPLOAD . . .**

From secret warehouses in the East and Midwest, U.S. food is now being dispatched to Britain at a rate of over \$1,500,000 worth a day. Latest figures (unofficial) on Lease-Lend purchases of food for Britain since March 15 are as follows: 170,856,927 lb. of lard; 95,117,500 yd. of sausage

casing; 47,754,524 lb. of cheese; 3,417,950 cases of evaporated milk; 14,527,800 lb. of dry skim milk; 5,958,150 lb. of dried eggs; 60,711,760 lb. of frozen eggs; 4,033,701 cases of canned tomatoes; 173,508,400 lb. of dry beans; 65,811,824 lb. of canned pork; 111,153,500 lb. of cured and frozen pork.

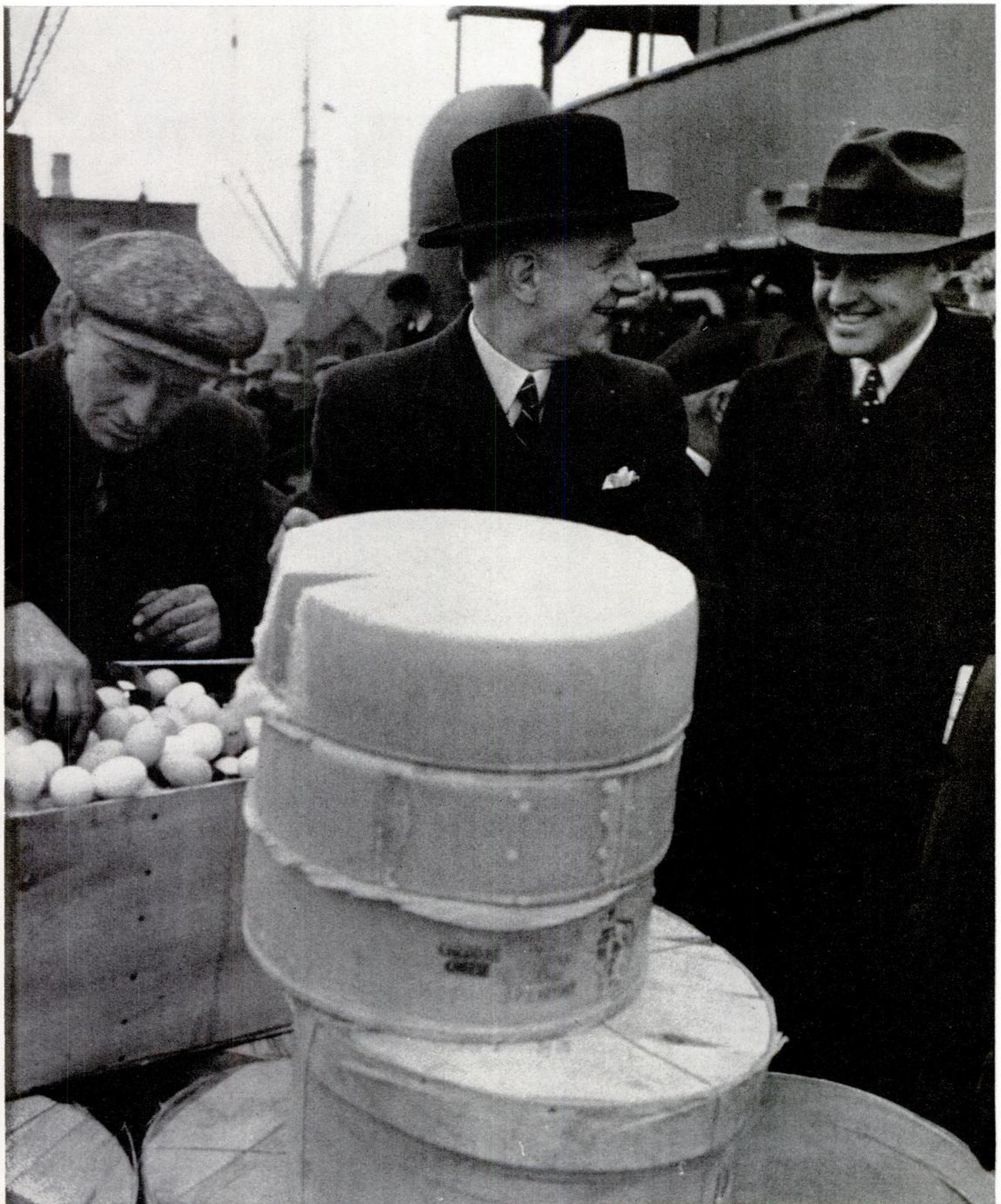


DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE OFFICIAL LOOKS OVER CASES OF CHEDDAR CHEESE STACKED IN SECRET WAREHOUSE AWAITING SHIPMENT TO BRITAIN UNDER LEASE-LEND ACT

Despite the quantities of U. S. food being sent to them, the 46,000,000 people of Britain still go short on many a ration. To visiting Lease-Lend Administrator Harry Hopkins, Britain's Food Minister Lord Woolton last week pled urgently for more milk, more eggs, more pork. Under this

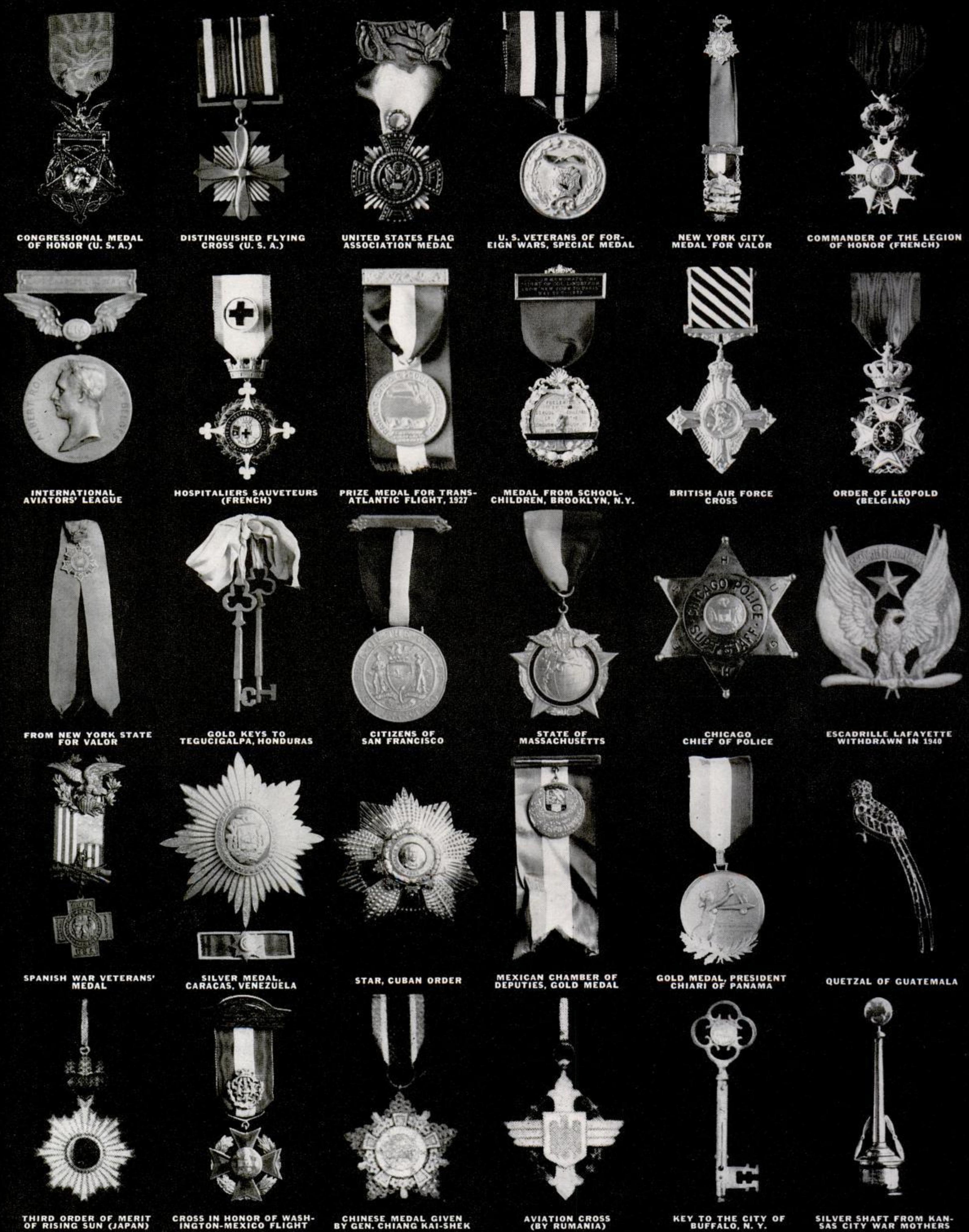
spur, and with war-prosperous Americans spending an estimated billion dollars more for food this year than they did last, the plow-under, kill-little-pigs era of U. S. agriculture is definitely over. Secretary Wickard, apostle of an economy of abundance, firmly hopes and believes that it is over for good.

... AND BRITAIN CALLS FOR MORE



BRITAIN'S FOOD MINISTER, LORD WOOLTON (CENTER), AND RESIDENT LEASE-LEND ADMINISTRATOR W. AVERELL HARRIMAN (RIGHT) SAMPLE FIRST SHIPMENT OF U. S. CHEDDAR

CLOSE-UP



THERE ARE 118 MEDALS ON DISPLAY AMONG LINDBERGH TROPHIES IN ST. LOUIS BUT 1938 GERMAN DECORATION IS NOT AMONG THEM

LINDBERGH

A STUBBORN YOUNG MAN OF STRANGE IDEAS BECOMES A LEADER OF WARTIME OPPOSITION

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

A few nights before Charles and Anne Lindbergh sailed for England in December 1935, one of the flier's oldest friends was sitting with them in the Morrow home in Englewood, N. J. The convicted kidnaper and murderer of their son, Bruno Hauptmann, had not yet gone to the electric chair and already they were worried about their second child, Jon, then 3. In the fall an automobile with a Hearst newspaper photographer had crowded the Morrow family car to the curb in an effort to "steal" a picture of Jon. Lindbergh explained they were going abroad to avoid such incidents and forgot what they could of the past. He went on talking, for a long time, about the U. S.

"We Americans are a primitive people," he said, as his listener now recalls the conversation. "We do not have discipline. Our moral standards are low. It shows up in the private lives of people we know—their drinking and behavior with women. It shows in the newspapers, the morbid curiosity over crimes and murder trials. Americans seem to have little respect for law, or the rights of others."

England, Lindbergh continued, had been described to him as the most law-abiding country on earth, and he was going there for the "protection" of his family. But the U. S., he concluded gloomily, had "terrible times ahead."

This belief is still strong in Lindbergh, though it has never been stated in his speeches. He has told more than one close friend that participation in the war against Hitler is sure to cause an internal explosion, a bloody revolution in America. Organized labor, he predicts, will pull in one direction and profiteering capital in the other, splitting the country in two. But it is our national morale that arouses his blackest pessimism. American defeats and the death in battle or by drowning of "millions" of young American soldiers will be followed, he has said to friends, by upheavals of great violence in the nation. He is especially concerned with the effect such disasters would have on Jews in the U. S. He believes Jews will be blamed for

American entry into the war and will suffer for it. If that happens, he has said, the anti-Jewish outbreaks that will occur here will surpass those in Nazi Germany, for Americans are "more violent" than Germans.

Yet Lindbergh is not anti-Semitic. In personal conversation he has expressed indignation over the German treatment of Jews in Europe. But he has never condemned the persecutions publicly, in any of the 18 speeches and articles he has written on world affairs since September 1939. Several friends and associates have pleaded with him to do so, and he has invariably refused. His usual answer is, "I must be neutral." In dinner-table conversations he sometimes goes further. "Look here," he said to one who raised this subject, "Germany since the last war has been going through a revolution. Compared with the Russian and Spanish revolutions, or even our own Civil War which might have been called a revolution, this German affair has been pretty orderly."

"Orderly" is a favorite Lindbergh word in discussing Germany. Others are "discipline" and "efficiency." In the same way, "corrupt" crops up frequently when he is talking about France, and "stupid" when he speaks of Britain.

That Britain has already lost the war, and is only prolonging her own and the world's agony by continuing to fight, is an axiom with Lindbergh. He predicted British defeat when the war started, and proclaimed it after the fall of France. In June 1940 he is said to have privately informed several U. S. Senators that England could survive 30 to 60 days "at the most." He was wrong about this, but he has since repeated publicly that even military intervention by the U. S. cannot win the war for Britain.

The kind of "negotiated peace" he wants

Many persons are curious about the "negotiated peace" that Lindbergh tirelessly advocates in speeches and private conversation. To a few of his friends, Lindbergh has outlined the

kind of peace which he believes could still be "negotiated." Roughly, its provisions are:

Hitler would let Britain and its empire remain intact, except for possible adjustments in the Mediterranean and former German colonies.

Germany would retain and strengthen its control over all of Europe.

Russia would be relegated to Asia, once and for all.

The U. S., if it took any part in the negotiations, would guarantee to remain within and defend its own hemisphere.

Lindbergh has also expressed the hope that eventually Britain, a Germanized Europe and the U. S. would find themselves co-operating in a mutual "White" front against the more numerous but less skilful races of the world—Yellow, Brown and Black. "Here you have two cousins fighting each other," he told a friend recently, "two great nations—the Germans and the English. One of them wants to drag in another cousin—America. But that opens up the entire world to the Russians and the Japs, and they are another breed entirely—they are the Asiatics."

The vision of barbaric hordes from Asia overrunning the Western nations in the manner of Germanic tribes attacking ancient Rome occurs regularly in Lindbergh's writing and conversation. In an article which he wrote in 1939 for *Reader's Digest* ("Aviation, Geography and Race"), he stated it clearly: "It is time for us to build our White ramparts again. . . . It is our turn to guard our heritage from Mongol and Persian and Moor." Aviation, he continued, "is a tool specially shaped for Western hands . . . another barrier between the teeming millions of Asia and the Grecian inheritance of Europe." In a later article (*Atlantic Monthly*, March 1940) he pictured Germany as the "essential" guardian of the eastern border of European civilization. "She alone," he wrote, "can either dam the Asiatic hordes or form the spearhead of their penetration into Europe."

To his friends Lindbergh has expressed indifference over the war in China—a war between



Lindbergh collection of 4,000 gifts and trophies is exhibited in Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis. Besides medals, it includes eight bottles of gin, big bag of coffee beans and punkah (Indian fan).



The trophy room has been visited by more than 5,000,000 people, as many as 15,000 in a single day. The sales of souvenir postcards have soared since Lindbergh began making speeches.



Lindbergh sits alone on the platform at an America First rally. To his followers he is a remote, unreachable leader. Lindbergh does not enjoy speaking but is getting used to it. When facing

an audience he grips his manuscript tightly with both hands, rarely relaxes even for applause but is learning to smile. At right are Novelist Kathleen Norris and Senator David I. Walsh.

yellow men, in his view, being as harmless to American interests as a war between white men is dangerous. Nor would he have any misgivings about an all-out war by the U. S. against Japan, providing Germany and Europe were not involved. Such a war, he has said, would be entirely "practical"—we could easily win it.

Lindbergh is no pacifist, and he is quite unsentimental in his opposition to the present war. "He could stand seeing a million Americans killed, even in Brazil, if that was necessary to defend this hemisphere," a close friend said recently. And Lindbergh himself has drawn the line over which he would permit no foreign soldier to step. The line, excluding Dakar, the Azores and Cape Verde Islands, runs between Iceland and Greenland. "If Greenland is invaded, I would fight," he has said.

Lindbergh still likes to tell his friends that he is only one private U. S. citizen advising others, but he is enough of a realist to know this cannot be true. His name is already a worldwide weapon of war. In Germany, Italy, Spain his every word is seized upon to encourage the totalitarian peoples and discomfit their enemies. Translations of his speeches turn up as Nazi propaganda in Ecuador and Nicaragua. It was no Oriental caprice when Japanese warplanes recently dumped excerpts from a Lindbergh speech on Chungking, along with incendiaries and high explosives. Lindbergh's opinions, public and private, have become as significant as bombs.

Without him the isolationist movement in the U. S. would probably still be split in ineffective fragments. The magic of his legendary name, the appeal of his personality, the sincerity with which he comes before the microphone, have persuaded millions of Americans who were only half-persuaded before that there is no reason for the U. S. to fight or fear Hitler. But their effect has not stopped there. Even Lindbergh's closest colleagues in the America First Committee have expressed amazement at the semi-hysterical response which his merest gesture provokes at crowded rallies. At Madison Square Garden, for instance, the audience cheered when Lindbergh took out a handkerchief to wipe his forehead. One of his associates describes these manifestations as "führer-worship."

Like Hitler, Roosevelt, Huey Long

Another man who recently spoke from the same platform with Lindbergh and who has had considerable political experience said: "Men are symbols, whether they want to be or not. At Madison Square Garden the applause for Lindbergh and for Wheeler was about the same in volume—but in quality it was entirely different. Lindbergh evokes a fervor, a tension, such as an ambitious politician would give anything to arouse. Hitler has the same thing; Roosevelt has it sometimes; Huey Long used to get it, and Coughlin, occasionally. I know Lindbergh doesn't seek it especially, and does nothing to stir it, but it is there."

Among most of Lindbergh's friends it is an accepted fact that he will take a more active part in politics, in or out of war. They say he will be "forced into it," to prove that he has been right; that consciously or unconsciously he knows he must remain "in the forefront." People who have worked with Lindbergh in America First find that he has lost much of his nervousness at speaking to large audiences, that he is mastering his gestures, and appears less awkward on the platform. He smiles more often in response to applause. He has become used to wild shouts of "Lindy for President." He still

grips his manuscript and sets his jaw until knuckles and lips are almost white, while waiting his turn to speak—but that is the outward sign of his determination. He is also learning how to please.

The transformation of the crowd-hating, publicity-shy Lindbergh of tradition into what amounts to a wartime Leader of the Opposition has occurred so gradually that Lindbergh himself has scarcely been aware of it. When he left the U. S. to live abroad in 1935 he planned to continue the medical experiments that had brought him fame as co-inventor of the "mechanical heart," to fly—mostly for pleasure, and to raise his family in privacy. His first home was in a tiny village in Kent, and there he found the relaxing atmosphere, the "letdown" he badly needed. Early in 1936, when he was in England, he received word from Major (now Lieutenant Colonel) Truman Smith, the U. S. military attaché in Berlin, that Reichsmarshal Hermann Göring would like to invite him to Germany. Smith urged him to accept the invitation, as a means of ascertaining information which would be useful to the American Army. Lindbergh agreed, and soon afterward a formal invitation from Göring arrived. The beefy boss of the Luftwaffe proudly played the role of official host after Lindbergh arrived in Germany.

With such a sponsor it was easy for Lindbergh to see all that was going on. He flew his own plane over large areas of Germany, counting the many new airdromes being laid out. He visited training centers and laboratories, airfields and factories where Messerschmitts and Heinkels were rolling off the lines. He made his own estimate of German warplane production—upward of 20,000 a year—based on a careful count he kept of inspection benches in the factories he saw. At all times he was accompanied by an American military attaché. He was a guest at Göring's Potsdam Palace, where he looked over the Marshal's photograph albums—filled with pictures of military airfields.

Unlike the British, who did not talk about themselves, the Nazis loved to do so. Moreover, they had good reason for talking. They were building the most powerful air force in the world. If the world knew this, it might save them a good deal of fighting. There is no doubt that Göring and his aides regarded Lindbergh as a missionary who would spread the word that the Luftwaffe was invincible, and they gave him every opportunity to convince himself.

Lindbergh was convinced. He returned to London filled with excitement and alarm. He obtained an audience with Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and described what he had seen. For her own safety, he argued, England must greatly increase her air force. Baldwin was affable and indifferent. He changed the subject. This was exactly the same kind of warning that had been dinned into his ears ever since Hitler took power. Churchill made a speech about German airpower almost every month, and Baldwin despised Churchill. Certainly he wouldn't change his mind for a visiting American aviator.

Lindbergh emerged from this session in a state of cold rage. Ever since he has maintained that British officialdom is hopelessly stupid, a condition he now attributes to the last war, when the "best brains" of England were lost in battle. In 1938, after he had prepared a report for the U. S. State Department on the status of European aviation, Ambassador Kennedy suggested that he again talk to English Cabinet members. Lindbergh did so unwillingly and got little thanks for his pains. At a luncheon with members of Parliament, Lindbergh offered his opinion that

the Russian Air Force, on which British public opinion was then counting heavily, was extremely weak. This opinion "leaked" to the London newspapers, which advised Lindbergh to go home to America. Instead, Lindbergh let it be known that he would live that winter in Berlin.

The true story of the German medal

Then came Munich. Soon afterward, the new American Ambassador to Berlin, Hugh Wilson, planned a dinner to get acquainted with Nazi bigwigs he had not met. He was especially anxious for Göring to come, and asked Lindbergh to attend, rightly believing that this would make Göring's acceptance certain. Göring arrived after all the other guests and went directly to Lindbergh, who was standing with other guests. "In the name of the Führer," he said, and handed Lindbergh a small box. This contained a medal—the Service Cross of the Order of the German Eagle with Star—one of the highest decorations of the Reich.

For reasons which even his best friends have not understood, Lindbergh has never undertaken to explain publicly this celebrated presentation, which was quite understandable and harmless in itself. His refusal to talk about the medal has magnified its importance out of all proportion. His later actions regarding it have also been curious. All of the other 118 medals which he has received—including a British Air Force Cross presented by King George V in person, and the Distinguished Flying Cross bestowed by President Coolidge in 1927—are publicly displayed in the famous collection of Lindbergh trophies of the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis. But the Göring medal has never been exhibited. Lindbergh's friends have never seen it, and no picture of it is available. It is assumed to be in the vault of a St. Louis bank.

Lindbergh's decision to live in Berlin in the winter of 1938-39 came at an unfortunate time. It was the winter of the terrible anti-Jewish purges. His friends argued and pleaded, pointing out that the move would have a permanent effect on Lindbergh's reputation in America. Finally, and reluctantly, he gave up the idea. In April 1939, with war clouds black over Europe, he returned to the U. S. to take up active service in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

His four months in the Army

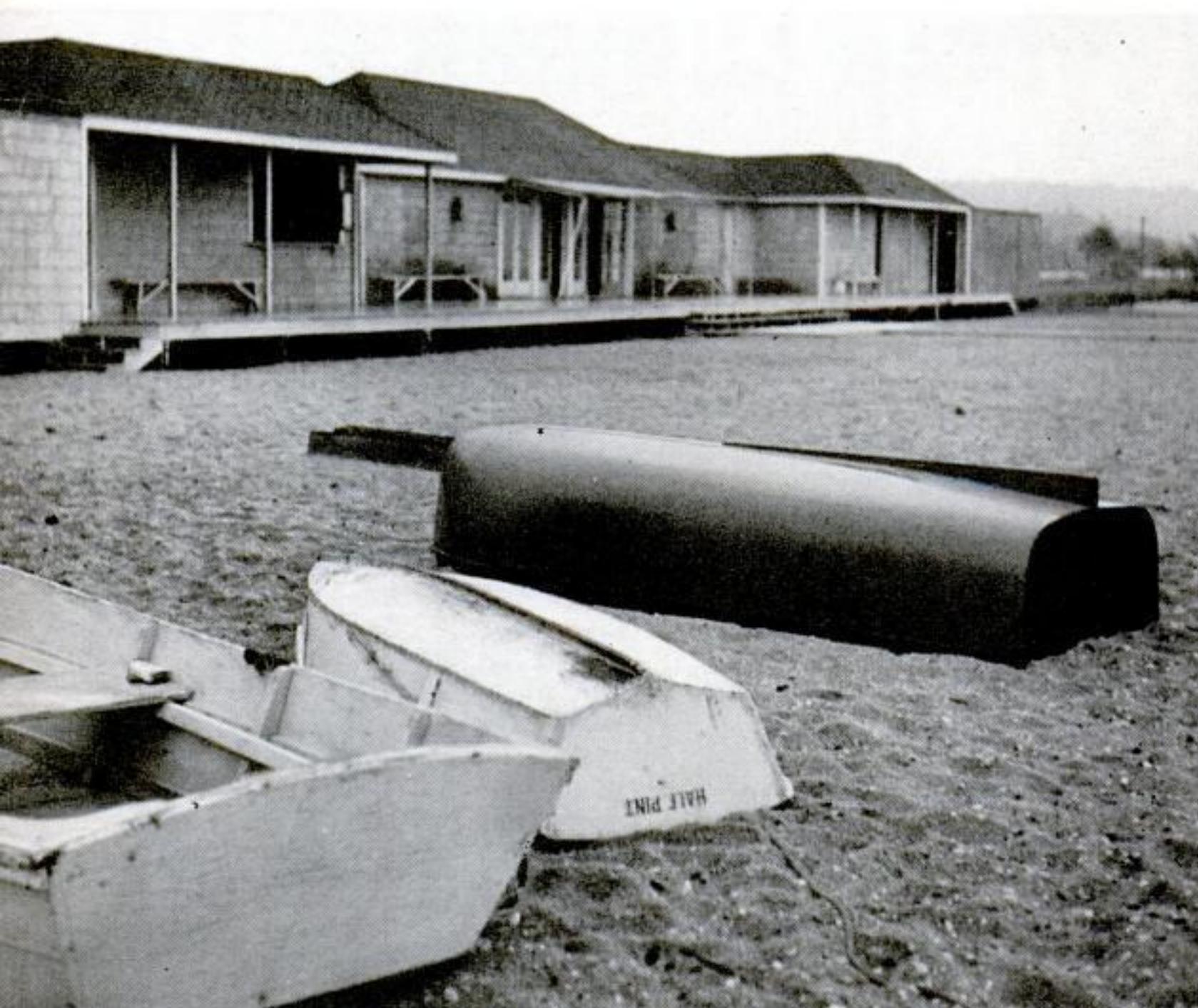
Lindbergh's four-month tour of duty in 1939 constitutes his only active service in the U. S. Army aside from his training as an Air Corps cadet in 1924-25. In 1927, as one of the honors given for his transatlantic flight, he had been made a colonel in the Reserve by President Coolidge. This rank was more of a handicap than a help to Lindbergh in establishing Army contacts. Other colonels were 25 to 30 years older, while the young officers of his own generation stood in awe of such an exalted rank.

Even in 1939, when he was 37, Lindbergh found more congenial companions among the junior officers who were testing new pursuit-plane designs in the Army's big flying laboratory at Wright Field. He spent much of his active service there, working on plans and models for such new Army planes as Bell's Airacobra, P-39, which is just now coming into large-scale production. He served on the Army's Pursuit and Observation Boards, which say the final word on planes of those types. He was less interested in bombers, being known in the Air Corps as a pilot of small planes.

Lindbergh's knowledge of European aviation



The Lindberghs' home is this handsome Manor House on Lloyds Neck, Long Island, rented from Mrs. Willis Delano Wood, owner of nearby mansion, Fort Hill. Lindbergh uses one front room, panelled in old wood, for his office and study, occasionally writes outdoors in a garden house.



Plain but exclusive Lloyds Neck Bath Club is used by Lindbergh children. Lindbergh swims from private beach of Mrs. Wood farther up the Neck. His favorite swim is around lighthouse a quarter mile out (below), which other Lloyds Neckers consider dangerous because of the strong tides.



LINDBERGH (continued)

was eagerly sought by his Air Corps associates of this period. They found him especially well informed on the strength of German planes, as compared with the woeful weaknesses of the French and Russian. He also discussed English planes, some of which he had flown, but what he said at the time did not prepare American airmen for the amazing performance of the Royal Air Force in warding off German invasion a year later. Today Lindbergh says, privately, that the British have done "a remarkable job" in the air, but insists that their courage has only postponed the day of final destruction. The Luftwaffe, he declares, can win any all-out war it chooses to wage, and, for him, "The invasion hasn't started yet."

One evening in July 1939, after Lindbergh had completed his tour and returned to Washington to write his report, he was sitting at dinner in the Washington home of William R. Castle, who had been Herbert Hoover's Undersecretary of State. Castle had met the Lindberghs when they came to the State Department to arrange their "North to the Orient" flight in 1931. He had been a member of a conservative clique of career diplomats who dominated U. S. foreign policy before Roosevelt entered office and have opposed most of Roosevelt's policies since. The only other man at the dinner table that evening was young Fulton Lewis Jr., a former Washington reporter who was building up a reputation as a radio news commentator. Castle had phoned Lewis suggesting he come to dinner and meet Lindbergh. Lewis was naturally delighted.

Lindbergh, as was customary with him, talked a good deal about Europe, recounted his German and English experiences, and discussed, in less detail, his just-completed inspection of American airpower. At the time, it should be remembered, he was still a figure of mystery to the American public—a man who was believed to hate public appearances worse than death. But young Lewis, listening and watching, realized that Lindbergh "had something on his chest." Taking the bull by the horns, as he said later, he made a suggestion:

"Colonel, I am going on vacation and a number of prominent people are going to fill in for me as guest commentators on the air. Why don't you take over for an evening and tell the American people how you feel about things?"

Instead of a curt negative, which Lewis rather expected, Lindbergh smiled and considered the suggestion for a full minute. "I don't believe I could do that," he said, finally. "But I'd like a rain check on the invitation."

That was in July 1939. Events moved swiftly to a stunning climax in Europe. The British-Polish treaty was signed, and Chamberlain issued stern warnings to Germany. Hitler replied with threats. To many Americans it looked like another Munich crisis, but on Sept. 1 the German Air Force went into action, smashing Polish cities and armies. Two days later came the declarations of war by Great Britain and France. In the U. S. President Roosevelt announced that Americans should be neutral in act, but that no one could expect them to remain neutral in thought. On a hot September Sunday, Fulton Lewis was called to a telephone several miles from his farm in Maryland.

"This is Charles Lindbergh speaking," said the voice on the wire. "I want to talk to you about the radio broadcast you suggested."

One broadcast makes him a leader

The first Lindbergh broadcast, which Lewis hurriedly arranged through Washington's WOL on Sept. 15, was a national sensation. It was heard by as many millions as ordinarily listen to a Presidential address, and drew a greater volume of mail than any other broadcast ever made from a Washington station. In the capital it stirred consternation among the friends of Britain and enemies of Hitler, unrestrained joy among the isolationists. It was clear, concise and calm in tone. In it, Lindbergh emerged for the first time as an expert in military and political science. It was hopeless, he said, for America to think of solving Europe's internal enmities, and so we must forget them. We must carry on "Western" civilization in this country while it bled to death in Europe. "The German genius for science and education, the English genius for government and commerce, the French genius for living and the understanding of life. . . . Here in America they can be blended together to form the greatest genius of all." To enter the war, on the other hand, would cost "a million men, possibly several million—the best of American youth."

The first Lindbergh speech contained nothing that was not being said at the time by other advocates of strict neutrality. But it was Lindbergh's emergence as champion of a cause, his personal appearance, so charged with recollections of heroism and tragedy, that thrilled people more than his words. At once he became the foremost figure in the anti-war cause.

Castle and Fulton Lewis were among a host of candidates for the honor of "ghosting" this first speech. The fact is that Lindbergh wrote it himself, at great cost of time and effort, as he has written all those that followed—"sweating it out" in longhand first, and revising through weary days and nights. The only person who regularly hears and reads what he writes is his wife whose literary style is too well known to be mistaken for his in any

respect. Occasionally she suggests a turn of phrase that he can use. This was the case with the celebrated "We must be as impersonal as a surgeon with his knife" sentence in this first address. Commentators seized upon this as typical of Lindbergh's thinking (which it is) but the phrase itself was suggested by Anne.

Isolationist Senators and neutrality advocates like Castle urged Lindbergh to follow up his first address with another, making specific suggestions for action. So on Oct. 13, as Hitler and Stalin were dividing up Poland, Lindbergh returned to WOL in Washington. He proposed a definite neutrality program with four points: 1) an embargo on offensive weapons and munitions; 2) unrestricted sale of purely defensive armaments; 3) prohibition of American shipping from the European danger zones; 4) refusal of credit to warring nations.

This constituted a new and, for Lindbergh, curiously sentimental suggestion—that the U. S. should sell "defensive" and refuse to sell "offensive" weapons. As a "clear-cut case," Lindbergh pointed to "the bombing plane and the anti-aircraft gun. . . ." "I do not want to see American bombers dropping bombs which will kill and mutilate European children, even if they are not flown by American pilots," he continued. "But I am perfectly willing to see American anti-aircraft guns shooting American shells at invading bombers over any European country."

At this time, as Lindbergh had reason to know, the most pressing need of Britain and France was for bombing planes; Germany had plenty of them. Moreover, as Lindbergh was to say again and again, the one effective defense against air attack is a strong air force, including plenty of bombers. The anti-aircraft gun had already proven relatively ineffective in stopping big attacks. In spite of these facts, Lindbergh stuck to this idea and repeated it in speeches in the spring of 1940. In this, as in other instances, his "neutrality" seemed to weigh heavily in favor of Germany. From the military standpoint, his attempt to distinguish between "offensive" and "defensive" weapons has proved futile and naive.

The uneasy winter watch on the Maginot Line had set in. In November came the Russian attack on Finland, with its long stalemates and harrowing attrition. During the winter Lindbergh completed a longer article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, which appeared in March. This contained a rounded explanation of his philosophy of the war. The new era of science, he wrote, had created a new world in which "the rights of men and nations must be readjusted to coincide with their . . . strength." If not readjusted peacefully, "they will be readjusted by force." He went on to discuss might and right. "In periods of satisfaction, 'right' becomes associated with law, while in periods of strife it becomes an ally of force. . . ." Germany, as "a strong people dissatisfied with its position," had turned to "that primeval 'right' of force." "Why," he asked, "should that be shocking to us?"

On May 19, one day before the retreat toward Dunkirk, Lindbergh made his third radio appeal. Previously he had spoken as a student of history and race, a philosopher of war, author of a neutrality program—but he had made only brief reference to what was generally considered his specialty—aviation. Now he was ready to discuss "The Air Defense of America."

It was apparent at once that he was striving to convince Americans that they could never be the victims of the air menace which he had advertised so assiduously in Europe. At the time he spoke the Luftwaffe dive bombers were engaged in their most spectacular feats; parachutists had recently dropped on Holland; air attacks had demoralized the French Army, and great aerial combats were beginning over England. All was occurring just as Lindbergh had predicted. Now, having been proven right on the threat of German airpower to Europe, Lindbergh must prove that the same threat meant nothing to the U. S. "The power of aviation," he began, "has been greatly underrated in the past. Now, we must be careful not to overrate this power in the excitement of reaction."

The debate on air danger

So, Lindbergh set about minimizing the danger of air attack to America. "Let us not be confused by this talk of invasion by European aircraft," he said. "It is true that bombing planes can be built with sufficient range to cross the Atlantic and return. They can be built either in America or Europe. . . . But the cost is high, the target large, and the military effectiveness low. . . . As long as American nations work together, as long as we maintain reasonable defense forces, there will be no invasion by foreign aircraft. . . ." Testifying on the Lease-Lend Bill, he went even further. "An air invasion across the ocean is, I believe, absolutely impossible at this time or in any predictable future."

Men like Grover Loening and Major Alexander P. Seversky have publicly taken issue with Lindbergh on this point. Practical plane builders believe that within five years there will be military aircraft with a range of 25,000 miles—capable of completely circumnavigating the globe. The future air traffic of the world, says Seversky, will crisscross America on its way from continent to continent, and every part of the country will be "completely open for commerce or for destructive onslaught." Under such conditions "oceans will be just so many Skagerraks." Lindbergh, Seversky

suggests, is the victim of "frozen tactical thinking of the past" and has acquired the same "Maginot Line mentality" that he found so painful among the French.

Officers of the U. S. Army Air Corps, of course, cannot enter into such a controversy. But in the opinion of some of the highest of them, Lindbergh is as stubborn and obtuse about admitting an air threat to the U. S. as Stanley Baldwin was in recognizing the same threat to London.

While Lindbergh still held rank as a Reserve officer he refrained from criticism of the U. S. Army Air Corps. But in April, after President Roosevelt had referred to him as a "Copperhead" and defeatist, he resigned from the Army. Shortly afterward he told an audience in St. Louis: "Our total air force in the U. S. today, including both Army and Navy, both modern and obsolescent types, is not more than Germany can produce in a few weeks. . . . We have . . . made a desperate attempt to improve the performance of American fighting planes without taking the time to design and build completely new types. . . . We put liquid-cooled engines in planes that had been designed for air-cooled engines. . . . We began mass production with untried types. We attempted to furnish England and France with airplanes at the same time we were expanding our own air forces. . . . The performance of some of our vital types of service aircraft [is] inadequate."

Of these comments, General George H. Brett, head of the Air Corps, says: "So far as production is concerned, Lindbergh knows nothing. He has not kept himself informed on that score. As regards performance his ideas are based entirely on his knowledge of two years ago. Certain of his statements are half-truths. We did put liquid-cooled engines in the P-40's [Curtiss-Wright, called Tomahawks in England] that were originally designed for air-cooled radial engines, but that is only part of the story. These planes were redesigned for the new type engine, and supplied an important link in developing newer and better planes.

"Yes, we ordered 30 of the B-24's [Consolidated bombers] before we ever saw the plane; we bought 300 of the B-26 medium bombers before we saw them, before Martin even built one. It's one of the best planes we have, it can outrun any pursuit plane now fighting in Europe. Little more than a year ago we were handed the job of building a force of around 5,500 planes into 50,000. Naturally we couldn't do things the old, slow way."

Lindbergh has maintained only irregular contact with military aviation in the U. S. since September 1939. He has not visited, for instance, the giant bomber factories in Southern California, or the busy Grumman and Republic plants near his Long Island home since the defense program began. Throughout the anxious years of 1940 and 1941, when American airpower was at last beginning to grow to something comparable with the strength of the nation, the nation's most famous aviator was making speeches. His only significant action, so far as the Army was concerned, was to resign.

Since the war broke out in September 1939, Lindbergh has made 15 major addresses—two in 1939, five in 1940 and eight so far in 1941—and has testified before the Senate and the House Foreign Affairs Committees. His carefully worded statement before the House Committee on the aviation defense of America was overshadowed in interest by certain unprepared statements which he made in answer to questions. It did not make any difference, he said, whether Germany or England won the war—he wanted "neither side" to win. But he was certain that Britain could not win, and that the U. S. was only prolonging bloodshed on both sides by attempting to save her.

These statements were typical of the Lindbergh that began to emerge as the war over entering the war became more violent. At first he had appeared calm, judicious, poised, and wholly objective. But beginning in the summer of 1940 a new note began to appear. It was bitter, contentious, and at times demagogic. He talked of leaders who had "lost their influence" by "dabbling in European affairs." The trend toward war, which he recognized as growing stronger, was being directed by "an organized minority" and a press "flooded with propaganda." He catered to the England-haters: "When I saw the wealth of the British Empire, I felt that the rich had grown too rich"; and to the Roosevelt-haters: "It is Roosevelt himself who advocates world dominion." Whole sections of his speeches became angry tirades against "college presidents" and "idealists." Democracy, he told an audience in Minneapolis, "doesn't exist today, even in our own country." Since Roosevelt and Willkie had agreed on foreign policy in the election of 1940, the election was not honest and we the people must now "impose our will upon the Government in Washington." He stirred antagonisms with such remarks as: "A refugee who steps from the gangplank and advocates war is acclaimed as a defender of freedom. A native-born American who opposes war is called a fifth columnist."

Neutrality toward all nations but one

His description of events leading up to the outbreak of war took on an outlandish air: "The interventionists of England and France persuaded their countries to intervene in a war between Germany and Poland. They first encouraged Poland to fight, and then they shouted that England and France must defend Poland in order to defend themselves."

The Lindbergh picture of Europe as presented in his speeches became a land-

Cooling Refreshment

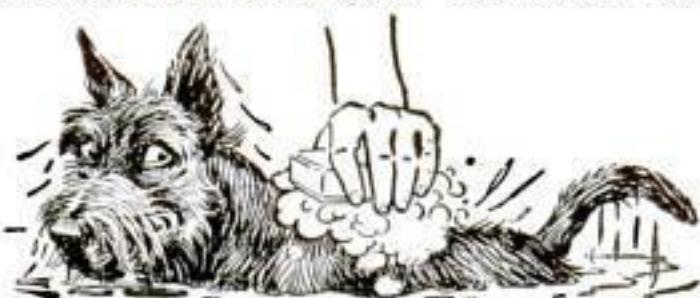
5¢



I'LL TELL YE ABOUT FLEAS! Th' flea is a wee vicious beastie—and verra unnecessary. Besides th' torture o' his bite, he carries wi' him th' eggs o' worrms! A verra low character!



YE'LL AGREE WI' ME, he deserves t' be done t' death afore his nasty wurrk is begun. And guid SKIP-FLEA POWDER is th' way t' do it! That and SKIP-FLEA SOAP are fatal to fleas!



FOR MYSEL', I use th' twa o' them in th' verra thrifty Sergeant's *Flea Insurance Kit*, and I ha'e no trooble wi' th' beasties. At drug and pet stores, and a free new Sergeant's DOG BOOK.

FREE — New 40-page DOG BOOK!
Mail this coupon.

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 52-H, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:
(Print)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

**Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES**



Lindbergh was born in this stone house at 1120 West Forest Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Bronze plaque on wall attracts few visitors. House, once handsome, is now in cheap, noisy neighborhood.



Tin "Lindy's Birthplace" sign on front porch attracts rooms-for-rent prospects.

LINDBERGH (continued)

scape peopled by foolish idealists, and ambitious politicians bent on war at any cost—all of them living in England, France and Poland. In none of the 18 speeches and articles that Lindbergh has written on the subject has there appeared any argument against German participation in war, or any suggestion that Germany should have followed any other course but war. When this is pointed out to Lindbergh he sets his jaw and repeats, "I intend to be neutral." Lindbergh's neutrality, as far as his speeches, writings and much of his conversation is concerned, appears to extend to only one country. That country is not the U. S., whose course he condemns often enough. It is Nazi Germany.

On May 29 Lindbergh told a Philadelphia audience: "If we say our frontier lies on the Rhine, they [the Germans] can say theirs lies on the Mississippi." A few days before, in an interview which appeared after Lindbergh spoke, Adolf Hitler told LIFE's Correspondent John Cudahy that he had not yet heard "anybody in Germany say the Mississippi River was a German frontier." This coincidence, like many that have occurred in Lindbergh's speeches, appears to have been a result of parallel thinking. There is nothing on the record or available as evidence to show that Lindbergh deliberately follows the Nazi Party line or has any contacts today with German leaders or agents.

Perhaps, as one friend has suggested, Lindbergh appears pro-Nazi because practically everyone else is so anti-Nazi. There are other factors that have built up a stiff-necked and resentful stubbornness on Lindbergh's part. He has been the object of cruel attacks. His feud with Roosevelt, which runs back many years before the war issue, has made him hypersensitive to statements from the White House. Lindbergh, says a friend, has a deep conviction that Roosevelt is a glib, hypocritical and deceitful politician, while it is no secret in Washington that Roosevelt considers Lindbergh a defeatist and potential Quisling. (During the 1940 campaign, however, Lindbergh was describing the conversation of some Republican Long Islanders at dinner and exploded to a friend: "Damn it, I'm almost convinced I should vote for Roosevelt." He didn't, though.) Lindbergh has also been called a "leader of Fascist youth," an "ex-hero," a "sulky knight in shining pewter." The "Copperhead" epithet bestowed by Roosevelt has been seized by young America Firsters, who have organized "Copperhead Clubs" in several cities. They parade at rallies with "Copperhead" banners and signs. Lindbergh has been seen to wince at this. Streets named after Lindbergh have been changed; monuments marking events in his early flying career have been toppled; he has been refused halls in which to speak. Much of this he expected to face, but it has strengthened his conviction that Americans are primitive and lack discipline.

Efforts to build an anti-war front

Almost from the day he returned to America, Lindbergh has worked tirelessly behind the scenes to create an organization that would enforce American neutrality. His first radio address urged that such a group be formed at once. During the winter of 1939-40 he met frequently with leaders of various anti-war societies, but found none that suited his purpose. The peace movement during this period was dominated by noisy "Mothers" societies and professional pacifists. Lindbergh correctly saw that they would never arouse strong national support.

In May 1940, Lindbergh received a letter from Orland Kay ("O. K.") Armstrong, a writer and Legionnaire from Missouri, describing Armstrong's efforts to line up the American Legion for non-intervention. Soon afterward the two men got together for dinner at the Engineers' Club, at 32 West 40th St., Manhattan, where Lindbergh makes many of his appointments in the city. During June and July they met again several times—in Washington, New York, and at Lindbergh's home on Lloyds Neck, Long Island, where Anne Lindbergh joined in the discussion. Armstrong decided to give all his time to the cause and embarked on a speaking tour of State Legion conventions. He sent out invitations for a general conference on non-intervention in Washington, using Legion stationery. This led to a storm of protest, and at the Boston national convention Armstrong was repudiated by the Legion.

In August, Lindbergh went to Chicago and spoke at Soldier Field under the auspices of another organization, the Citizens' Keep America Out of War Committee headed by Avery Brundage. This Chicago mass meeting was widely advertised by "Einheitsfront," which included the pro-Nazi German organizations of Chicago. Lindbergh, however, never became a member of this organization.

O. K. Armstrong finally arranged a general conference of peace and neutrality advocates in Washington for Oct. 20-21, out of which grew the No Foreign War Committee. Lindbergh attended and made a brief dinner speech. He agreed to make some public speeches for the new committee, and the first one was planned for St. Louis.

At this time it was thought that an outstanding Midwestern editor, to counterbalance William Allen White of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, should be chosen permanent chairman of the new group. Armstrong proposed Verne Marshall, of the Cedar Rapids *Gazette*. Returning to New York, he called a conference in the apartment of Douglas M. Stewart, co-publisher of *Scribner's Commentator*. Lindbergh attended. He was asked whom he wanted as chairman but said, "I'll leave that up to the others." Finally Marshall, whom Lindbergh had already met, was agreed upon.

On Dec. 11 Marshall took full charge of the No Foreign War campaign. It soon became apparent that



"Why, it's just like home!" fluttered Elsie "—not blue at all!"

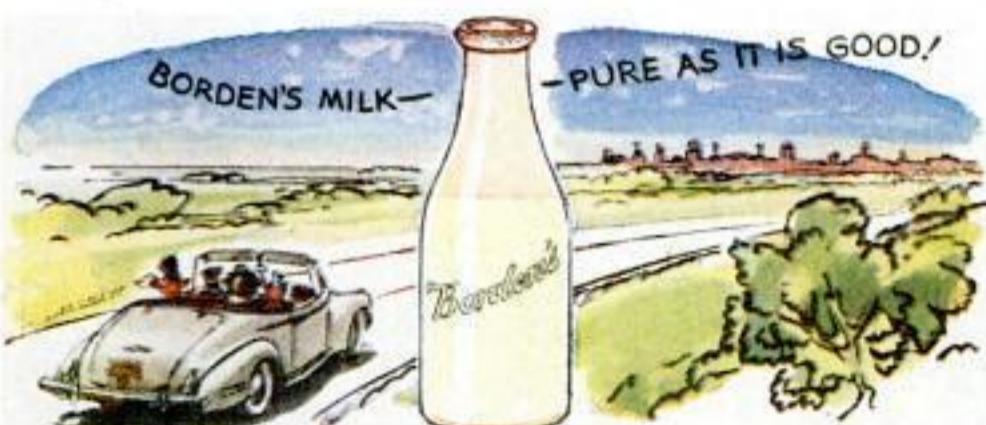
ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, turned from admiring the attractive Canadian countryside to look questioningly at Elmer, the Bull.

Elmer was embarrassed. "Harrumph!" he spluttered. "There must be some mistake. Canada certainly is blue on this map."

"Don't worry," soothed Elsie, as they neared a handsome, flag-topped city. "I'm sure we're really *on* the map, for this looks like the Canadian National Exhibition we're coming to. My feminine instinct tells me we're right."

"Sure, sure," sulked Elmer. "You're *always* right."

"No—but my *Borden's Milk* always is," retorted Elsie. "It has to be, to get by Borden's eagle-eyed experts and

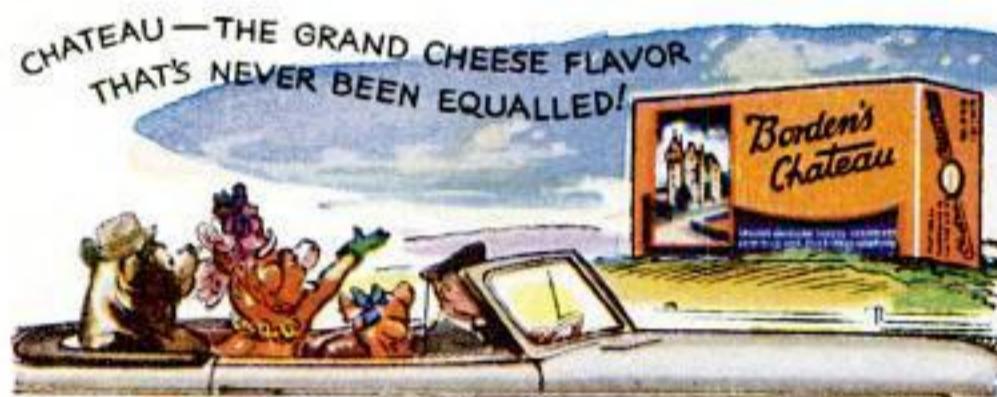


scientists. And to rate having a host of pure, wholesome Borden products made from it, too."

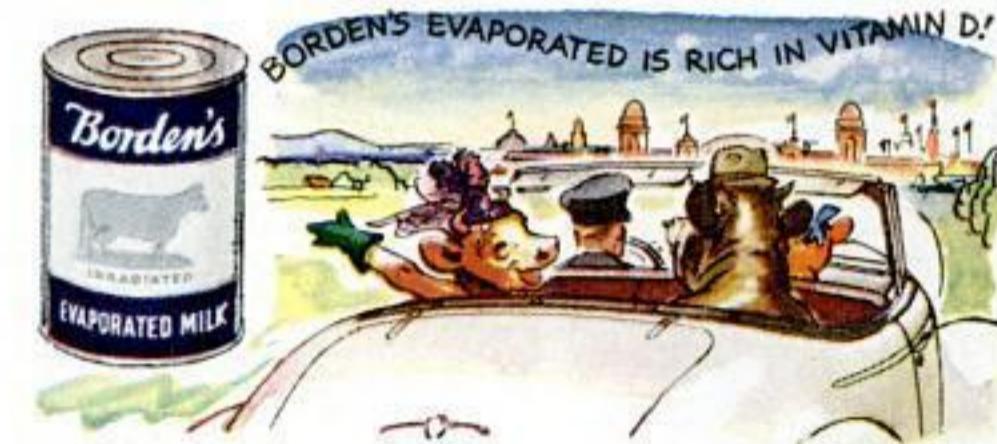
"Did you come all the way to Canada to tell me that?" Elmer complained.

"This trip is part of my *good neighbor* policy," reminded Elsie. "After all, we have our good neighbor Canada to thank for one of the tastiest things made from my milk—*Borden's Chateau*. It's the mellow, golden cheese-food no one's been able to copy, a credit to the whole distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*."

"Family! Bah!" snorted Elmer. "A lot you care about family life—forever gallivanting all over the continent!"



"Please, Elmer!" begged Elsie. "Don't start a rumpus just as we're pulling up to the Exhibition. As a matter of fact, family life is one of my biggest interests. *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* is approved by doctors for babies because it's so digestible and rich in

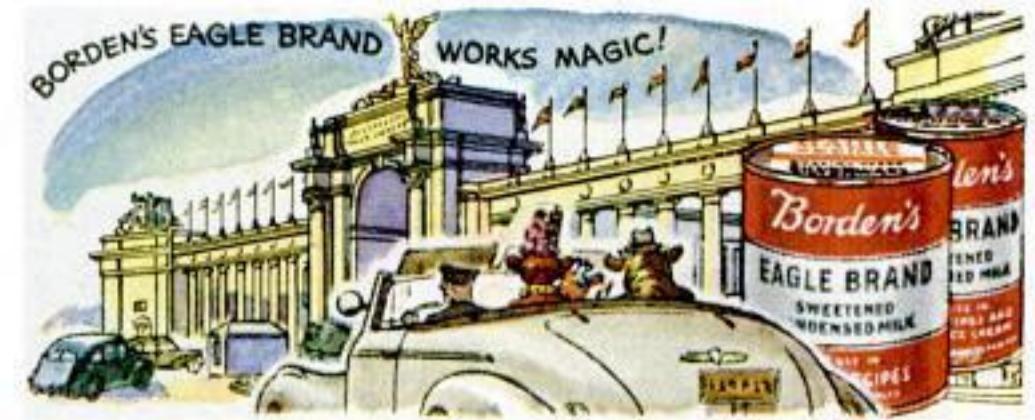


Vitamin D. And it pleases the rest of the family by helping to make the fluffiest mashed potatoes and creamiest cream soups."

"For self-confidence," snarled Elmer, "you certainly take the cake."

"For confidence," Elsie replied, "good cooks everywhere rely on *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*—to make the most luscious cake frostings, candies, and cookies... Isn't this where we turn in?"

"I'll take care of everything," stated Elmer, as the car stopped and a uniformed guard stepped up. "Don't



delay us, my good man," said Elmer. "We're already a little late."

"Oh, you are?" replied the guard, beginning to frown. "Maybe you're going to be even later."

"What!" bellowed Elmer. "Do you realize who you're talking to?"

"Elmer, Elmer," sighed Elsie. "Don't let your temperature boil over. Cool down. Lots of folks do that with *Borden's Ice Cream*—the smoothest, most refresh-

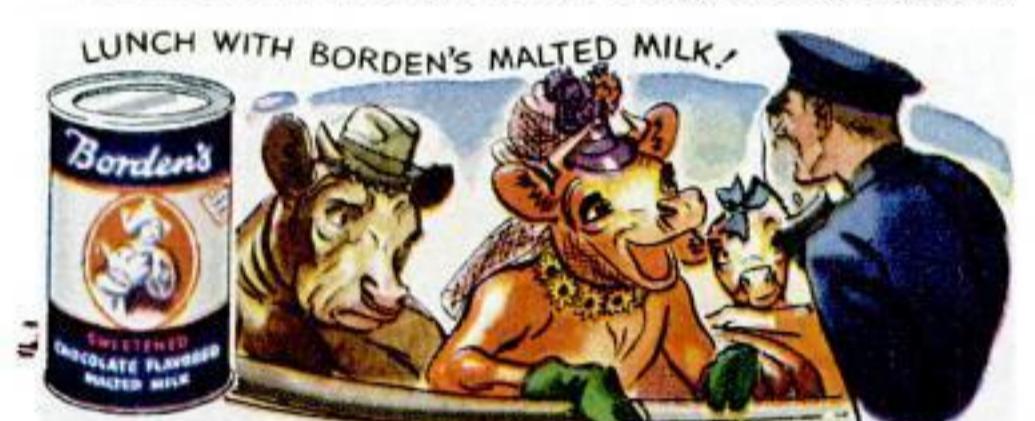


ing cooler-downer there is. It's made from the finest milk and cream, you know."

"Listen, beefy," the guard was saying to Elmer. "Are you going to move on—or am I going to move you on?"

Elmer almost exploded. "T-talk to me that way, will you! I'll show you!" he roared.

Elsie warned him: "Careful, Elmer—you'll wear yourself out. Lots of people who need a quick energy bracer find it in that delicious energy drink, *Borden's*



Chocolate Malted Milk. Please, Mr. Guard, weren't you told to expect me?"

"Elsie!" cried the delighted guard. "Of course we're expecting you!" he added, with a chilly glance at Elmer. "Drive right in!"

"Bah!" fumed Elmer. "You must need a password to get into this place."

"If you do," smiled Elsie, "I bet it's the best-known one there is... 'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'"

More than 27,000 Borden employees work in behalf of 47,000 owner-stockholders, to provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.



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Courier, Warrior, Defender

Lockheed builds them...wings for every need: P-38 Lightnings to sweep the skies of war...Hudsons to bomb for freedom...Lodestar transports to speed efficiency within the arsenals of democracy. Tough...dependable...transports for trade so well engineered they become hard-hitting bombers without major structural changes; fast-flying interceptors that presage new performance for all planes of the future.

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and Progress tomorrow**

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Lightning test pilots are "supercharged" with special oxygen equipment, because of the airplane's ability to climb to great altitudes so rapidly.



Lockheeds pictured: The P-38 Lightning, The Lodestar Transport, The Hudson Bomber, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California

LINDBERGH (continued)

Marshall intended to stage a lively crusade. He called press conferences and issued statements almost daily. Finally, on Dec. 30, he met reporters for a memorable session at the National Press Club in Washington, during which he disclosed that the late William R. Davis, "mystery" man involved in Nazi oil deals with Mexico, was a principal backer of the committee. Armstrong hurried to New York from St. Louis, where he had been arranging Lindbergh's scheduled speech. He and Lindbergh and Stewart held some hurried conferences, the result of which was that Lindbergh canceled his plans to speak, issued a curt statement disowning Marshall, and the No Foreign War Committee soon dropped out of the papers.

This collapse was a severe blow to Lindbergh, though he had avoided direct membership on the committee and so was not closely associated with it in the public mind. Naturally he was even more gun-shy than usual when another organization came along to ask his help.

This was the America First Committee, headed by General Robert E. Wood, Chairman of the Board of Sears, Roebuck, and already firmly rooted in Chicago, reputed capital of U. S. isolationism. Negotiations toward obtaining Lindbergh's membership on the Committee were begun early this year, and followed up by General Wood in several trips to New York. Not until April 17, however, did Lindbergh go to Chicago and publicly announce he had joined America First. This was followed by an immediate upsurge in membership. On April 23, Lindbergh spoke under America First auspices in New York, and the next day 3,000 new members sent in cards. He has since spoken, on the average of once every two weeks—in St. Louis, Minneapolis, New York again, Philadelphia, Hollywood and San Francisco. He invariably draws enormous overflow crowds, which invariably lose interest in the proceedings after he has finished talking. At San Francisco on July 1, for instance, more than half the audience walked out on Idaho's Senator D. Worth Clark, who followed on the platform.

From the start America First has worked hard, and usually with great success, to avoid a Fascist or Red tinge. When Lindbergh spoke at Madison Square Garden in May, Joe McWilliams, the notorious Christian Mobilizer, displayed himself prominently in the audience, posing for photographs with obvious glee. Backstage John T. Flynn, chairman of the New York Chapter, exploded: "I'm going to let that ----- have it!" "Good idea, but don't be too violent," cautioned Lindbergh. Flynn stepped onto the stage and announced: "We don't want McWilliams here and we are asking him to get out." Most of the audience applauded.

For the rank and file of America First, Lindbergh is a legendary figure. They see him only at huge rallies, where he is rushed on stage and off again, surrounded by guards. Recently national headquarters announced that henceforth chapters showing the largest gain in membership would have the next Lindbergh speech—as a kind of prize. Lindbergh has made a single visit to the central New York office at 515 Madison Ave., and two or three to the Chicago offices. Generally, however, his contacts with the organization are through a few leaders, like Flynn and General Wood. When he retires to his home on the Long Island North Shore to write and rest, he is as remote from the average member as Hitler in Berchtesgaden.

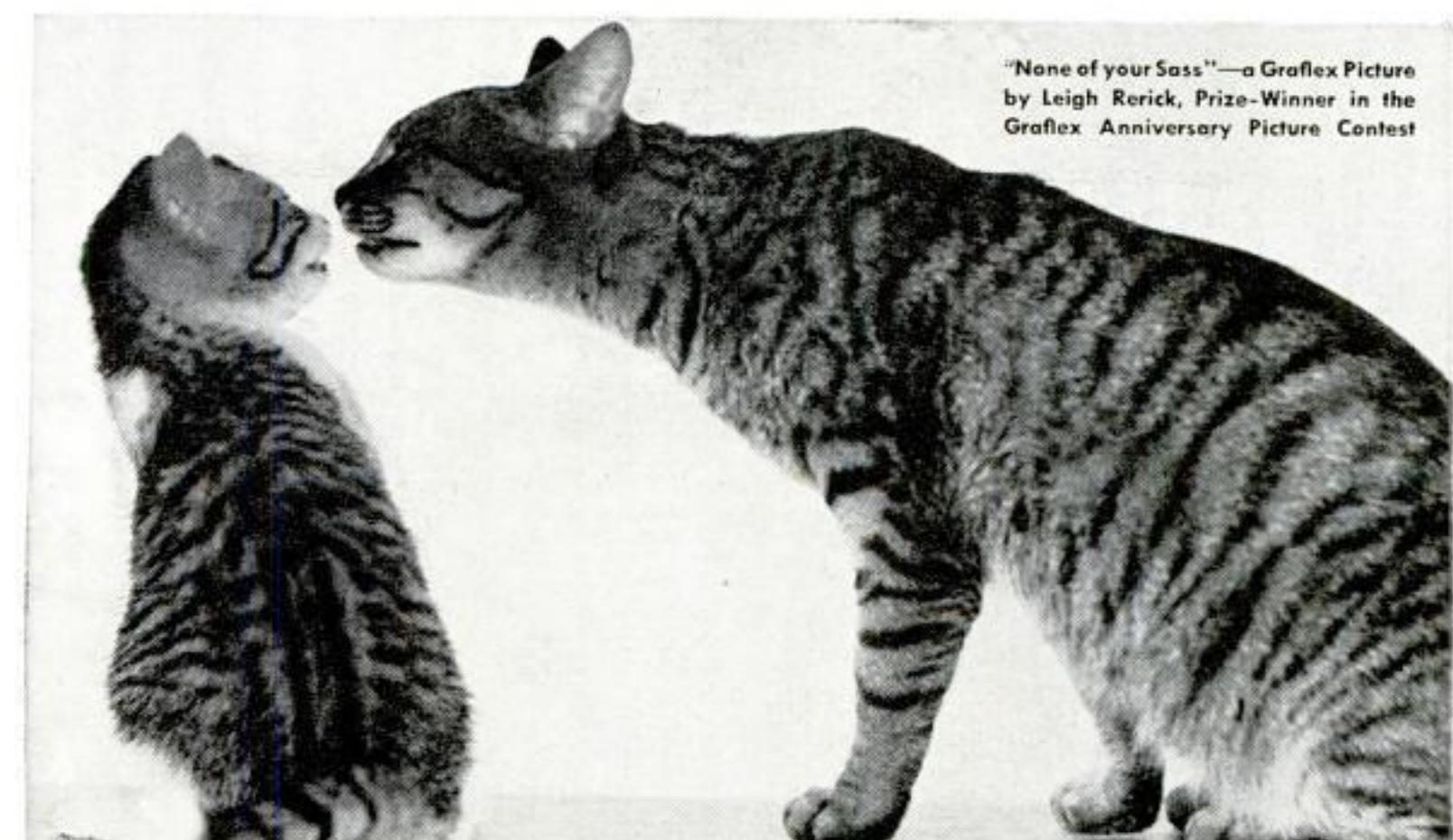
The Lindberghs at home

Lloyds Neck, where the Lindberghs have lived since they returned to the U. S. in 1939, is a gourd-shaped protuberance of land linked to Long Island by a narrow causeway, about 3 miles north of Huntington. It was suggested to them by Thelma Lee, wife of a Washington lawyer and an old friend of Anne. Anne liked it at once—"It is so much like England." This particular section of the North Shore was once famed for its huge estates (Otto Kahn, Ogden Mills), and is still largely populated by wealthy Wall Street brokers and corporation lawyers. (Secretary Stimson lives nearby, in West Hills.) Its older houses are straight white clapboard in the New England style, but its lush fields are much like Old England. In the afternoon uniformed nurses wheel their pram loads along the country roads, past grazing horses and Jersey cattle.

Mrs. Willis Delano Wood, the Lindberghs' landlady, rents her gatehouse, boathouse and half a dozen cottages and farmhouses to young New Yorkers who can afford a home overlooking the gray-blue waters of Long Island Sound. The Lindberghs occupy what is known as the Manor House, an old and lovely farmhouse built in Colonial times and once used as headquarters by Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford), the celebrated Tory leader who has recently been lionized by Kenneth Roberts in *Oliver Wiswell*.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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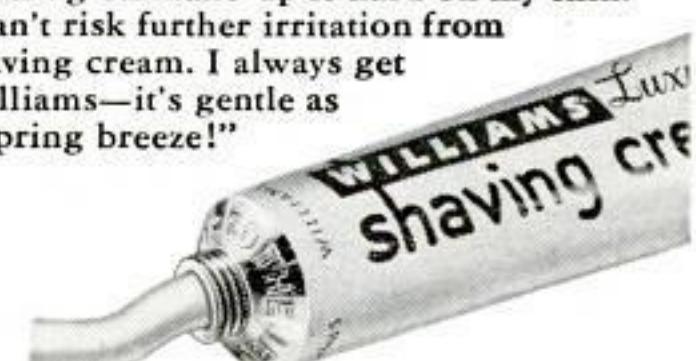
YOU wouldn't enjoy wearing heavy stage make-up every day. And you'd like it less when you removed the make-up. For you would probably have to rub it off with heavy towels. You might even have to use benzine, acetone or other strong chemicals. That's why actors' faces are sensitive to irritants in shaving cream.

To be gentle to your skin, a shaving cream *must* be made of fine, quality ingredients, combined as carefully as a prescription. Such a cream is Williams, compounded with the skill of over 100 years.

Snow-white, bland and mild, Williams lets you shave closely with comfort. Try it!



Senator Oliver P. Loganberry is the role portrayed by Victor Moore above. At left, Mr. Moore in his dressing room. He says: "Taking off make-up is hard on my skin. I can't risk further irritation from shaving cream. I always get Williams—it's gentle as a spring breeze!"





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RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

LINDBERGH (continued)

The house overlooks the paved road leading into the Neck, and a marshy salt-water bay where scores of humble Brooklynites keep a summer fleet of rowboats and small motorboats. It is surrounded by a thick hedge and there is a brick-terraced flower garden extending from a screened side porch, which is heavily shaded by wisteria. There is no mailbox, as at other houses on the Neck, and the Lindberghs' name is not listed on a directory posted across from their drive. Visitors have little chance of catching a glimpse of them at home. Their outdoor hours in summer are spent at the private beach of Mrs. Wood a half mile away, which is accessible only to residents. A big black police dog, Thor, roams the grounds. There are wire cages in the sheds behind the house for the rabbits and goat that Jon, 8, and Land, 4, are raising, and further up the hill behind the house, a pair of shaggy ponies graze in tall grass.

Most of the Lindberghs' neighbors are young, recently married couples. The place teems with children. Recently Anne told a friend: "When I can't sleep at night, I count the neighbors' children." At last count there were 29, including the Lindberghs' youngest, Anne Spencer, born in October 1940. The older Lindbergh boy, and most of the others, attends the white stone Lloyd Harbor public school a mile inland. The Lloyd Harbor police maintain two watch boxes on the only automobile road leading to the Neck, and patrol the road constantly by auto and motorcycle, but there is no attempt to halt visitors. Scores of motorists drive past the Lindbergh home every Sunday afternoon without realizing it.

Lindbergh works long hours on his speeches, sometimes having lunch and supper brought to his desk. When not writing he spends a good deal of time with his sons and neighboring children. He talks to them about nature—the sky, and stars, and animals. In winter he skis and sleds with them, and in warm weather he swims every day. His usual swim is a half mile out and around an old lighthouse. None of the other Lloyds Neckers ever venture out so far, as the tides are considered dangerous. Lindbergh takes pride in this accomplishment.

In cold weather he frequently takes long solitary walks, along the northern shore, which is dotted with some of the biggest boulders on Long Island. He flies frequently at the Aviation Country Club of Long Island at nearby Hicksville, where some of the wealthiest private fliers in the country keep their planes. Lindbergh recently bought a Monocoupe but in making long speaking trips, he uses the regular airlines.

He has kept himself in perfect trim with walks and exercise. When he is on a speaking trip he finds it difficult to eat until after his speech. Then he sometimes indulges in a midnight snack (as at Los Angeles) of chicken à la king, a favorite dish, topped off with a banana.

He has had little time for mechanical tinkering or medical experiments in the last two years. Last winter, however, two friends called on him and found every radiator in the house supporting a large panful of water, out of which dangled a wet Turkish towel which was dripping into another pan below. At first they thought this might have something to do with the baby crying upstairs, but Lindbergh sheepishly reassured them. The house was overly dry, he said, and he had worked out this scheme to humidify the air. The towel and drip pan below were to test how much water actually got into the atmosphere.

The Lindberghs live comfortably but not pretentiously by Long Island standards. They have a "couple," and a chambermaid and a nurse, besides two secretaries, one of whom, Christine Gawn, handles Lindbergh's enormous mail. Lindbergh still has part of the small fortune he made from writing and giving technical advice in the years after his flight, while his wife is independently well-to-do. In the past year his income from writing has been around \$3,000, which probably paid his expenses for speaking engagements.

Lindbergh and his wife's book

Lindbergh does not often discuss his wife's celebrated book, *The Wave of the Future*, and it is a question among her friends as to how much of it he agrees with. The book is written in a poetic, almost mystical style which clouds its meaning, and this is directly counter to Lindbergh's personal taste. His comments have suggested that he, like many others, does not fully understand it. However, Anne is the one person whose advice he trusts most completely, and most often accepts. And she has made desperate efforts to reconcile her own personal feelings (which are warmly pro-English) with his fatalistic inclination toward Germany and totalitarianism.

Lindbergh is on friendly terms with his neighbors. Some of them call him "Charles," and he sometimes buttonholes them for lengthy discussions of his views. Until this summer he has been a member of



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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

the small local Bath Club, using it mostly for the children. But he takes little part in the easygoing social life of the Neckers, among whom sailboating, dropping in for cocktails and late dinner parties are popular. As often happens with the Lindberghs, people who see them have the feeling that they are "lonely," especially since many of their old friends definitely disagree with their present activities.

Colonel Henry Breckinridge, Lindbergh's attorney for many years, is actively opposing him; Harry Guggenheim, who sponsored Lindbergh's goodwill flight around the U. S. in 1927, disagrees with him and hasn't seen him for a long time. Recently a woman friend of Anne cornered Thomas Lamont at a dinner party and asked the former partner of Anne's father: "Why don't you go and see the Lindberghs sometime—they're lonesome." "I have nothing to do with them," Lamont replied.

To replace friends like these, the Lindberghs have been going to dinner with America First associates like Norman Thomas and John T. Flynn. On their travels they stay at the homes of other America Firsters—General Wood, Kathleen Norris. Among the isolationist Senators and Congressmen, the only one that Lindbergh knows well is Shipstead, an old friend of his father. He had never met Burt Wheeler until last winter, and they have seen each other only once since. He sees Bob LaFollette and Bennett Clark somewhat more often.

In Washington, where the Administration is highly Lindbergh-conscious, his name is a danger signal to many of his old friends. Admiral Jerry Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, is a cousin of Lindbergh's mother, and used to put the young flier up on many visits to the capital. But recently when a mutual friend mentioned Lindbergh he exploded: "I just can't talk about him any more. I think he's gotten into bad hands and he's all wrong." Lieut. Col. Truman Smith, Lindbergh's companion in Berlin, is under special orders not to discuss Lindbergh with anybody, and not to discuss military matters with Lindbergh.

There has been no open break with Anne's family, though Mrs. Dwight Morrow, her mother, is active in organizing aid to Britain and China, and Anne's English brother in-law, Aubrey Morgan, is actually assistant to the Director General of the British information services in Manhattan. (Morgan has engaged in friendly arguments with Lindbergh and jokingly points to their relationship as "eternal refutation of the invincibility of British propaganda.") Recently Anne remarked at a dinner party, "Charles at least has the memory of his father with him. I'm entirely alone."

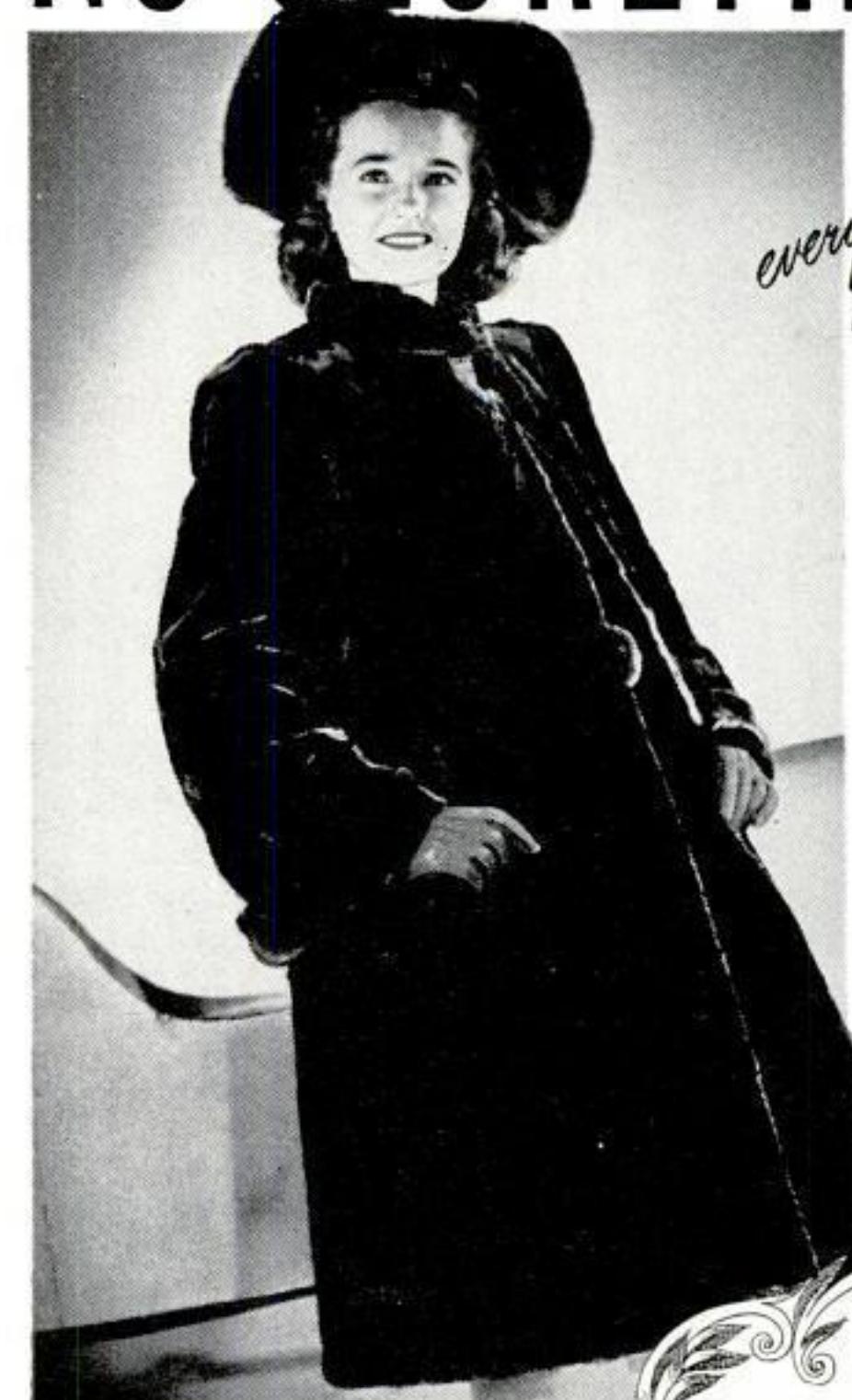
The heritage of his father

Lindbergh's father, Charles Augustus Sr., was a successful lawyer in the Minnesota town of Little Falls when he was elected to Congress in 1906. He was convinced that the whole American economy was a conspiracy against the Midwest farmer, and as time went on he became a bitter and rancorous partisan of farm legislation. When the World War came, he saw it entirely as another Wall Street scheme, and wrote a dozen speeches about the "exploiters" and "Wall Street speculators" who directed "the inner circle" for war. Plates of a book edition of these speeches, entitled *Your Country At War*, were seized and broken by Federal agents, but it was republished in 1934. There is nothing in it that remotely resembles the younger Lindbergh's arguments against war. However, the example of his father's "martyrdom"—he was mobbed and stoned by "patriots" while making an unsuccessful campaign for Governor of Minnesota in 1918—did make a strong impression on Lindbergh. He believes that his father has been vindicated since his death in 1924, and expects himself to be. "In ten or 15 years people will understand what I am doing now," he has said to friends.

Leaders of the America First Committee are agreed that its activities will cease immediately when Congress officially declares the U.S. at war. ("But not just because the President commits an act of war.") General Wood in a speech has taken his stand alongside Stephen Decatur—"Our country, in her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right: but our country, right or wrong"—and has said he would again offer his services to the Army. Lindbergh too, his friends say, will volunteer, but in Washington the impression is definite that President Roosevelt will not allow him to hold important rank again. As one of Roosevelt's intimates has said: "You can't have an officer leading men who thinks we're licked before we start—that's all there is to that."

At that point Lindbergh will be face to face with the great decision of his career—whether to become the popular leader of all the forces of discontent and disagreement, or to retire into a silent "martyrdom" and await the vindication he believes is certain. Those who know him best are convinced he has gone so far that now he can only make one choice—the first.

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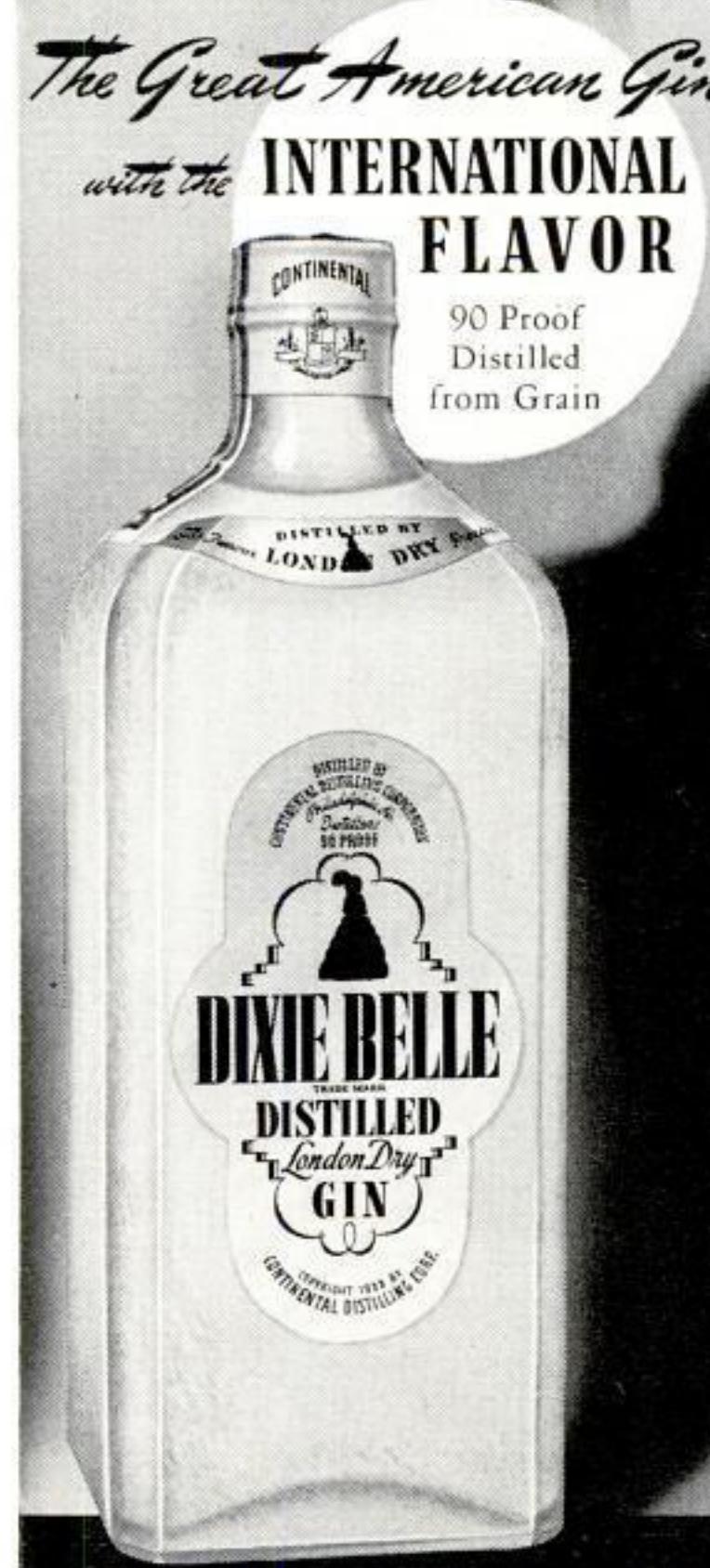
PROVE IT YOURSELF: If your fur coat looks almost new after seasons of wear, see if you don't find the Hollander stamp on back of each pelt . . . the unfailing guide to look for when you buy new furs during the August sales.



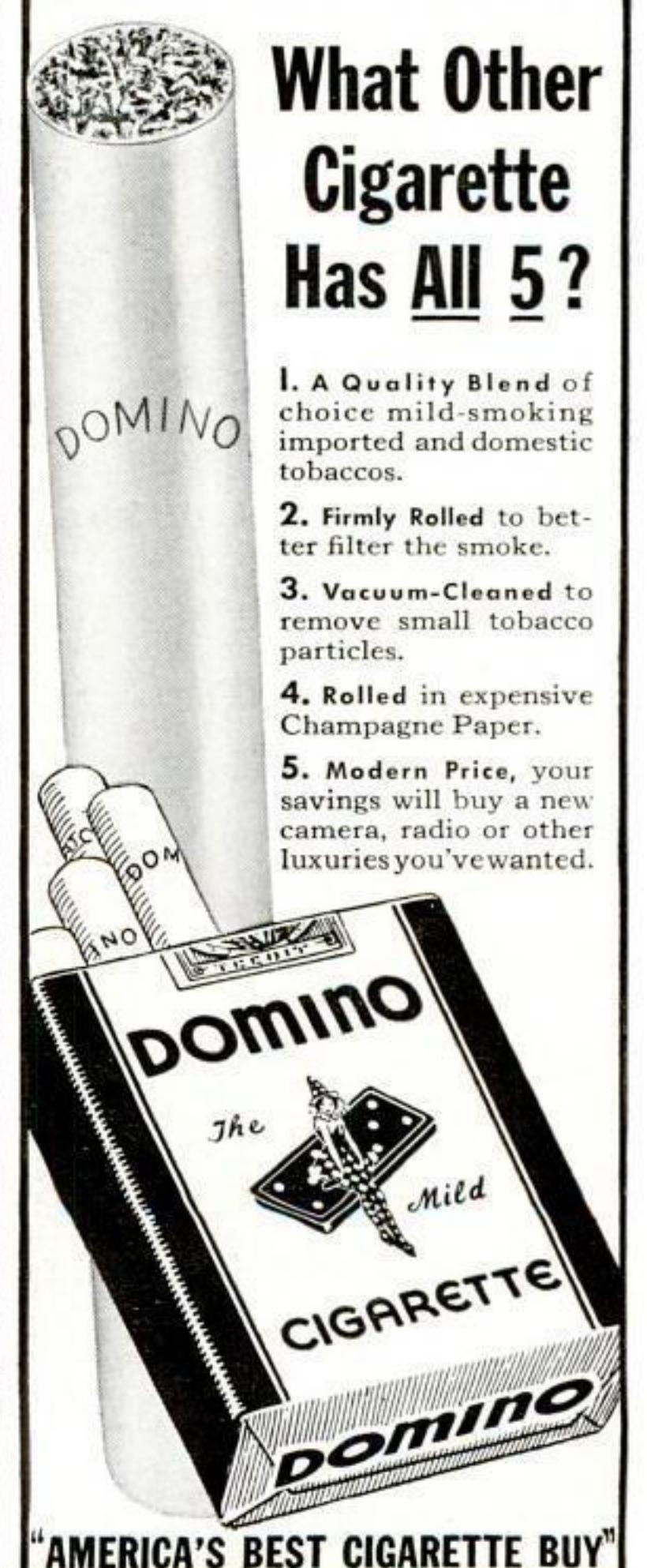
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STEPPING UP TO A "MUST" ASSIGNMENT

Railroads are now moving more tons of freight more miles than they did in the peak war-year of 1918



One year ago the American railroads looked at the transportation needs of the nation's defense program and said they could handle the job.

That was a promise, and on that promise we made good.

It was made with confidence, because our preparedness had started *twenty years before*.

Straight through tough times, the railroads had stepped up their operating efficiency and improved their equipment.

Eight billion dollars had gone into heavier rails, stronger bridges, improved safety signals, more powerful locomotives, better cars — the basic needs of faster, smoother handling of increased traffic, whenever it might come.

Since that promise was made, astounding things have happened.

The government's own appraisal of defense needs now has doubled and redoubled and redoubled again.

Consumer buying has reached a ten-year peak — which also brought increased traffic.

Demands for coal, piled up by the strike, have pyramided the job to be done in this important field of transport.



The demand for ships has brought an imperative shift of traffic from water to rails.

Today the railroads are handling an increasing portion of the inter-coast traffic formerly moved through the Panama Canal.

The railroads are ready to take over shipments from the Orient — loading them on the Pacific Coast and speeding them across the continent at a saving of precious weeks.

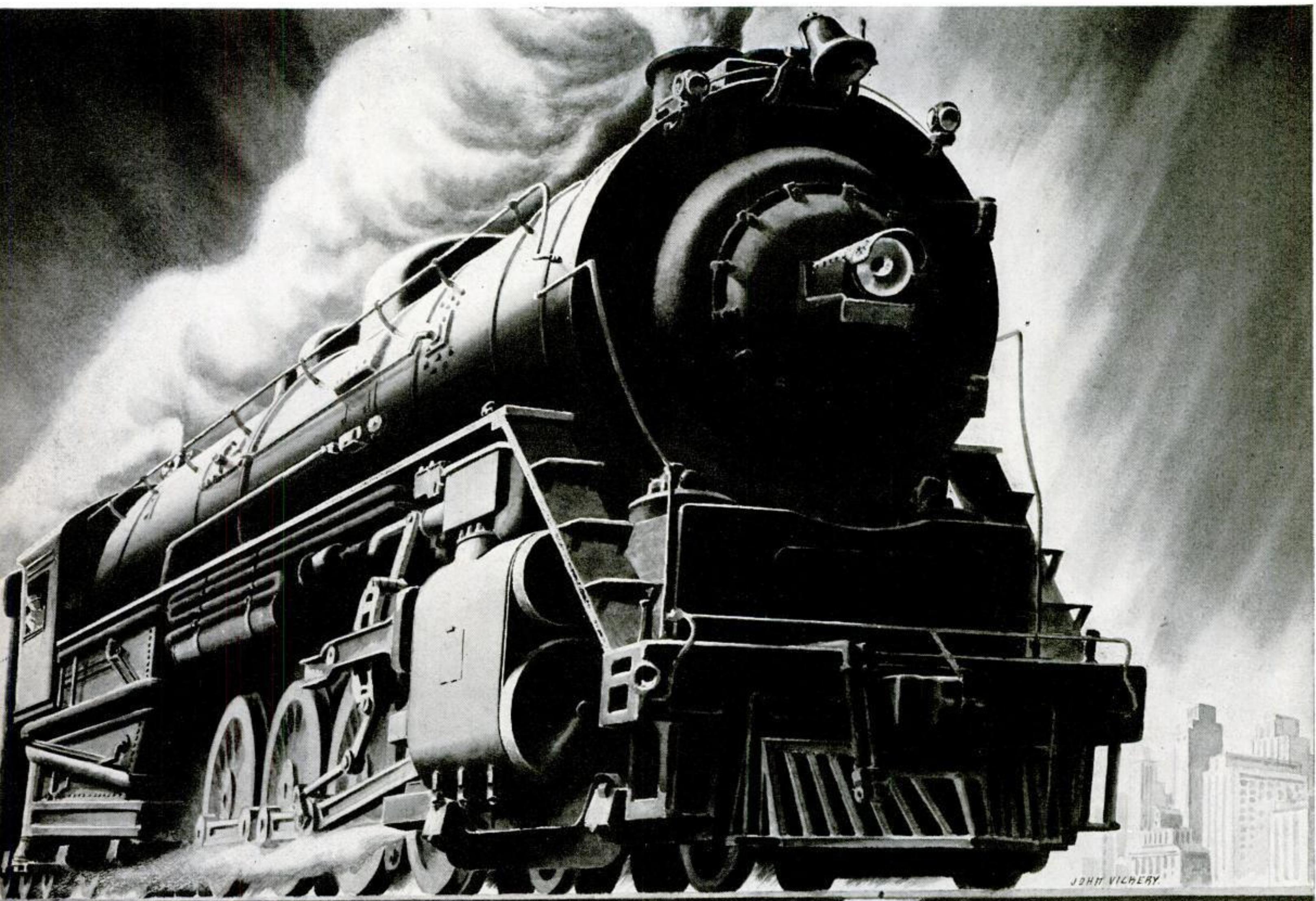
The railroads are being called upon to take over the movement of much of the oil formerly handled by oil company ocean tankers.

And under way now is one of the largest wheat harvests in history — with the railroads standing by with a supply of cars ample to move more wheat than can be stored.

Certainly, no other form of transportation could begin to handle this combination of assignments. No other transportation could move the tonnage that's rolling over the rails today.

One reason railroads can do it is that today's locomotives are much more powerful — box cars are bigger and carry heavier loads than ever before. Freight trains run faster, carry more and turn out more than twice as much transportation in an hour as in 1918.

To meet their increasing responsibility, the railroads are also steadily adding new equipment.



They are rebuilding old cars, adding new ones. Between the fall of 1939 and of 1941, they will have put in service 1,000 locomotives, 195,000 new and rebuilt cars. The schedule calls for 120,000 more in 1942—150,000 more in 1943.

These are important figures. But not content with this, we continue to ask ourselves, *what more can we do right now?* And in answer to this we have increased the activities of our Car Service Division, our Freight Container Bureau and our whole cooperative service to shippers.

What such cooperation can do to increase the carrying capacity of America's No. 1 transportation system is shown by such examples as these:

It would add the equivalent of 100,000 cars to the nation's supply if the average "turn-around" time of each car could be reduced one day by faster unloading—3 times the number of cars needed to handle any transfer of traffic from the Panama Canal.

It would add the equivalent of an additional 30,000 cars if the average loading of carload traffic could be increased by one ton—by such simple improvements as better planning of packaging and loading.

EXPERT OPINION

"The National Association of Shippers Advisory Boards has full confidence in the ability of the railroads of the United States to perform, under private management, with the cooperation of the shipping public and the government of the United States, the transportation services to be required of them by the National Defense program.

"It pledges its members and the members of its affiliated regional boards to the accomplishment of the nation's great purpose."—(Extract from resolution of the National Association of Shippers Advisory Boards adopted at Chicago, Illinois, on June 19, 1941.)

How such improvements can be accomplished calls for analysis of each shipper's present methods—as well as the practices on the receiving end.

The big fact is, we are thinking ahead—studying our job for the sake of defense—and we invite every user of rail transportation to do the same.

It's a big assignment we have ahead of us. We know it—and do not propose to underestimate the challenge it presents.

But we have the organization. We have the "know how." We have the man power. And we have the determination to do this job as it should be done.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.



AS SOON AS RAYMOND ARRIVES HOME, HIS BROTHERS AND OLD PALS FLOCK AROUND, FEEL AND ADMIRE HIS UNIFORM



At the town bus station, Raymond's bewhiskered old father meets the bus from Fayetteville. Raymond gets off smiling.



Raymond's mother Effie runs out through the door, throws her arms around his neck. Father is startled by the camera.



RAYMOND CARLTON'S HOME IS THIS WEATHER-BEATEN FIVE-

Life Goes on a With a Negro private from Fort

Until last January, Raymond Carlton, 24-year-old colored boy, was only one of the 1,200 people who lived in the little town of Warsaw, N. C., not far from Wilmington. His life was singularly uneventful and unimportant. Day after day he hitched up his father's two mules and, with his dog Spot beside him, plowed and tilled the 100 acres of his father's tobacco, okra, cotton and corn farm. With his two sisters and four brothers he had attended the Warsaw Grammar School, finishing the seventh grade before his father decided it was more important for him to work on the farm. For Raymond, life was pleasant but monotonous.

Then in January Raymond joined the Army. His draft number was coming up, so he volunteered. Overnight for him life became adventurous and exciting. He was dispatched 75 miles away from Warsaw to the great teeming Army camp at Fort Bragg. There, as Private Raymond Carlton, he was assigned to the 41st Engineer Regiment, probably the best Negro out-



On the front porch, Raymond tells tall tales of Army life. He mentions the good food, the single beds, the long, hard work...



ROOM HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE 100-ACRE FAMILY FARM

Weekend Leave

Bragg to his home in Warsaw, N.C.

fit in the whole U. S. Army. Quickly he learned to build a bridge under enemy fire, to destroy pillboxes with Molotov cocktails, to construct sturdy anti-tank barriers. Soon he will have traveled all over the South. There will be maneuvers and work to be done in the far-off States of Tennessee, Louisiana—places which nobody in Raymond's family has ever seen.

A fortnight ago, Private Raymond Carlton came back to Warsaw on a weekend leave. No longer was he merely one of the 1,200 people in town. Now he was a hero. His 70-year-old father, who is partly crippled and hadn't been to town in a year, met him at the bus station. His old friends flocked around to feel his uniform. His best girl, Billy Blackmore, a senior at the North Carolina College for Negroes, gave up a date to go out with him Saturday night. Finally, from miles around, Raymond's brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews flocked to the Carlton house (above), posed for the first family picture (right) they had ever had taken.



THE CARLTONS. INCLUDED ARE RAYMOND, HIS MOTHER, FATHER, THREE BROTHERS, TWO SISTERS, A NEPHEW, A NIECE



Through the smoky kitchen window, Raymond peers eagerly while his mother cooks up fried chicken for Saturday lunch.



Munching okra, Raymond sits in the hot sun in door of his bedroom. He has taken off uniform, put on old farm clothes.



With two of his oldest friends, named Jones and Sam, Raymond has fun balancing himself on top railing of the porch.

Mr. Indigo Blue and Mr. Beamish Bright



MR. BRIGHT: A glorious morning, Mr. Blue! I feel as joyful as a skylark!

MR. BLUE: And I feel as sad as a crow. All I know is trouble.



MR. BRIGHT: Here! Here! my lugubrious friend. Cheer up! There's springtime in the air! Come walk down to the grocer's with me.

MR. BLUE: It's not springtime inside of me, Mr. Bright. If you only knew how many pills, purgatives, salts, laxatives and cathartics I've taken. Life is just a vale of tears.



MR. BRIGHT: (at the grocer's) Here's a present for you, my woeful one, that may show you the silver lining. Instead of dosing constipation why not try to get at its cause? If yours is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of the proper kind of "bulk" in the diet, crisp, toasty KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN may be just the ticket. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and watch the world grow brighter.



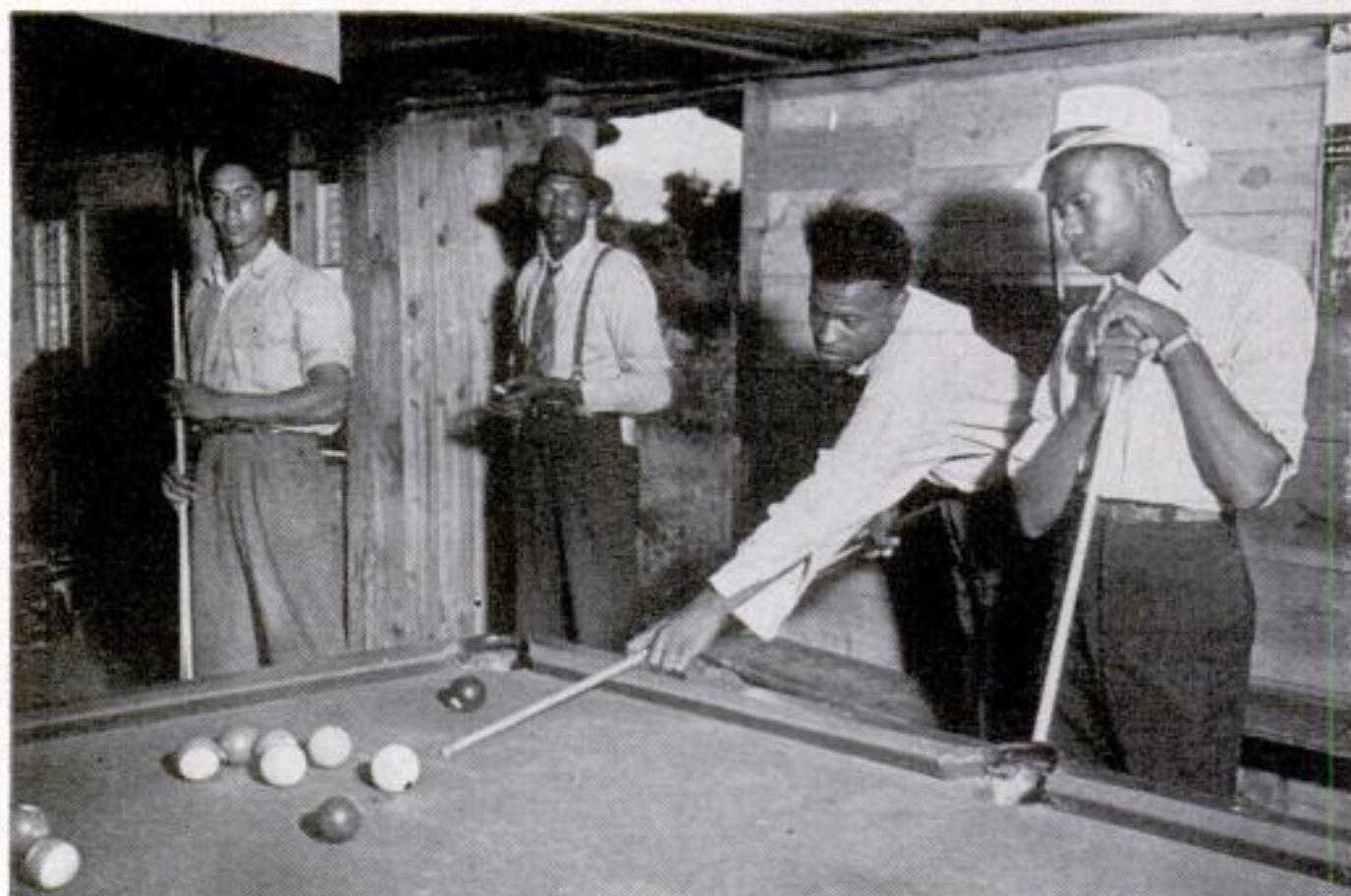
MR. BRIGHT: (sometime later) Well! Well! If it isn't the old king of the glooms. Isn't that "Happy Days" I heard you playing?

MR. BLUE: And happy days it is, Beamish, since you told me about ALL-BRAN's better way.

**Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran**

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY



At village pool hall early Saturday evening, Raymond drops in to show he hasn't forgotten how to handle a cue. In the Army, he can play pool at the service club.



With his best girl, Billy Blackmore, once a drum majorette, Raymond drinks beer. At college, Billy majors in English, history and dramatics. Her father drives a taxi.



In a stream where Raymond as a kid went swimming, they take off their shoes, paddle their feet in the water. She wants to know what his friends in the Army are like.



A watermelon, an old wagon, a mule and a summer night make perfect Saturday evening for Raymond and Billy. Unlike most Negroes, Raymond does not like dancing.



Sleeping in the big old family bed, Rodman, Harrison and Raymond are waked early Sunday morning by their mother. They must get up, get dressed and get to church.



Saying his goodbyes before starting back to Fort Bragg, Raymond shakes hands with his old father. His little niece Mimi lugs the suitcase, loaded with clothes and okra.

GREATEST LIPSTICK VALUE *Ever offered*

BY THE HOUSE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE



The Same Amazing
"STAY PUT" Lip-Allure as
Expensive De Luxe Size!

If you've always wanted to indulge in the beauty magic of Angelus—but felt it was too costly—at last here's your chance—

For a mere 49¢—you can now get a generous special size Angelus Lipstick—the *very same* fascinating seductive lip-allure used for years by so many leading actresses and fashionable young women.

What a "SMOOTHIE"

Angelus is *famous* for STAYING PUT. Goes on unbelievably smooth and *stays so for hours* without caking or drying. Never appears greasy. When properly applied—won't leave ugly red rings on coffee cups, glasses or cigarettes.

This is due to the *very special* base so readily identified with expensive Louis Philippe Lipsticks—now available to you in this economical new size at the unheard of low price of 49¢.

Try This New Breath-Taking Youthful RED

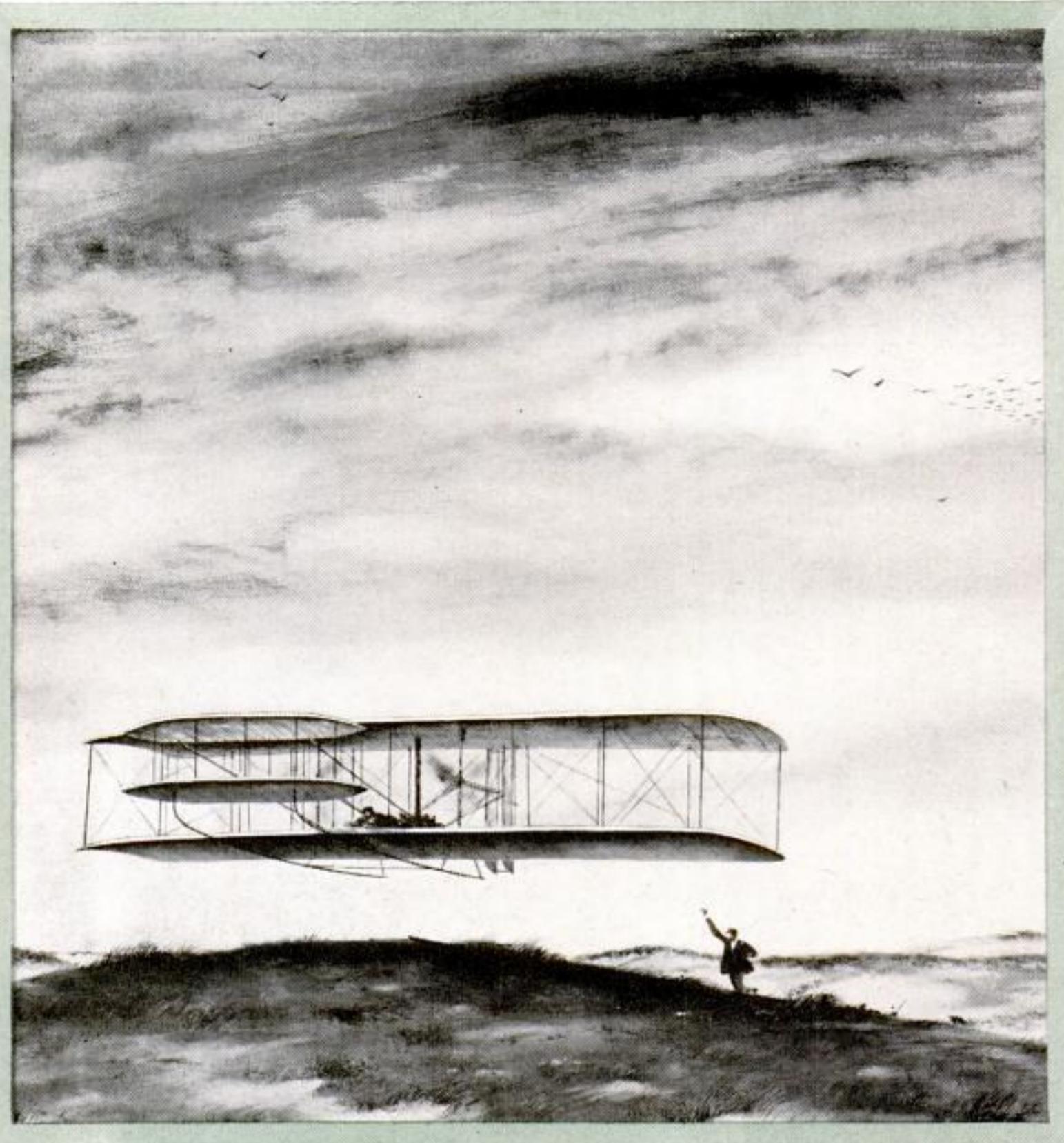
Angelus always boasts of the latest, up-to-the-minute fashion REDS . . . For a real thrill—try PATRIOT RED—it lends a provocative charm—a vibrant youthful appeal—a dashing verve to the dullest lips. Also four other flattering shades.



For *complete* matched make-up use Louis Philippe Rouge and Face Powder. Demi-Deb size Rouge Compact now 49¢. At all better Drug and Department Stores.

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POWDER



The Take-Off of an Era

On December 17, 1903 Wilbur and Orville Wright made four brief but successful flights over the sand dunes at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

THE first flying machine began a chapter that is still being written . . . an era of air travel, air mail, air freighters.

The first Quaker State Motor Oil, years ago, opened an era too . . . an era of better lubrication . . . of scientific lubrication. Even then, Quaker State had qualities that made it invaluable to motorists of that day.

Now, Quaker State takes an even more advanced step in lubrication. Through patient research, Quaker State has developed a process which removes unstable elements from the oil. Stabilized Quaker State stubbornly fights against the deposit of unclean sludge and hampering varnish even under long runs at punishing speeds and temperatures.

Because Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil resists disintegration and oxidation, it gives you best protection against repairs and depreciation. But that isn't all! Because this amazing new oil is made to battle heat and friction successfully and thus *lasts longer*, you'll probably find that it actually costs you no more than cheaper oils, for you won't have to add so many quarts between drain-and-refill.

Go to any dealer who displays the green and white Quaker State sign and . . . change to Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

**STABILIZED
QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL**

THE OIL OF CHARACTER



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

HE SAID A MOUTHFUL

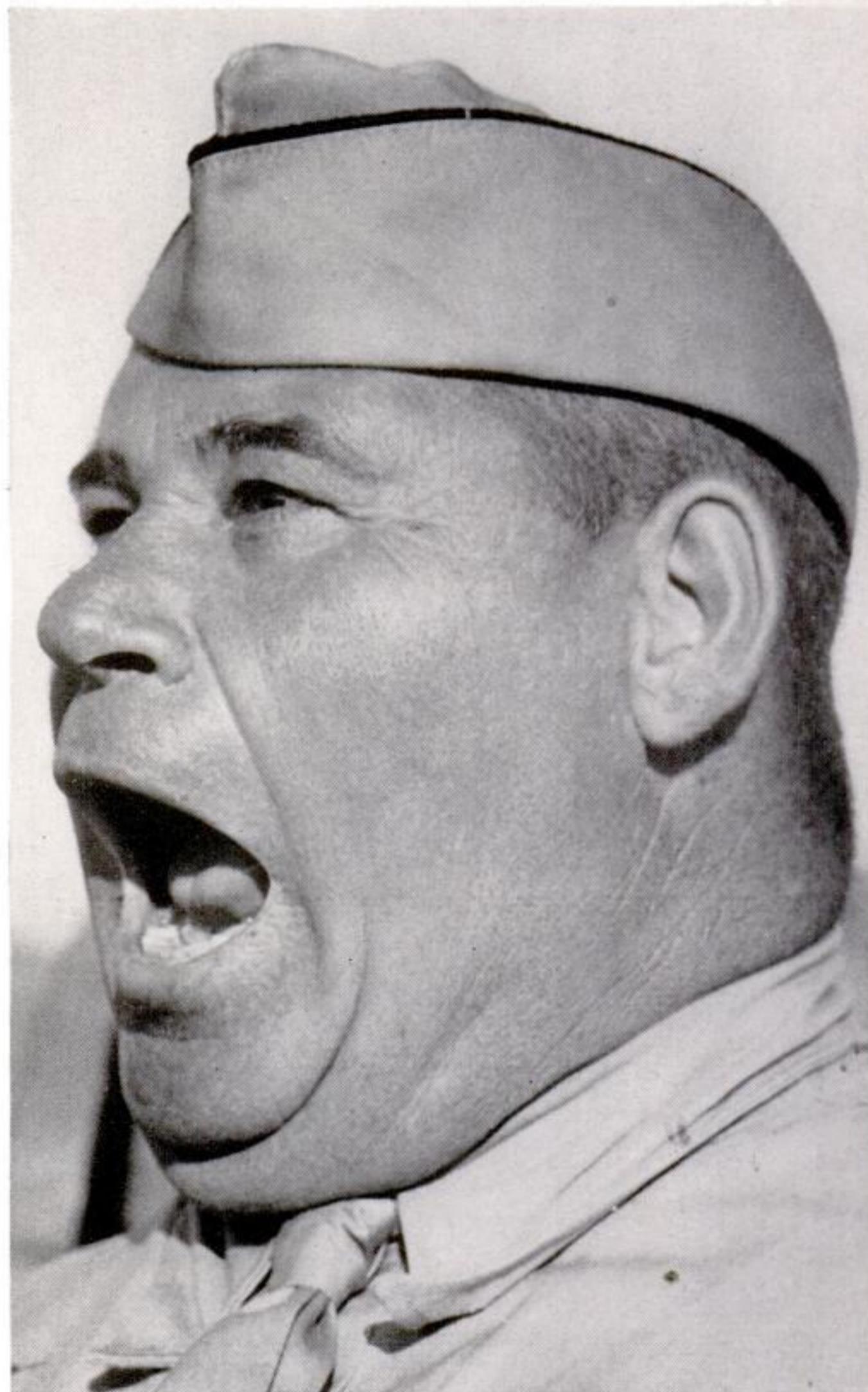
Sirs:

A top sergeant is supposed to be tough. Shown below is Sergeant Charles Kirkpatrick, Headquarters Battery, 68th Regiment, Coast Artillery (AA), a veteran of 22 years with the U. S. Army, a typ-

ical "top kick," hard-boiled as they come.

This was his commanding manner when he issued orders to his men during regimental review July 20 at Allentown-Bethlehem airport.

FRANKLIN D. MARSTELLER
Morning Call
Allentown, Pa.



UNDER THE BOUNDING MAIN

Sirs:

Looking at the picture below you'd think it was time for all hands to take to the lifeboats, but actually the 40-Fathom Trawler *Gale* isn't foundering. I'm a fisherman aboard the *Gale* and I took this picture.

Incidents like these are all in a day's work for this trawler plying between Bos-

ton and the fishing banks off the coast of Nova Scotia. These trawlers are built for rough going, have the reputation of being the most seaworthy craft afloat. I think this picture proves it.

In the parlance of sports, it might be said that the *Gale* here is just coming up for its second wind.

ANDREW VEJE

Boston, Mass.



HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES

3 ways at same time!



Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

• A splitting headache disturbs your nervous system; with jumpy nerves often goes an upset stomach—all tending to aggravate the pain in your head. That's headache's "vicious circle!"

And that's why a mere single-acting pain-reliever may prove so unsatisfactory. It may relieve only the pain in your head and still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with a product that acts 3 ways at the same time—Bromo-Seltzer. Because Bromo-Seltzer not only helps STOP THE PAIN, but also CALM THE NERVES and SETTLE THE STOMACH.

Next time you get a headache, fight it 3 ways at the same time. Take 60 seconds out for a Bromo-Seltzer.* See if it doesn't leave you feeling refreshed; more alert both mentally and physically. Get Bromo-Seltzer today!

*Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

BROMO-SELTZER

FOR SUMMER IT'S IDEAL

and Cool, Fresh Water



SAVE IDEAL LABELS
FEET ITCH?

STOP IT QUICK!

Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw, cracked or peeling, watch out—it may be Athlete's Foot! Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps heal and prevent spreading to other parts of the body. Liquid or Ointment. 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores. Don't accept a substitute.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

New, Quick Acting Preparation to Relieve

SUNBURN

Tropikool Sprays on too!

Don't wait hours for relief... simply spray on instantly cooling TROPIKOOL. Tropikool goes right after your sunburn sting, giving instant relief. Excellent for minor burns.

SOLD BY THE DISTRIBUTORS OF SALICON

50¢ COMPLETE WITH ATOMIZER

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

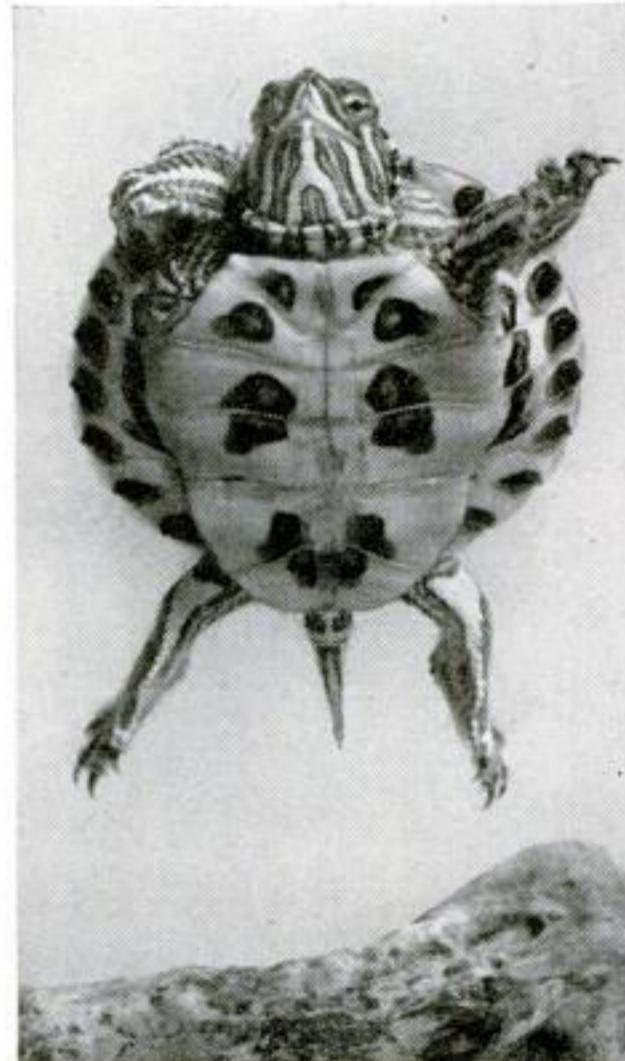
PLASTRON PARADE

Sirs:

Beautifully marked and colored, when young, is the American terrapin. Particularly does its plastron, the ventral part of its shell, have intricate, interesting patterns. Below, top to bottom: the Elegant, Ornate and Sculptured terrapin pose for the photographer to show off their "fancy waistcoats." Their "shirt fronts" live up to their names.

W. S. PITT

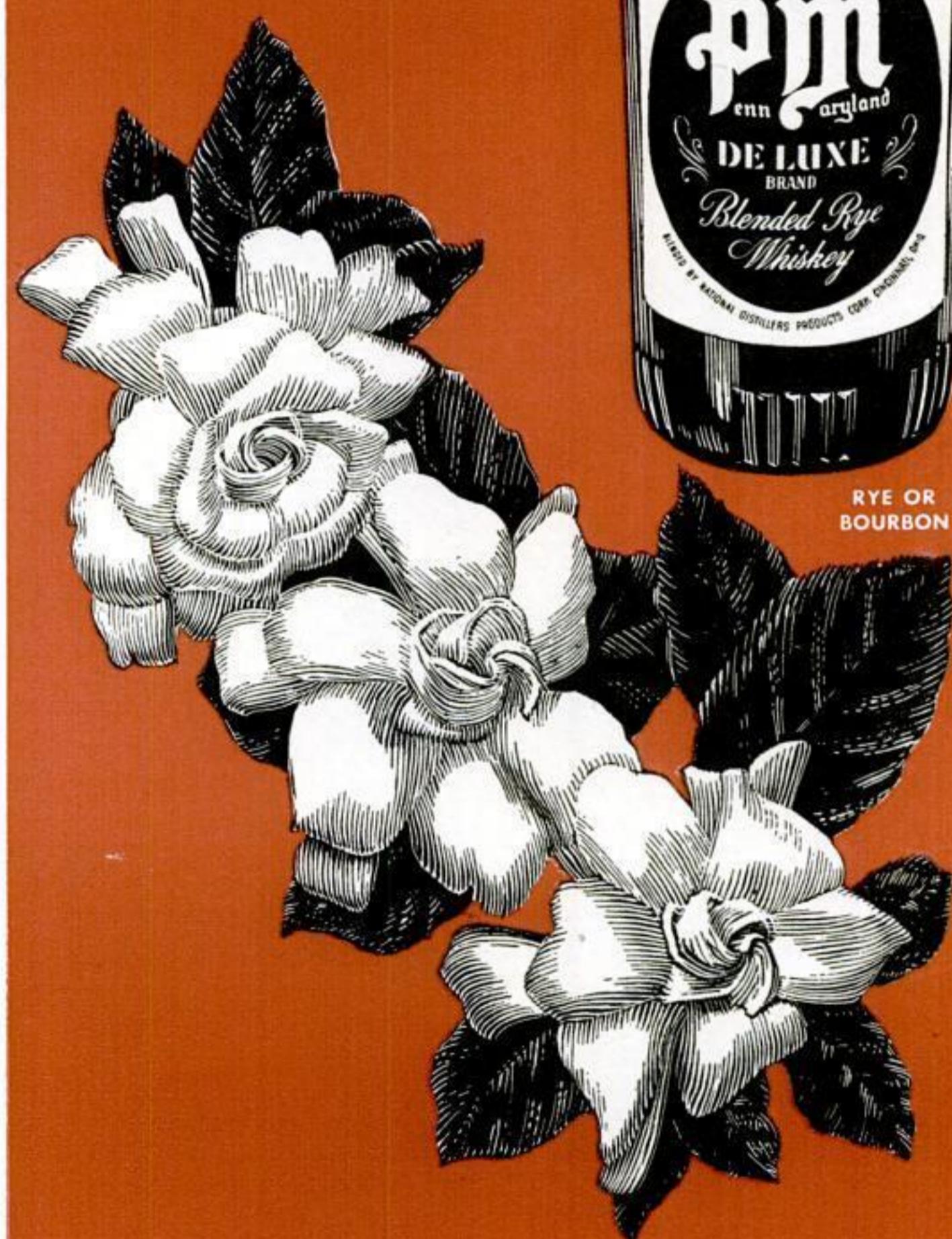
London, England



Dedicated to
those who truly
love the fine
things of life!



RYE OR BOURBON



As the gardenia is the symbol of perfection in flowers—PM De Luxe has come to be the symbol of perfection in whiskies.

Always remember to ask for

pm .. Two letters that made a great name for themselves!

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. 90 Proof. 49% grain neutral spirits.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

SEASONS AND THE SUN

Sirs:

Because in summer the sun is high in the heavens, nearly overhead, the days are hot. Winter is cold because then the sun has sunk low in the southern sky.

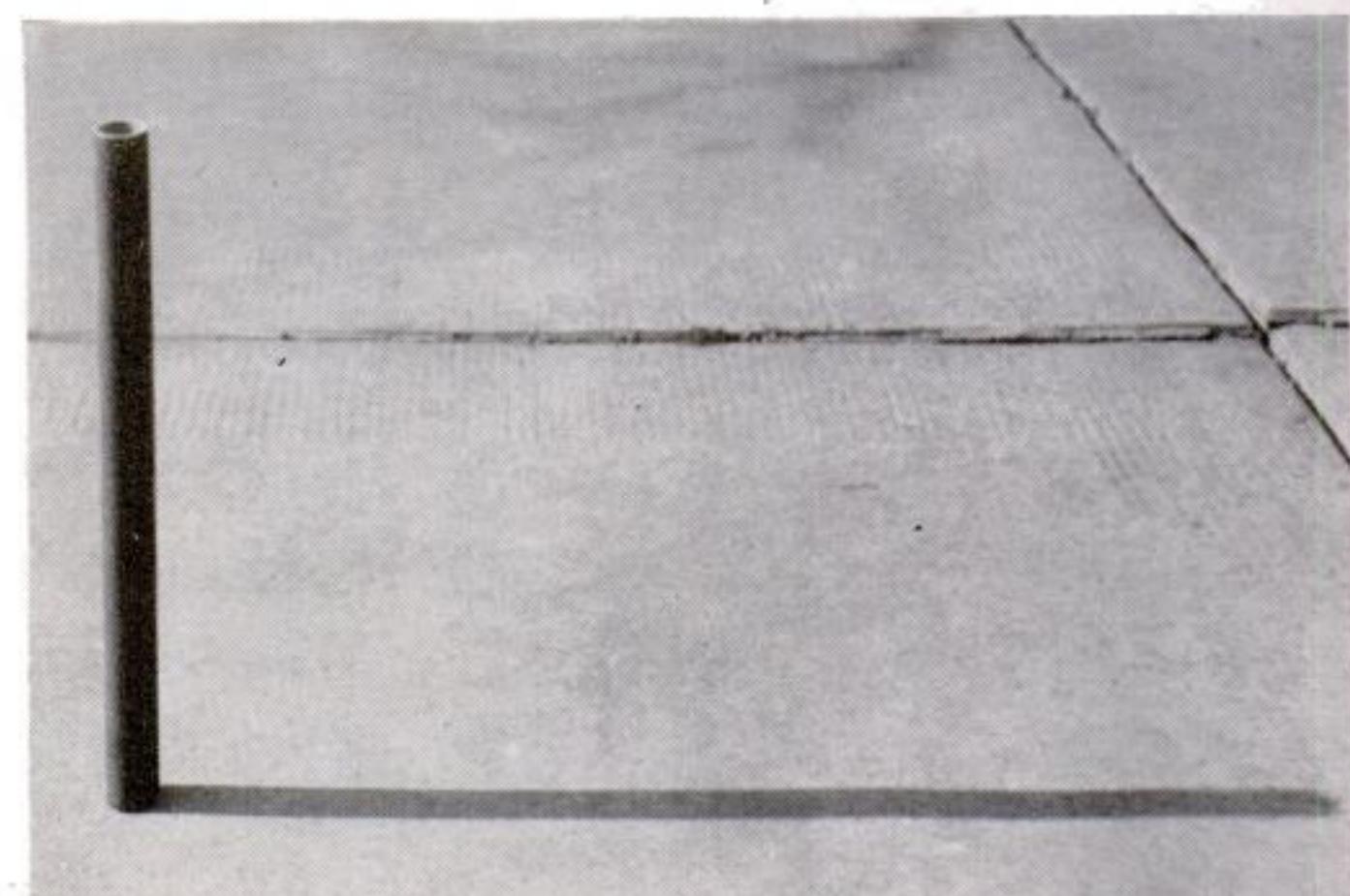
The three pictures below reveal the sun's changes in elevation with the seasons. In each picture is the same 15-in.-high cardboard tube. Top one was taken at high noon December 21, 1940, the shortest day of the year; middle one at the spring equinox March 21, 1941, and

lower one last June 21, the longest day of the year.

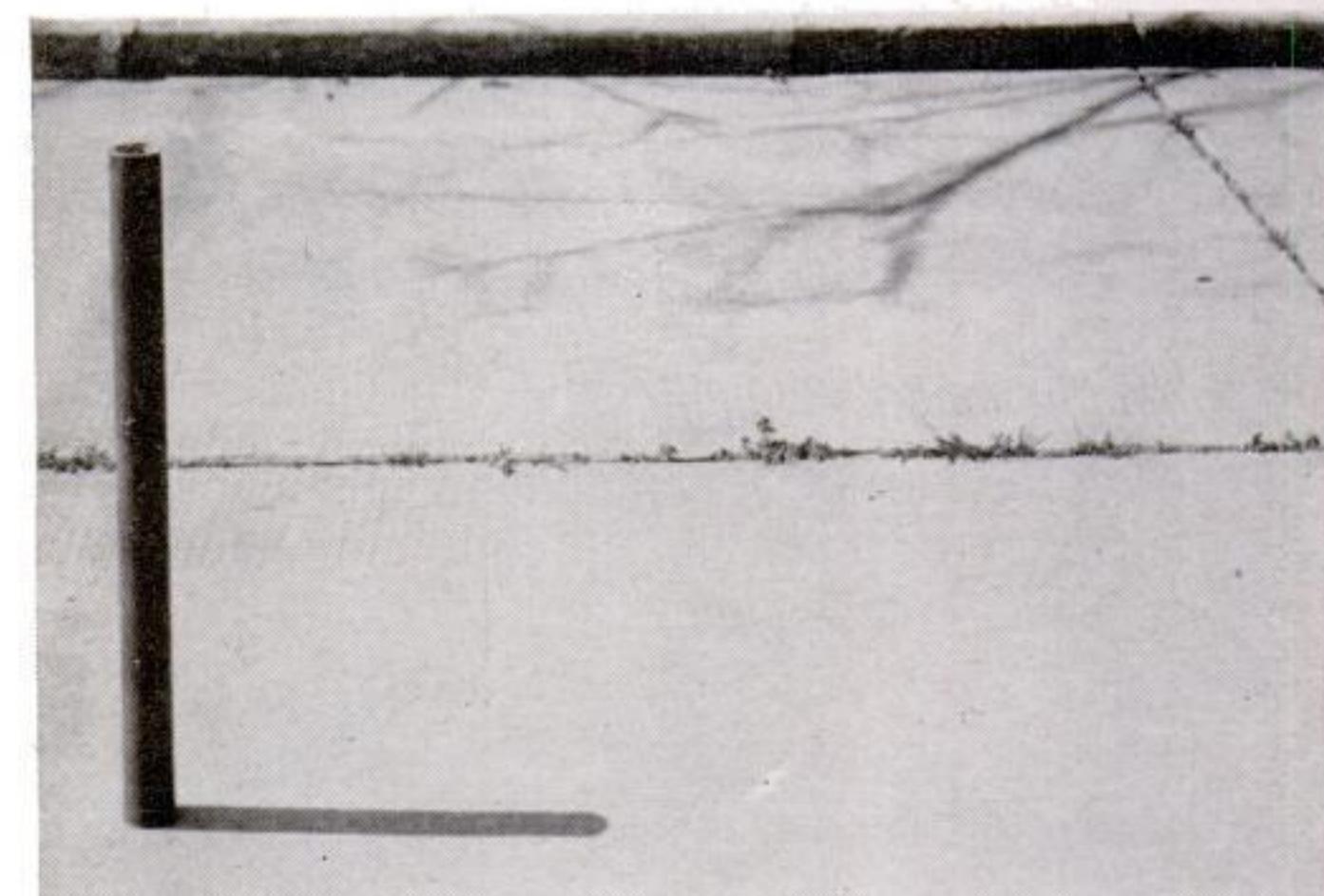
Under the brilliant light of the nearly vertical summer sun almost gone is the shadow which in winter was nearly double the length of the tube and which by spring had shrunk to slightly more than half its length.

Covering the sidewalk in the bottom picture are pods from an American linden tree.

MARY L. MACKINTOSH
Elon College, N. C.



SUN GIVES ONLY A WAN LIGHT AT WINTER SOLSTICE DECEMBER 21, 1940



BY SPRING EQUINOX, MARCH 21, 1941, THE EARTH BEGINS TO BRIGHTEN UP



SUMMER SOLSTICE JUNE 21, 1941: SUN'S BEAMS BEAT STRAIGHT DOWN

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ous time-payment plans. See just where and how you can save! The Figuring Chart shows you graphically the essential insurance protection you should have for your car . . . insurance protection that is always included in the General Motors Instalment Plan.

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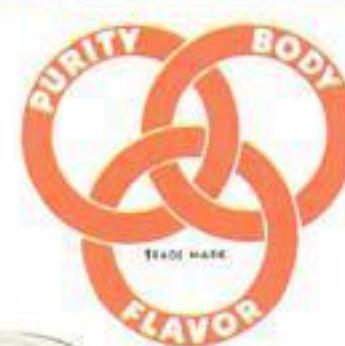
County _____

Send for this
Figuring Chart





...and this
light ale is a hit
with millions of
modern beer
drinkers



A CENTURY HAS PASSED, but you
can still hear the echoes of Peter
Ballantine's Early American Hit . . .
Look for the 3 rings . . . and listen! Loud and
clear come the calls for Ballantine Ale.

Millions like it better than any other brew
because first, it's exceptionally *light* and second,
it's unusually good...brimful of the extra flavor
that comes from *ale* yeasts.

Today, call for Ballantine Ale yourself. Test
it against your regular brew for *lightness* . . .
for *flavor*—and chances are it will be your first
choice from now on. Look for the 3 RINGS
standing for PURITY, BODY, FLAVOR—call
for Ballantine Ale. Sold coast to coast.

BALLANTINE ALE

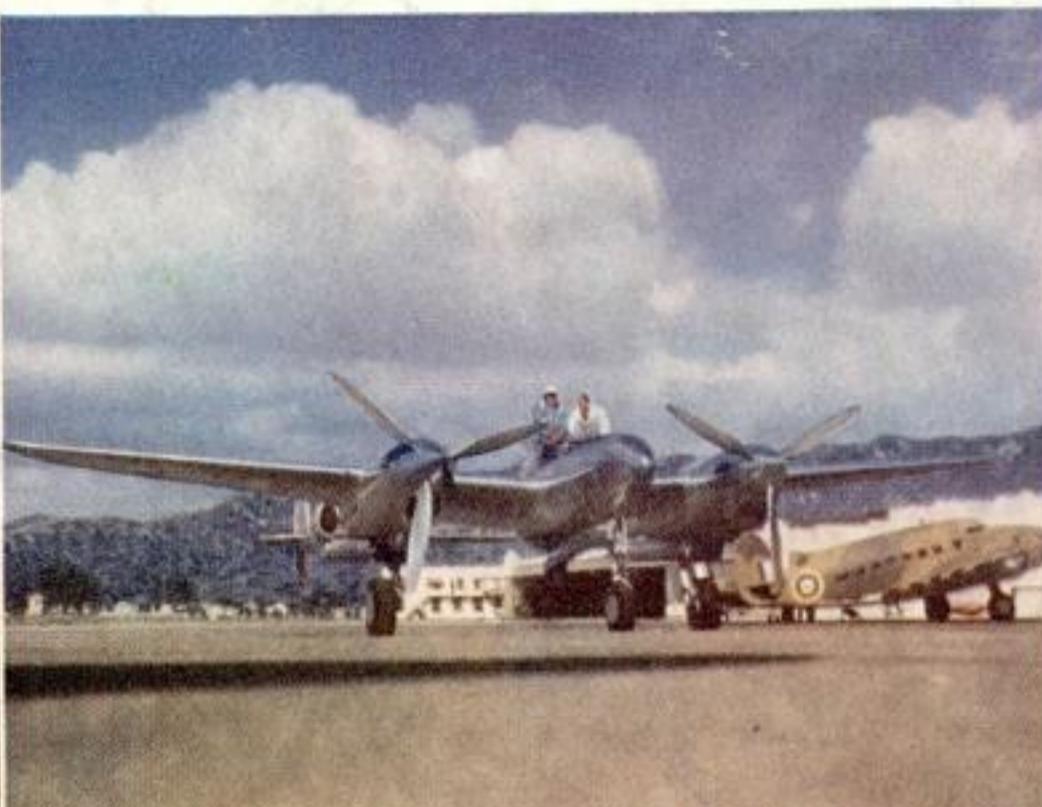
America's largest selling Ale

antine & Sons, Newark, N.J.





SIX, SEVEN MILES UP! In air no man can breathe—and live! Motors—now even *pilots* are "super-charged." On the stationary bicycle (*above*) Marshall Headle, chief test pilot of Lockheed, breathes pure oxygen for 30 minutes before a test flight in Lockheed's new interceptor—one of America's newest high-altitude fighters.



SHE CLIMBS A MILE A MINUTE—dives at speeds which are Army secrets. They call her "Lightning." Test pilot Headle clambers into the cockpit, switches from a pocket oxygen flask to his cabin supply, and streaks for the stratosphere. He's test-flown 300 different planes. But when he lands, it's always... "Now for a Camel."



YOU CAN'T SEE HIM up there. You can scarcely hear the hum of his motors. Then his voice comes into the radio tower: "Headle—35,000 feet—diving now." And as he comes plummeting down in that shrieking power-dive, you just *hope!* Seconds later—yes, seconds—he's landing. And here he is (*above*) cool, calm, lighting up a Camel.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!



"Less nicotine in the smoke means more mildness to me," says test pilot Marshall Headle (*above*), as he lights up his... and America's... favorite cigarette

THERE may be little traffic at 35,000 feet, but test-diving any new, untried plane is no Sunday joy-ride. No, not even for a veteran like Marshall Headle (*above*).

Naturally, cigarette mildness is important to Marshall Headle. And in the cigarette of costlier tobaccos...Camels...he gets extra mildness—with less nicotine in the smoke.

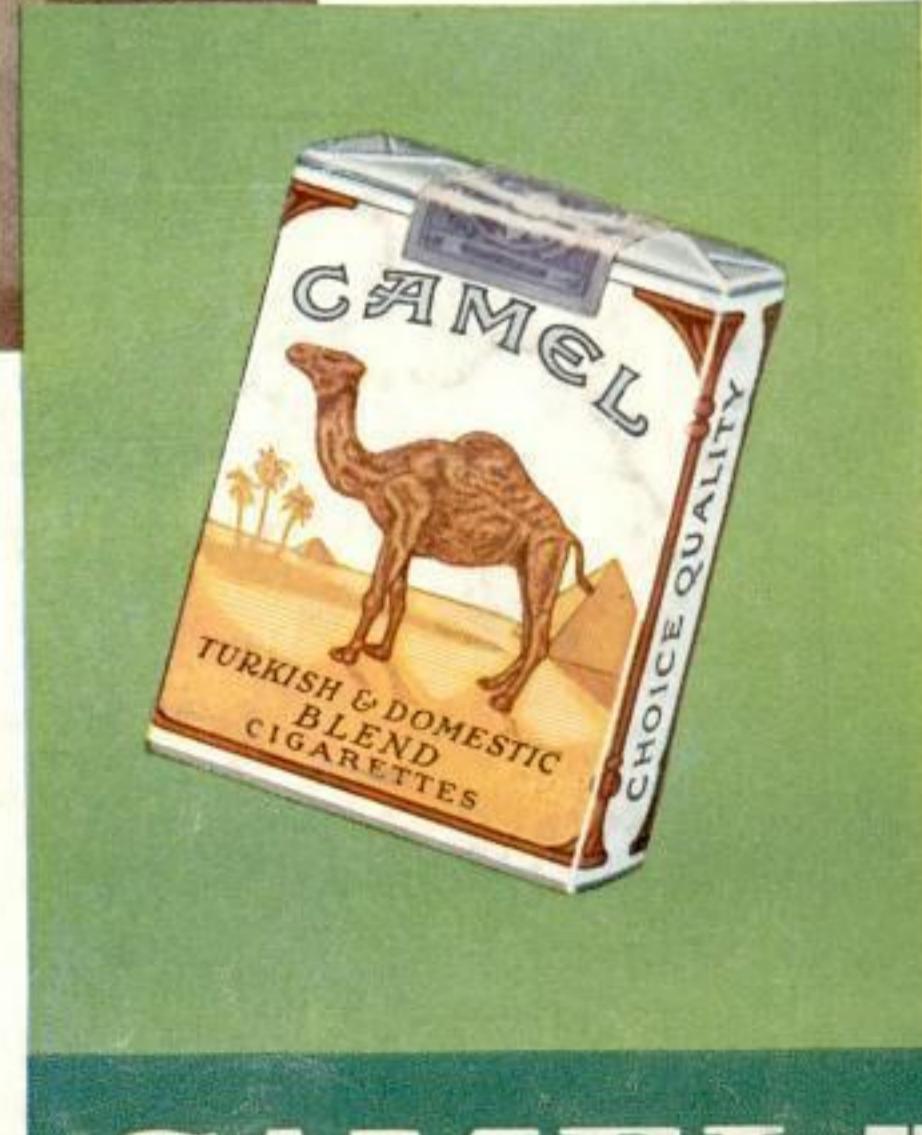
What cigarette are *you* smoking now? Chances are it's one of the five included in the nicotine tests reported above at the right—tests which trace Camel's advantage right down to the actual smoke itself. Obviously, the *smoke's* the thing!

Try Camels. For convenience—economy—buy the carton.

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the *smoke* itself



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N.C.

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCO